April 8, 1967

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THE NEW YORKER

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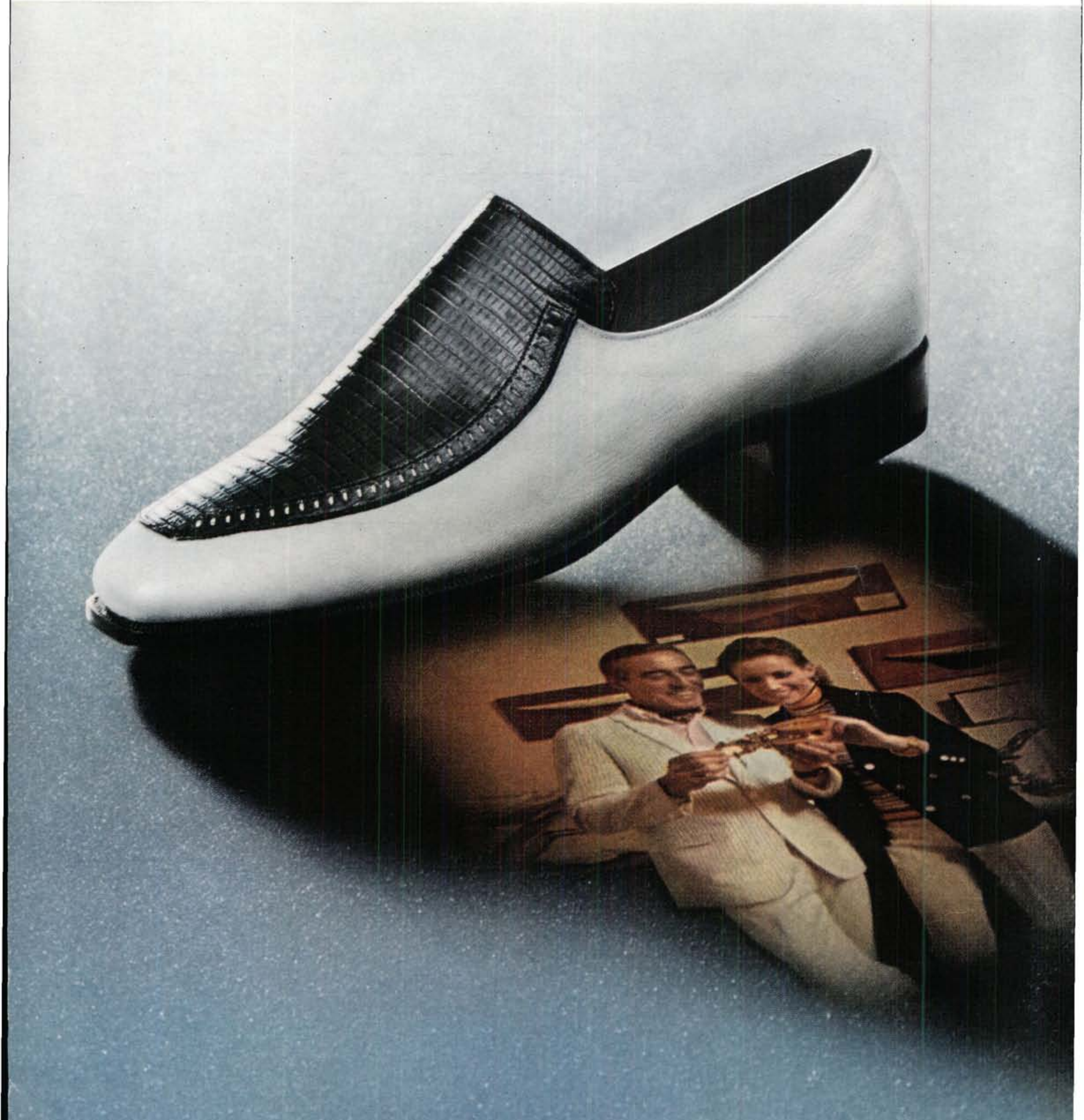

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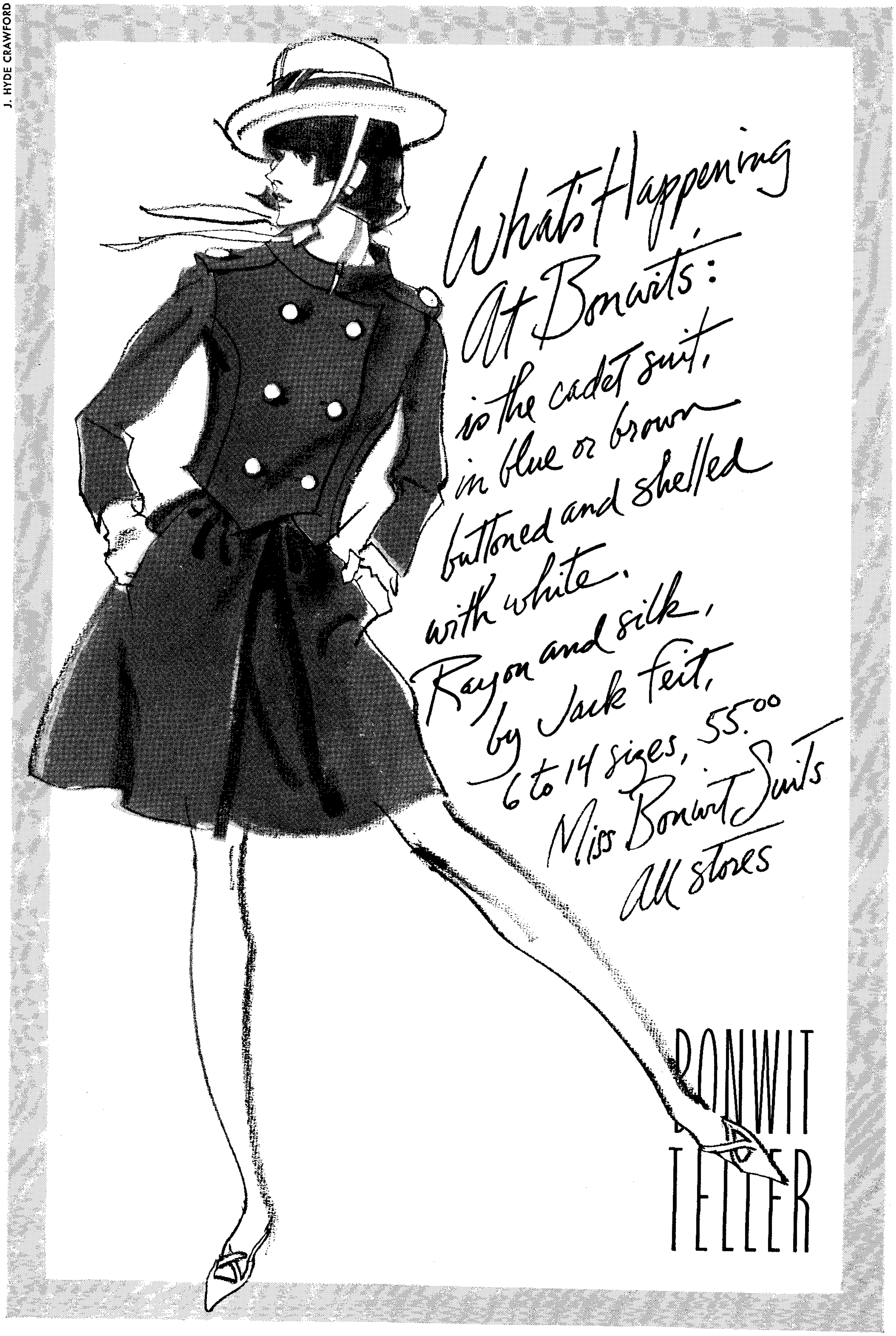

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE: Thursday, April 6, and Tuesday, April 11, both at 8:30; Wednesday, April 12, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE: Friday, April 7, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's THE WILD DUCK: Monday, April 10, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

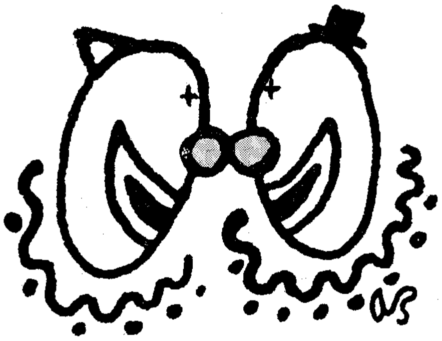
Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark that is forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast, under the aegis of the Royal Shakespeare Company, is laudable, and Peter Hall, who directed the play, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is something less than stimulating in this account of life among the bohemians of San Francisco. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens comprise the cast, and they, on the other hand, are commendably lively. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon make a good thing of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. Another Neil Simon creation. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . CACTUS FLOWER: Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows (not Neil Simon) that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE ODD COUPLE: A comedy by somebody called Neil Simon having to do with a couple of male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—In superb form, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann make a lively diversion of this two-man enterprise. Mr. Flanders in his patter is witty, and Mr. Swann at his piano is unpredictable, and together they are a joy to behold. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly at 9. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes with a special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 9.)

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Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Sherry!—An agitated musical interpretation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which is short on practically everything in the way of entertainment but which livens up occasionally when Dolores Gray comes on. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—Life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. Apparently it was grim. The songs and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are not distinguished, and the choreography, by Danny Daniels, is hoedown style. Norman Wisdom and George Rose figure prominently. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 16.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . FUNNY GIRL: Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . HELLO, DOLLY!: Martha Raye now has the role of Queen Nefertiti. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . MAME: This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . SWEET CHARITY: Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . WAIT A MINIM!: A musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of youngsters interpret native songs and dances. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 15.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri and Orson Bean in a musical based on the film "Never on Sunday." Jules Dassin is responsible for the book and direction, Manos Hadjidakis wrote the music, and Joe Darion did the lyrics. Previews through Monday, April 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 11. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly,

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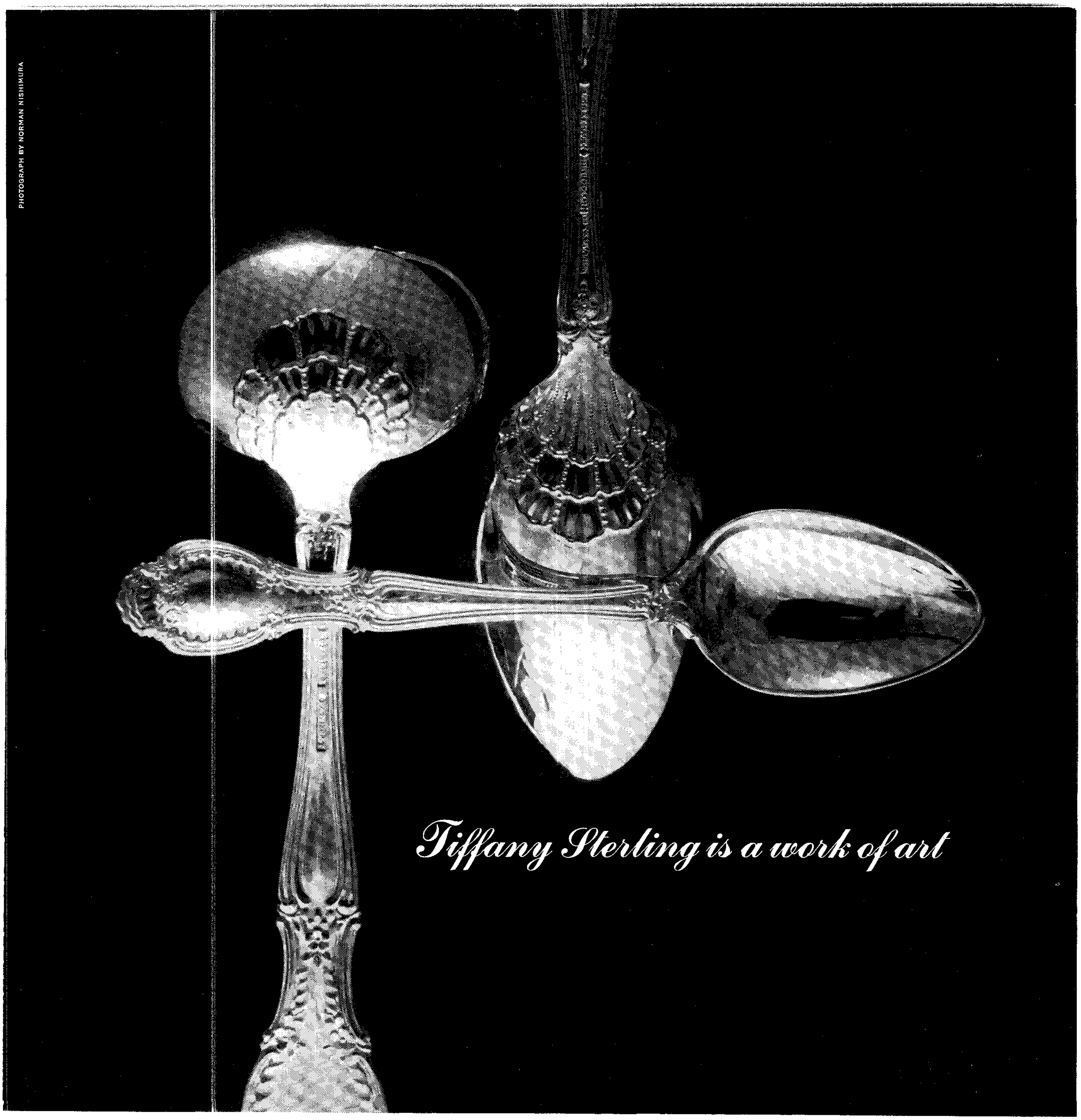

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Nancy Dussault and Frank McHugh in **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**. The first in a series of three musicals by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO**, with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. Previews on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, April 8-9, and Tuesday, April 11. Opens officially on Thursday, April 13, at 7, and will run through Saturday, May 27. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, April 8: **LA BOHÈME**. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, April 14: **FLEDERMAUS**, in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

By Jupiter—A bright and sprightly revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical about a skirmish in the war between the sexes, when Hippolyta commanded the Amazons and Theseus commanded the Greeks. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 765-5580. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Carricknabauna—Martyn Green in a play by Padraic Colum and Basil Burwell. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—Monkeyshines, verbal and visual, in the boiler room of a British factory. This loony comedy was written by Henry Livings and directed by Alan Arkin. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Every little breeze seems to whisper "Louise." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. John Cullum plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. Starting Tuesday, April 11, José Ferrer will replace Mr. Cullum and Wilbur Evans Mr. Middleton. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 1:30 and 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40; Thursdays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Skits-Oh-Frantics!—A revue with sketches by Irving Harmon and Hank Ladd, music and lyrics by Bernie Wayne, and an unfortunate title. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote the libretto. The setting is by Alan Kimmel and the lighting by Jules Fisher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 6, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Trois Valses Romantiques" (première), "Meditation," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8:15: "Narkissos," "Illuminations," "Ebony Concerto," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2:15: "Piège de Lumière," "La Guirlande de Campra," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Illuminations," "Ragtime," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 1:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 7:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Ebony Concerto," "Narkissos," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Prologue," "Meditation," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 8:15: "Prologue," "Bugaku," "Variations," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son" and "The Jewels" (première). . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Illuminations," "Episodes," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Variations," "Jeux," and "Pas de Deux and Divertissement.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Ebony Concerto," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 7.)

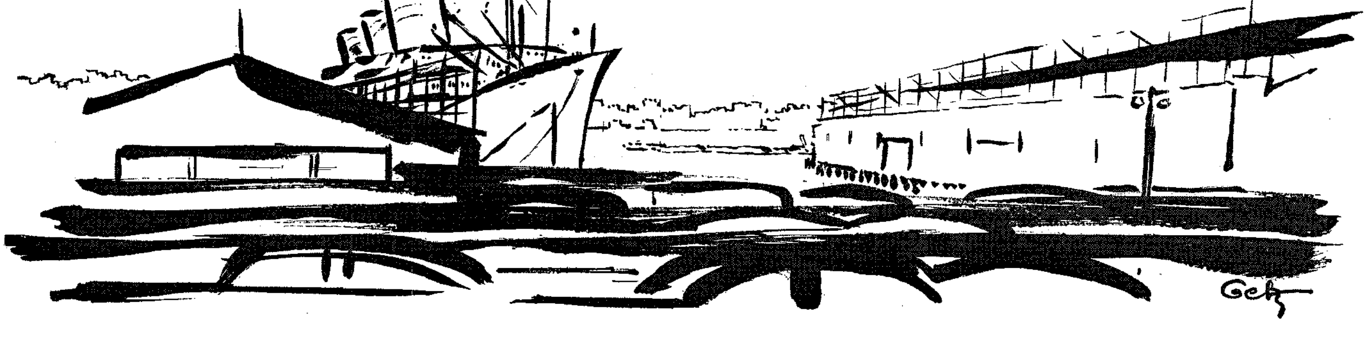
Bhaskar—With assisting artists, in dances of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Surf Zone," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Paul Sanasardo—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The animal kindom on its party manners. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 3 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. No performances Tuesday evening, April 11, and Thursday evening, April 13, because of hockey playoffs. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the



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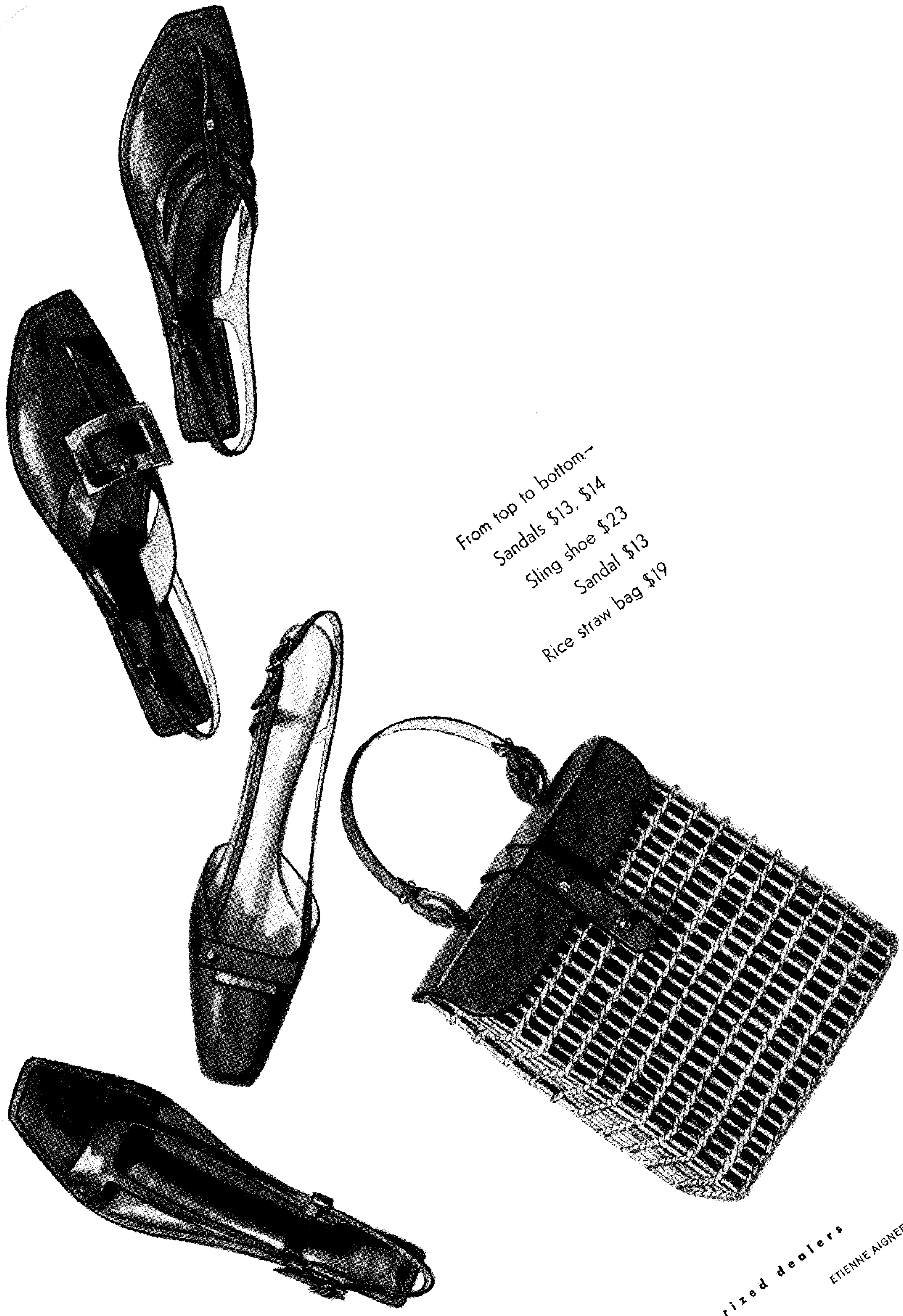
into spring



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Magic Show—An event put on by hocus-pocussers from all over the world. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Among the pleasures of the night is Caterina Valente, a slim and trim figurine blending the best attributes of modest violet and meadowlark, who walks onstage at dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The dance music comes mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The wards of midtown New York, and all the people that in them are. The bounciest of the lot is the little group of bandsmen run by Irv Manning. Nine to two during the week and nine to three on Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Rest assured is apt to be the motto for the restaurant, even if a bunch of Cubans under the thumb of George Anaya keep toying with dance tunes, which they do between seven and one on weekdays, between eight and two on Saturdays, and never on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—There's no business like showoff business. Two hardworking bands do music to preen to, from eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The musicians assembled by Ben Cutler (probably old co-members of the Fence Club) walk softly but carry a big repertory through the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre, and they do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, the songs are sung by Lainie Kazan, a big, good-natured girl, and one who can lead from strength. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte proceed at a brisk pace. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. If the vistas and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, beside which José Melis and his band turn loose their cajolery. On Monday, April 10, the Melis mélange will be replaced by the band of the trumpeting Jonah Jones. Seven until two is the idea. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Ring out the new, ring in the old (and all its splendid, ornate architecture) with the everlasting Glenn Miller orchestra, now in the charge of Buddy De Franco's soothsaying clarinet. On Thursday, April 13, Count Basie's band takes the baton from the Millers. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The affluent society. Music for the social whirling that is part of it issues from George Cort's brush-fire band and Quintero's Latin one, which operate from seven-thirty until two in the Maisonette. At dinner and supper, the economically named young lady called Milva, a Roman candle, does a set of arias. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

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Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—It's always nice to have Rosemary Clooney around the house, and here she is, in the Empire Room, singing away at dinner and supper. Charles Turecamo's orchestra does the rest of the work. Miss C. appears only at ten on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays, when the establishment shuts down. . . . ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens Mondays through Fridays from cocktail time through a good long dinner hour. Sonny Kendis's band plays for dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A huge class seems to be graduating every hour on the dance floor, but there is elbow and foot room in good supply for everyone on this smooth-as-a-rug campus. No rug-cutting allowed, though; safe-and-sane terpsichore is the rule. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There's no split level in this ranch house, for it's *all* one big happy family; Louis Golson Hawkins (Goldie, that is to say) is a *padrone*, pianist, and walking delegate who knows how to keep it that way. From time to time, Sam Hamilton and Wayne Sanders ply piano, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. Ram Ramirez's trio performs every night but Sunday. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays.

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Neuwirth

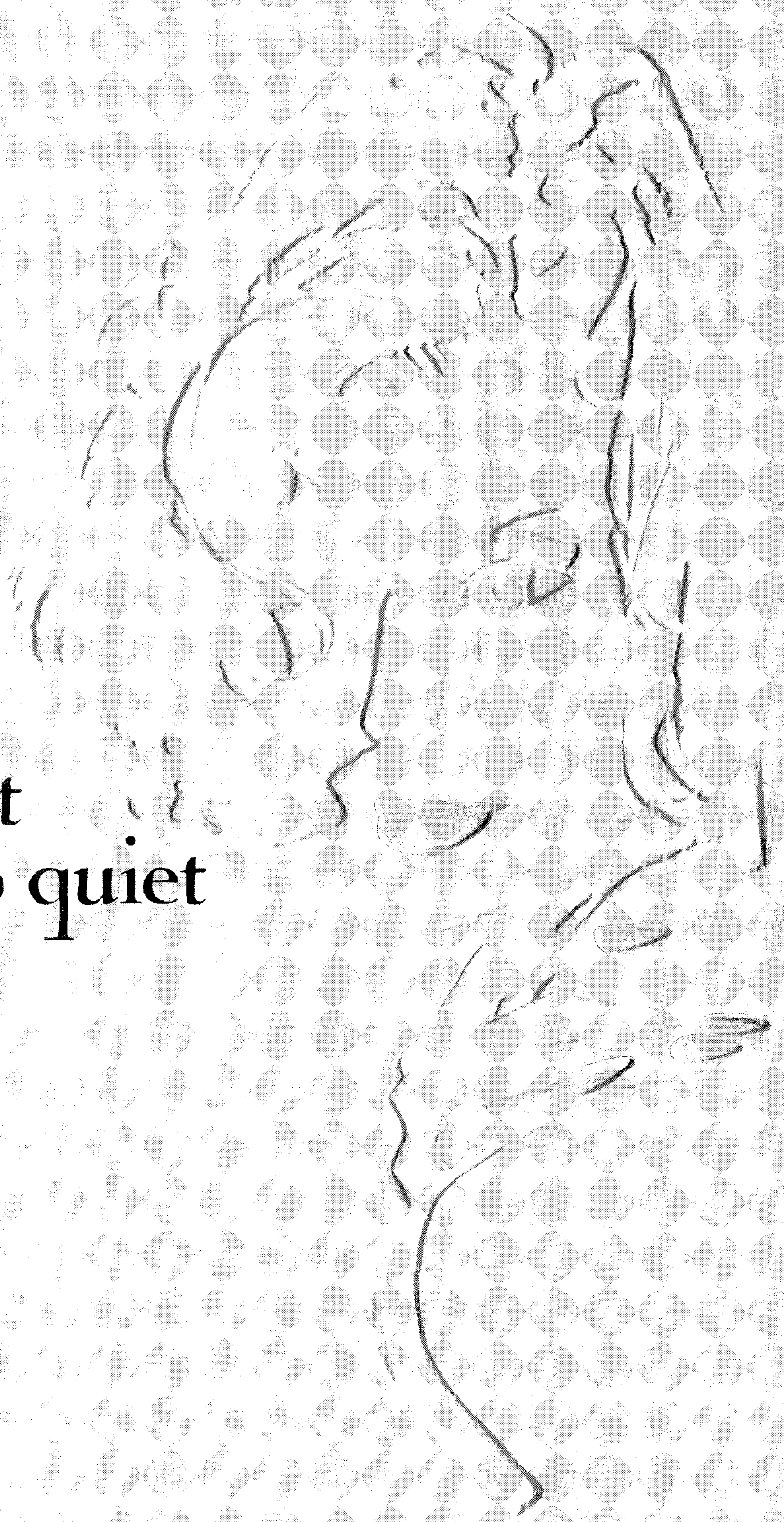
. . . **Janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will hear it here (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) Wednesdays through Saturdays every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the restaurant's a stage to the staff, and the scallopini arrives at table garnished with freehand Verdi. Closed Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week-nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways are immutable. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambiance. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): A forest primeval, apparently situated in early Tibet, with lots and lots of dance music, some of it loud-pedal. Admirers of the past may observe certain fragments of the old Stork staff; admirers of the fine arts may listen, Mondays, to the piano of Billy Rubenstein and his threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **Living Room,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short and a trio and his dusk-to-dawn ballads begin after ten. A humorist, David Frye, is appended. The surroundings are not altogether what you'd want on an around-the-world cruise.

Note—Those who would like to have their ears pierced (for dancing, that is) are best off in this set of discothèques: **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Negotiations with the admissions committee are recommended before one approaches this land of mechanical and sonic boom (the boom is never lowered) and social activity. The Luvs do *their* music, or whatever it is, live. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The principal of the school is Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening of "Fiddler on the Roof." The music is all from a speaking tube. The clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Behind an unmarked door just east of the sidewalk café of the same name is a Roman pavilion of exceeding grace, devoted to the trial flights of the very young, of the very *dorée*. Make yourself known beforehand to the supervisory personnel. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The epitome, or something very much like it, of drawing-room life, the most important part of which is Cy Walter's piano, which picks and chooses with consummate care. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his tour of duty. Sundays, Allan Haig is his lieutenant. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The language spoken by the guitar of Rogelio Reguera is the purest Castilian, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,**



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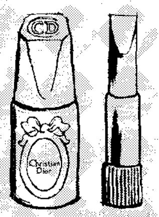

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled herbarium love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. Et Rodgers et Hart, for that matter. In addition, Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music. Closed Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park's peaceful pleasance, Steven Weltner turns out piano that is not just background for conversation but a conversation piece in itself. Six-thirty until midnight, except on Saturdays and Sundays, is the scheme. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for talkative dining while self-propelled musicians (the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Sundays and Mondays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494): The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Edie Adams, a trouper and a troupial of considerable experience, holds the fort, and fortissimo. The sideshow is the Copa corps of ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the patrons also.... ¶ In the street-level lounge, from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "Maid in Paris" is the title of an extravaganza in which many, many girls in their gym suits are constructing a stairway to Paradise. The most splendid example is Susan Clemm, seven foot seven if she's an inch. Among other things, there are the sleight-of-hand activities of Dominique, the Jimmy Valentine of pickpockets. The show goes on twice every night of the week. Dancing.... **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The strobe lights of this youth-will-be-served *palais de danse* cover a multitude of dins made by one intent band after another. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are supplemented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Into the polished finishing school of which Julius Monk is headmaster there now comes Fredricka Weber, whose arias are compounded of sassafras and witch hazel. With her are Cambridge University's Tony Hendra and Nic Ullett, spokesmen with pockets full of wry, and Jamie Ross, Scotch burr and all. The background is the duplex and dashing pianoing of Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The easy road to learning Basic Latin: namely, Joaquin Robles and his crew (Lusitanian flamenco). The long absent Andy Russell helps out with his ballads—among them, you may be sure, "Amor." Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The main event is monologue by the dizzying Joan Rivers, or What Hath Freud Wrought? She is in evidence a couple of times a night, but never before around ten. Sundays, she stays home.... **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The quintet of Jeremy Steig, a really bright new penny, is now on deck, along with Freddie Hubbard's fivesome. The clamor runs from nine-thirty, from five on Sundays. Mondays, thunder and lightning by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This Gaul is divided into two parts. The Top of the Gate offers quite special Blossom Dearie, whose taffy-colored hair and daffy-colored voice are on tap after ten. From her piano, she directs a trio and a subtly flavored lesson in music (and lyrics) appreciation. Mondays are given over to the threesome of Daphne Hellman, whose harp likes best to dwell in Respighi's halls.... ¶ On the lower level, Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, Gloria Lynne's battle cries will be heard, along with the aggressive music of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Mondays, Symphony Sid's congress of Latin musicians is in possession.... **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A noticeable amount of jump enlivens this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals, and Marian McPartland's trio does jazz that is sometimes drifty-dreamy and sometimes pungent. The McPartlands are off Sundays, Mr. De Forest is off Mondays.... **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Little Egypt, architecturally, that is, and *not* in the flesh. Oliver Jones' quartet makes some of the music; the rest is a concomitant of the Machine Age. On Monday, April 10, the Joneses will be succeeded by the band of Earl Hines—a real royal flush. Dinner, supper, and all that. Closed Sundays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Max Roach's quintet, which has the floor now, departs on Sunday, April 9, and on Tuesday, April 11, Art Farmer brings in his fivesome. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Betty Carter sings and an instrumental group muses. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions stand in lieu, and they begin at five.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The oldest established jazz museum in town, displaying music that has been scarcely touched by the deleterious hand of time. Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Cliff Leeman. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome does music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. Dining.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, and Don Coates is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to the past. Nine to three or four every night. ... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in the chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine.... **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently done by the Hank Mobley-Jimmy Heath quintet; as of Tuesday, April 11, it will be done by Archie Shepp's quartet. Mondays, Sun Ra's pathfinding ten-man firing squad is there instead. ... **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian lyrics of Ruth Crews, and so do movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. Leon Bibb's oratorio voice will be added on Friday, April 7. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

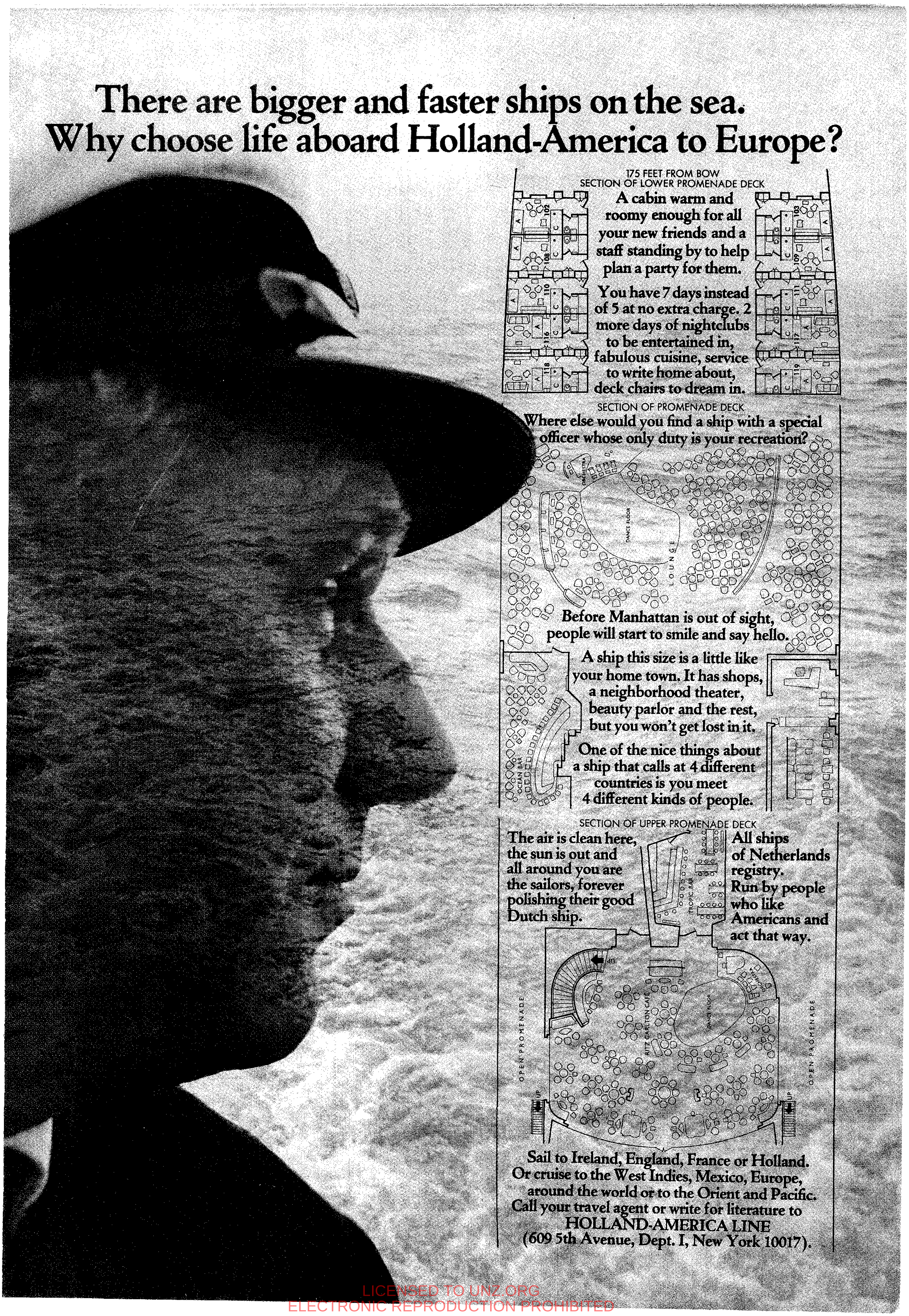
GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Flattened sculptures of casually posed nudes, alongside two hippos and a monkey; through Saturday, April 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN AXELROD AND JANE FRANK—Abstract bronzes by the former and abstract paintings by the latter; through Saturday, April 15. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BALTHUS—Paintings and drawings by the celebrated French psychological-realist; through April 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATRICIA BARTON—Primitive paintings of rural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ORCHESTRA
DANCE FLOOR
LOUNGE
OCEAN BAR
TROPIC BAR
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SECTION OF PROMENADE DECK

Where else would you find a ship with a special officer whose only duty is your recreation?

Before Manhattan is out of sight, people will start to smile and say hello.

A ship this size is a little like your home town. It has shops, a neighborhood theater, beauty parlor and the rest, but you won't get lost in it.

One of the nice things about a ship that calls at 4 different countries is you meet 4 different kinds of people.

SECTION OF UPPER PROMENADE DECK

The air is clean here, the sun is out and all around you are the sailors, forever polishing their good Dutch ship.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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scenes; through Saturday, April 8. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St.)

Jack Beal—Nudes in interiors; through April 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Bidner—Geometrical patterns based on industrial objects; through April 21. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isabel Bishop—Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings; through April 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Victor Brauner—Fantastic paintings by the recently deceased Surrealist; through Saturday, April 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Button—Cityscapes and landscapes; through April 20. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Caesar—Bronze nudes; through April 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Rafael Canogar—Figure paintings; through Saturday, April 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Carroll—Expressionistic landscapes and interiors, most of them with figures; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, April 8. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Brightly colored paintings and drawings of cows, of cows, of cows; through Thursday, April 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

José Luis Cuevas—Drawings of far-out experiences—LSD, Marat/Sade, and so on—by a well-known Mexican artist; through Saturday, April 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and pastels by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Saturday, April 8. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Assemblages, gouaches, drawings, and oils, 1947 to the present; through April 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul England—Paintings, collage-screens, and sculptures; through Saturday, April 8. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St.)

Wojciech Fangor—Paintings and architectural models that exploit out-of-focus images and blurring; through April 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tully Filmus—Paintings of genre subjects and folk scenes; through April 22. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Richard Gaffney—Figurative drawings of youths and of family groups; through Saturday, April 8. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St.)

Gerald Garston—Paintings of Indians, Thanksgiving, and other American themes; through April 22. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Gross—Gay sculptures in bronze, some more than life-size, of acrobats, ballerinas, and mothers and children; through Friday, April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman—Constructions of entangled objects of metal, leather, and wood, plus drawings; through Saturday, April 15. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

José Gutiérrez and Ray Hitchcock—Paintings in acrylics with Op effects by Mr. Gutiérrez and abstract sculptures in wood and metal by Mr. Hitchcock; through April 20. (Twentieth-Century West, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes by the seventy-eight-year-old lyricist; through Saturday, April 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Jean Hélion—A group of oils from this French artist's early abstract period; through April 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Hill—Figurative drawings and watercolors; through Saturday, April 8. (Martin, 43 E. 80th St.)

David Hockney—Acrylics that combine landscape and figure painting; through Saturday, April 8. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Adolf Hoffmeister—Caricatures of famous people, by this Czechoslovakian diplomat; through April 29. (Grosvenor, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Crockett Johnson—Geometric paintings, based on mathematical theorems, by the creator of "Barnaby;" through April 20. (Glezer, 271 Fifth Ave., at 30th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract and abstract sculptures in welded metal and found objects; through April 26. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Krushenick—Emblematic abstractions with heavy contours and Pop colors; through Saturday, April 15. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Liberman—Large abstract welded-steel sculptures made from abandoned industrial equipment; through Thursday, April 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Abstract Expressionist paintings; through April 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sheldon Machlin—Kinetic sculptures made of springs; through April 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Paul Moro—Landscapes, interiors, and shipboard scenes by a Post-Impressionist who died in 1953; through Saturday, April 8. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St.)

Seong Moy—Abstractions incorporating landscape images; through Saturday, April 8. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Robert Natkin—Abstract paintings in complex divisions of colored areas; through Saturday, April 8. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—New abstract marbles by the veteran Japanese-American sculptor; through April 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Novros—Two exhibitions of monochromatic paintings. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Through April 25. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Park Place Gallery, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St. Through April 28. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Irving Petlin—Figures and landscapes; through April 28. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Pollaro—Collages of salvaged materials; through April 22. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

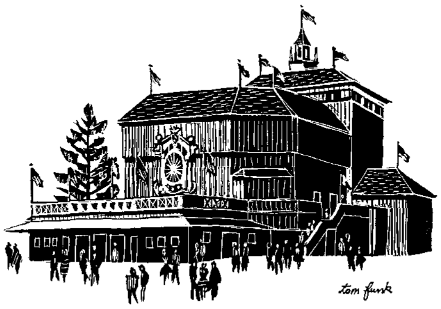
Deborah Remington—Totemic machine images; through April 22. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscape paintings, many of Italy; through April 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster casts of figures in scenes from daily life; through April 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Figure paintings made up of abstract dynamic shapes; through Saturday, April 15. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Cheou-kang Sie—Bamboo paintings, one of China's classical mediums; through Saturday, April 15. (Asian Gallery, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 2 to 5.)



Kumi Sugaï—Abstract shapes in dynamic relation painted in hard bright hues; through Saturday, April 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Incised forms on man-made stone-like surfaces by this leading Spanish artist; through April 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Tooker—Paintings of figures with strong emotional overtones; through April 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul von Ringelheim—Cast metal sculptures of abstract directional emblems; through April 22. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Waddell—Swerving run-together streams of color; through Saturday, April 8. (Spectrum, 54 W. 57th St.)

Erika Weihs—Figurative paintings and drawings in a delicate, dreamy vein; through Wednesday, April 12. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Weinrib—Abstract see-through sculptures in softly colored plastic, most of them a pale lavender; through April 19. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Mario Yrisarry—Paintings with prismatic radiations; through April 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Masters of the Loaded Brush—A benefit exhibit of seventy-nine *bozzetti* (oil sketches) by British and European painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Rubens and Tiepolo among them, on loan from public and private collections here and abroad; through April 29. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Treasures from the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore—A benefit show of French, Italian, and Flemish paintings; ancient Egyptian bronzes; Armenian, German, and Mughal manuscripts; ivories, enamels, and goldsmiths' work of the Middle Ages; and ceramics and metalwork from Persia and the Near East; through Saturday, April 15. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundredth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **pietrantonio**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through Saturday, April 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Max Bill, Jean Tinguely, Chryssa, and other Americans and Europeans; through Saturday, April 8.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **east hampton gallery**, 22 W. 56th St.: "The Visionaries," twenty-five artists doing environments, mystical paintings, assemblages, strobe-light images, multi-mediums, LSD visions, and so on; through Saturday, April 8. . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: One large painting each by Franz Kline, Barnett Newman, Morris Louis, and Alfred Leslie; through Saturday, April 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A survey exhibition of drawings and paintings by Copley, Vanderlyn, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through April 28. . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Arthur B. Davies, W. L. Metcalf, and Oscar Bluemner (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 8.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bianchini**, 50 W. 57th St.: "100 Years of Fantastic Drawings," Redon to Rosenquist; through Friday, April 7. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Calder, Léger, Picasso, and other leading moderns; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: Thirty portraits, ranging from Raphael to de Kooning; through Saturday, April 8.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **selected artists**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through April 29.

Peruvians; Group Show—Abstract paintings and sculptures by eleven contemporaries; through

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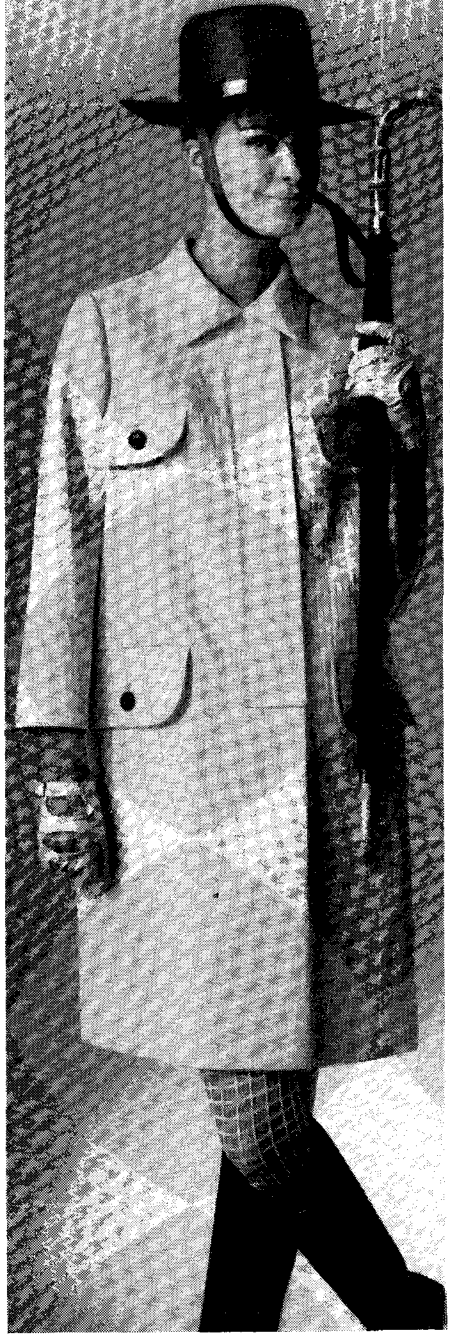

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, April 15. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Illuminated books by William Blake; through May 30. . . . ¶ Reni, Rosa, and Castiglione are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of seventeenth-century Italian prints; through April 23. (*Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.*)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of nearly two hundred oils, watercolors, gouaches, mixed mediums, drawings, prints, and works on glass by Paul Klee; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A huge retrospective of two hundred and twenty-three paintings and drawings by the celebrated photo-realist painter Andrew Wyeth; through Sunday, April 9. . . . ¶ The first retrospective (1933 to the present) of sculptures and assemblages by Louise Nevelson, also drawings and prints; through April 30. . . . ¶ Life-size drawings with themes based on Nazi brutality and the suffering it caused, by Mauricio Lasansky, well-known printmaker; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Nezu Art Museum, in Tokyo; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through June 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—"Land and Sea," a show of etchings, drawings, and paintings from the Academy's collection, by (for instance) Winslow Homer, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibition of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Collages with preliminary studies by Rauschenberg, Ortman, Rivers, and others, plus models and drawings for Oldenburg's "The Toilet" (with a photograph of the finished work); through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred paintings, from Jan Bruegel the Elder and Rembrandt to Hans Hofmann and Sam Francis, lent by the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts; through April 30. . . . ¶ "Aubrey Beardsley and His Era," consisting mainly of his illustrations for books and magazines; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; through July 2. . . . ¶ A Purim exhibition of ceremonial objects, including Megilloth (parchment scrolls), their decorated containers, silver and wooden noisemakers, ornamented plates, and prints and posters by contemporary artists; through April 30. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Six centuries of prints (all on the theme of music-makers) from many different countries; through April 29. . . . ¶ An audio-visual presentation tracing the opera "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" from the initial collaboration between Strauss and the librettist von Hofmannsthal through its refinement in further productions and on to its culmination as revealed in a scale model of the backstage facilities of the Metropolitan Opera House. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Seventeenth Century in Italy" composed of drawings (by such artists as Annibale Carracci, Guercino, and Bernini), illustrated books, correspondence of popes, letters of artists, book bindings, and an envelope on which Galileo made astronomical doodles; through April 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century needlework; namely, memorials, pastorals, quilts, and pincushions; through April 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 6, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Scotto, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Jean Fenn, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Belén Amparán, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday, April 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Nancy Williams, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Marie Collier, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Robert Goodloe, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 8: "La Traviata," with Renata Scotto, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Sherrill Milnes, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "Otello," with Gabriella Tucci, Nancy Williams, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, and Ermanno Lorenzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 1:30: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Ruza Pospinov, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, and Robert Merrill.

Brooklyn Opera Company—"La Bohème,"

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A Beethoven-Bruckner program on Thursday, April 6, at 8:30; Friday, April 7, at 2:15; and Monday, April 10, at 7:30 (no soloists); and a varied program on Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2:15; Saturday, April 15, at 8:30; and Monday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 12, and Friday, April 14, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30, with Evelyne Crochet, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30, with Miss Crochet.)

American Opera Society—Jonel Perlea directing the second of two performances of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lucia Popp, and Veronica Tyler, sopranos, and with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting Richard Strauss's opera "Die Aegyptische Helena" in concert form, with Ingrid Bjoner and Elisabeth Carron, sopranos; William Olvis, tenor; and Adib Fazah, baritone. The final program of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, April 9, at 2:30, with Lynn Owen in place of Miss Bjoner. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 11, at 8.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting the last two in a series of all-Vivaldi concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 5:30 and 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Gérard Souzay, baritone, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Town Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing an all-Monteverdi program, with Eileen Laurence, soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; William Fleck, bass-baritone; Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; and Harriet Wingreen, organ. The last in a series of concerts. (Town Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8:30.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Coro da Camera della Radiotelevisione Italiana—Nino Antonellini directing an all-Monteverdi program. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 11:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Stockholm Kyndel String Quartet—With Konrad Ragossnig, classical guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 6, at 8.)

Anne Ayer—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 3.)

Göta Blomberg—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Michael Oelbaum—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of Italian music, with Lee Dougherty, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Monday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Maria Lucia Godoy—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30.)

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program. (French Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 9-4747. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Thursday, April 13, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Nadia Koutzen—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 14, at 8.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—The third in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Classic guitarists. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

Olewsky Trio—The first of two programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, April 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera Semifinal Auditions—Twenty-four singers chosen from regional auditions and hoping to be numbered among the twelve finalists who will compete in November. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 7, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 301.)

Benefit Concert—The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Albert Catell, plus several choruses, directed by Waldemar Link, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—First league games here—Mets vs. Pittsburgh. (Shea Stadium. Tuesday, April 11, and Thursday, April 13, at 2.)... ¶ Yankees vs. Boston. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, April 14, and Saturday, April 15, at 2.)

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, April 14, at 9 and 7: Men's individual foil.... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 9 and 7: Men's individual épée.... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre.... ¶ Sunday, April 16, at 7: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave., at 59th St. CI 7-5100.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs: Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, April 11, and Thursday, April 13, at 7:30.)

Gladstone Horse Trials—Selection trials for the United States Equestrian Team that will tour Europe this summer. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, April 6-9.)

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 8.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 15.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 15.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 8; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, April 12; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 15.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) ... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 13, through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 8, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK**: "King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE**: "Canterville Ghost." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS**: "Rumpelstiltskin." Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE**: "The Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 8, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Moon and Its Shadow." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: Reopens Saturday, April 8, with a variety of small animals, among them lambs, kids, mice, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under for the last time this season on Saturday, April 8.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

International Automobile Show—Sports cars, compacts, and luxury models, from England, France, Italy, Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, Japan, and the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 9, from 1 to 8.)

Country Antiques Fair—Goodies from the bygone. Among the more unusual items are a giraffe from a carrousel, Paris street signs, and barber bottles. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 6-7, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 8, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 6, at 8: Paintings by Renoir, Monet, Klee, Léger, and other Impressionist and modern artists; from many collections. ... ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 1:45: European furniture and decorative objects, from various owners.... ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 1:45: Books on science and medicine, together with modern English and American literature and illustrated books; from the library of the late Dr. Thomas A. McGraw.... ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 1:45: Twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by such artists as Gauguin, de Kooning, Rockwell, and Giacometti. Exhibition starts Friday, April 7.

CHANT D'ARÔMES
GUERLAIN

One of the marvelous things about French men is French women.

And one of the marvelous things about French women is a great Guerlain perfume, Chant d'Arômes.

To be great, a perfume must do two things: it must express something for a woman that she would like to express herself; and it must say it in a way that can be understood by men.

For several years now, Chant d'Arômes has been speaking for thousands of French women, English women, Italian women, and to the men in their lives.

It has to be saying something.

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The banker.

He's what makes one bank different from another.

Most people think that banks are banks.

After all, they'd argue, we look a lot alike.

Our services are largely the same.

We all conform. (We have to, we're regulated.)

But they're forgetting the banker. He's what makes one bank different from another.

He's something else. He gets where he is because he is who he is, a man with an innate sensitivity to what's going on.

Rumors, tips, wild speculation—he leaves these to amateurs. And what he reads in the financial pages is just for starters.

Almost every area of experience comes into play in forming his decisions: world trends, political trends, scientific trends, industrial trends, social trends. Where else can a man put together all these complex awarenesses and make them make sense?

Some people might scoff at all this because they know it's not the banker's own money he's investing. Well, they ought to remember a banker has invested his life.

We're serious. At Bankers Trust you'll find leading authorities on every financial specialty.

You'll find the man who wrote the authoritative text on corporate trusts.

You'll find the men who wrote the definitive explanations of the ins and outs of pension trusts. Their works are guidebooks for other banks. (In fact, you'll find our people actually pioneered pension trusts in the United States.)

You'll find officers with an incredibly high degree of individual responsibility. We have so much respect for our people that we just don't saddle them with committee rule. This way answers to your questions and decisions on loans come through faster.

And in our overseas affiliates you'll deal not only with American bankers but largely with foreign nationals—insiders who are really at home. (We bought into leading foreign banks, you see. We just didn't have the time to earn a welcome.)

When you stop in at Bankers Trust, you'll find it's the banker who makes a bank different.

We want you to know that you'll always find a welcome at Bankers Trust.

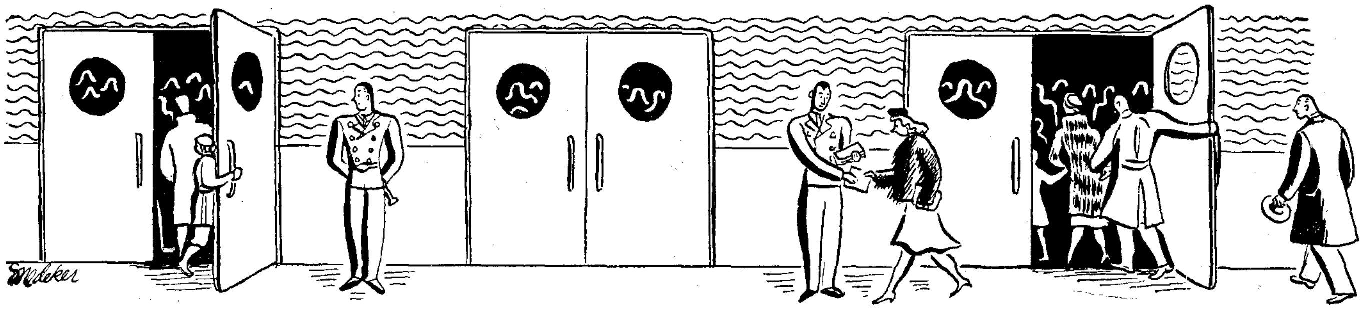
But to say you'll just find a welcome hardly says enough.

You'll find a banker at Bankers Trust.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



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THE BIBLE—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

BLOW-UP—David Hemmings is a fashion photographer in London and Vanessa Redgrave is a pretty girl who is somehow implicated in a murder. Michelangelo Antonioni is a poet, not a storyteller, and his picture is always lovely to look upon and often impossible to understand. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG—A sad attempt at a comedy by Charlie Chaplin. Starring Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 11.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

FALSTAFF—Orson Welles makes an incomparable Sir John. Also on hand are a real Sir John (Gielgud), Margaret Rutherford, Keith Baxter, and Jeanne Moreau. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through April 9.)

GEORGY GIRL—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; starting April 12.)

GRAND PRIX—Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, Eva Marie Saint, and a lot of other good-looking, high-spirited people in a continuously thrilling picture about racing cars and the strange men who drive them. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GREAT BRITISH TRAIN ROBBERY—An excellent account, in documentary form, of the biggest single robbery of all time. Splendidly enacted by, of all things, a German cast. In English. (Lyric, 213 W. 42nd, LO 5-3705; through April 11.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE—Yves Montand as an Existentialist hero, spending his life for others in the expectation of certain defeat. Brilliantly directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

HAWAII—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of pretty scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

KALEIDOSCOPE—A slick thriller about cardsharping, with Warren Beatty and Susannah York, ably directed by Jack Smight. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 11.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller, as his wife; Robert Shaw, as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern, as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

MARAT/SADE—A movie of a play inside a play, cleverly brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

MY SISTER, MY LOVE—A Swedish study of a tragic love affair between a brother and sister. Starring Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle, and directed by Vilgot Sjöman. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. After 6 on Wednesday, April 12, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

PERSONA—Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann in Ingmar Bergman's delicate and profound examination of the nature of the masks behind which we live. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in Franco Zeffirelli's Hellzapoppin version of the old comedy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ULYSSES—A laudable sortie into the Joyce country, which is full of flung missiles and secret haha's. Joseph Strick has directed his excellent cast with intelligence and tact. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU—The first movie by a clever young director named Jean-Paul Rappeneau. Hilarious reversals of fortune in the sunny Norman countryside. Catherine Deneuve and Philippe Noiret lead the distinguished cast. In French. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

THE WAR GAME—The time is the near future, and London is under enemy fire. A grim, compelling account of what had better not befall us, well directed by Peter Watkins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, who is coming of age. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

BREATHLESS (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 11.)

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 11.)

MORGAN! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through April 11.)

SCORPIO RISING (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—April 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "David Harum" (1915), with William H. Crane. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Raven" (1915), with Henry B. Walthall. . . . ¶ April 8 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Olympia, Part I" (1938), in German; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Olympia, Part II" (1938), in German; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Stella Maris" (1918), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Fight for Life" (1941), a Pare Lorentz film. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through April 9: "Salome" (1922), with Nazimova; and W. C. Fields films. . . . ¶ Starting April 11: "Salome" (1922), with Nazimova. (The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone LT 1-2311.) . . . **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through April 11: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb.
From April 12: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 11: **MORGAN!**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (in Ukrainian).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 11: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Africa Addio," an Italian documentary, with an English narration.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
MARAT/SADE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 11: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish). After 6 on Wednesday, April 12, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 11: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 11: "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.
From April 12: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 11: **KALEIDOSCOPE**; and "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Age of Illusions" (in Hungarian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 11: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "First to Fight," Chad Everett.
From April 12: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Carry On Cabby," Sidney James.

Lyric, 213 W. 42nd. (LO 5-3705)
Through April 11: **THE GREAT BRITISH TRAIN ROBBERY**; and "Make Like a Thief," Richard Long.
From April 12: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and "The Treasure of Makuba," Cameron Mitchell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
PERSONA (in Swedish).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through April 9: **FALSTAFF.**
From April 10: "After You, Comrade," Jamie Uys.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
GEORGY GIRL.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Echoes of Silence;" and "The Koumiko Mystery" (in Japanese).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 11: **KALEIDOSCOPE**; and "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak.
From April 12: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac," revival, José Ferrer, Mala Powers; and "The Life of Emile Zola," revival, Paul Muni, Joseph Schildkraut.
April 7-10: "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina; and "The Elusive Corporal" (in French), revival, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Claude Brasseur.
From April 11: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 11: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From April 12: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.

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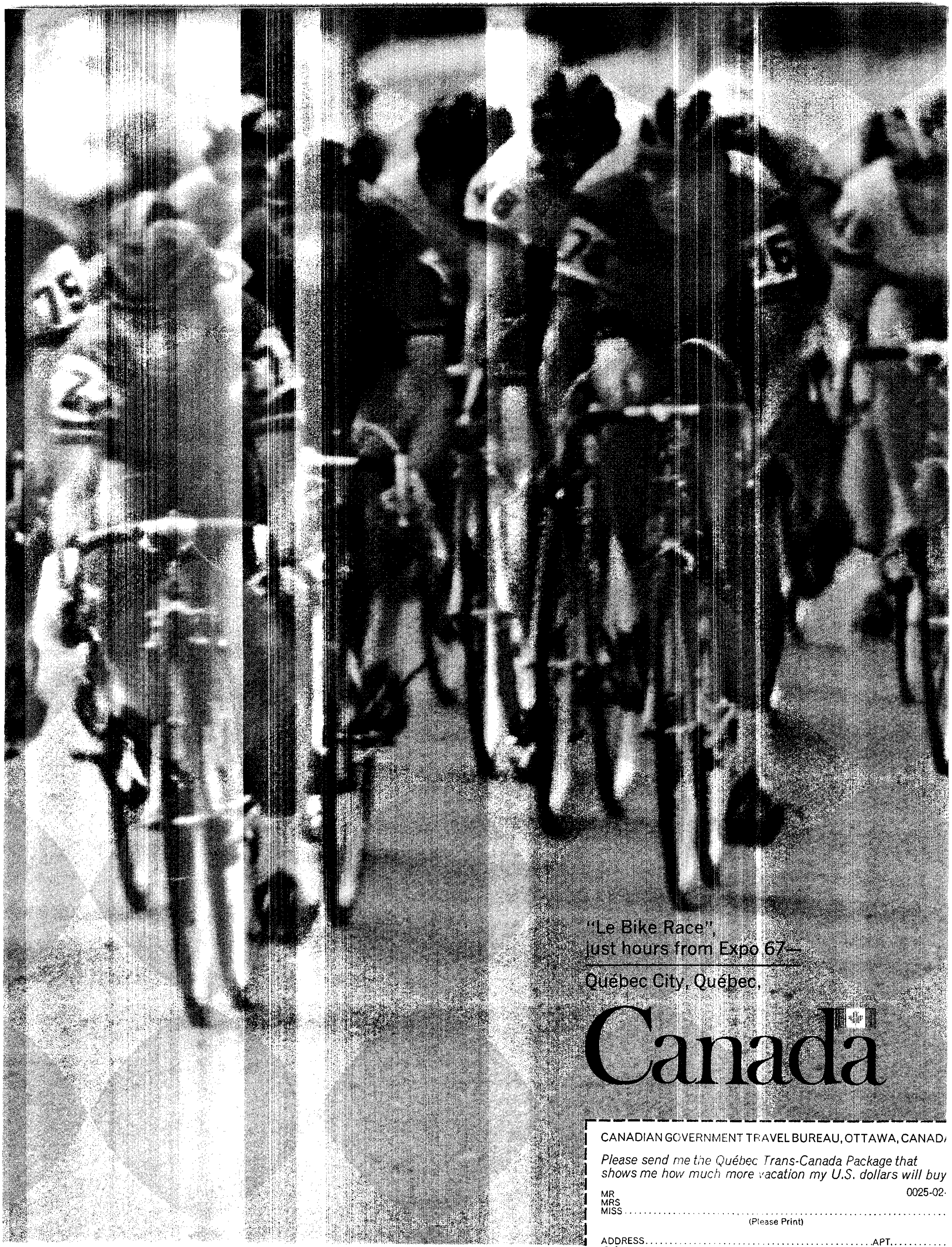

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The one on the right, our big bus-like box, and the one in the center, our medium sized Squareback sedan, are only about 7 inches longer than the beetle.

But don't let their size on the outside fool you about their size in the inside.

Just open a door and you'll find enough room for more than enough things.

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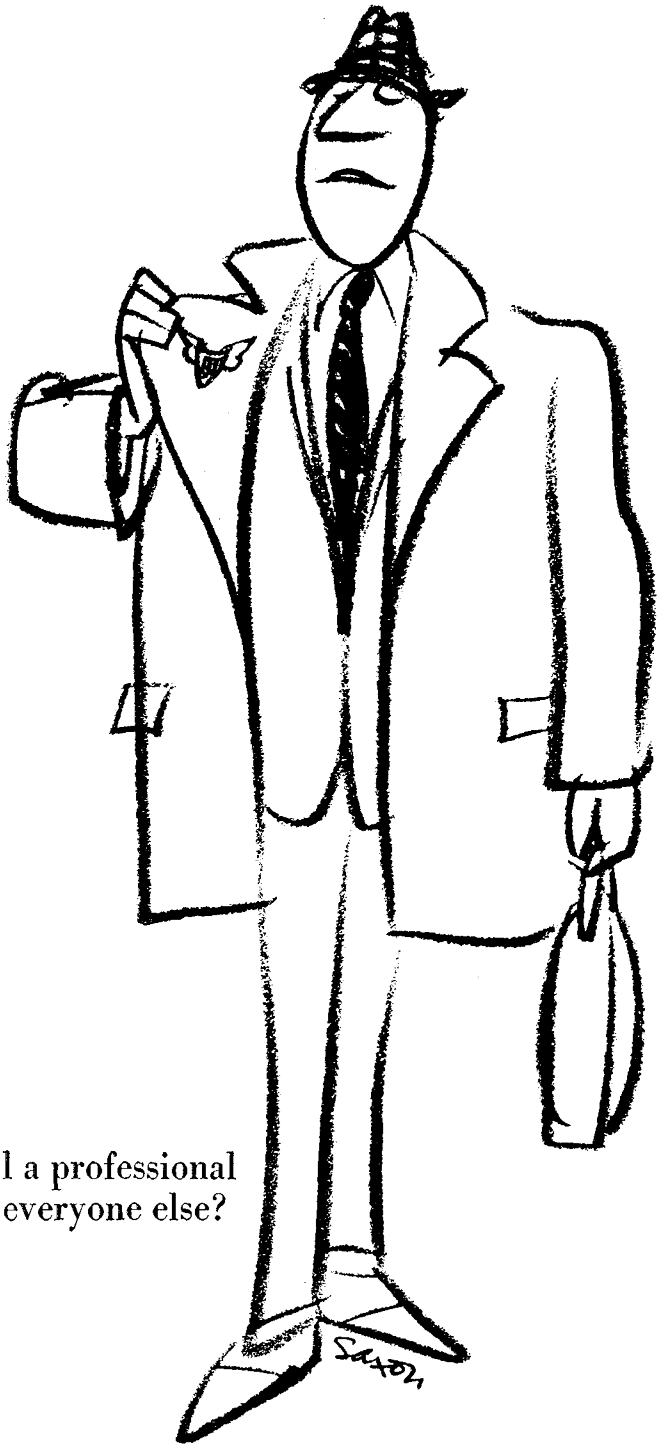
So you see, no matter what size we make VWs they're all pretty economical.

Why not come in and size one up?



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And we can't tell him from Adam.

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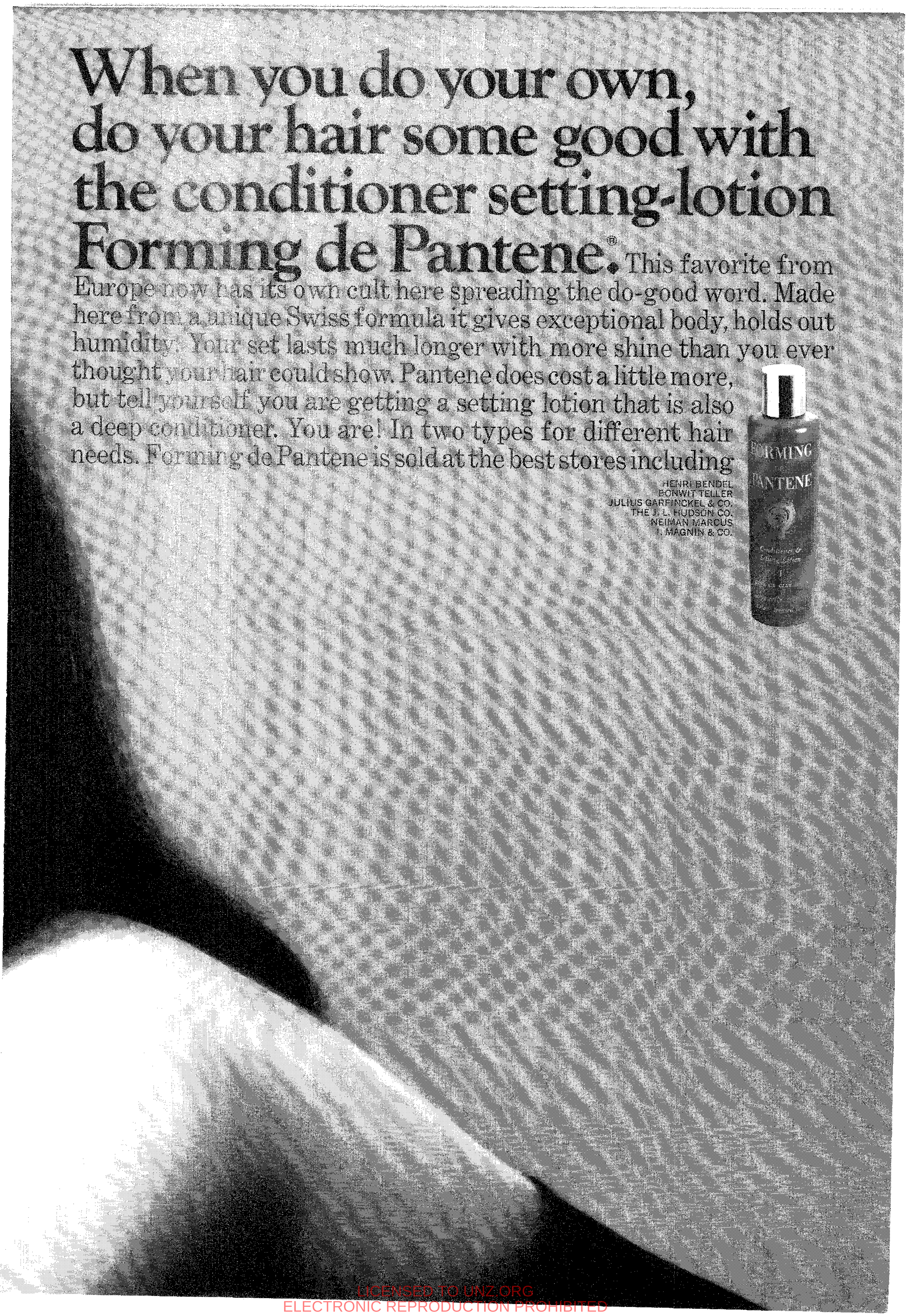

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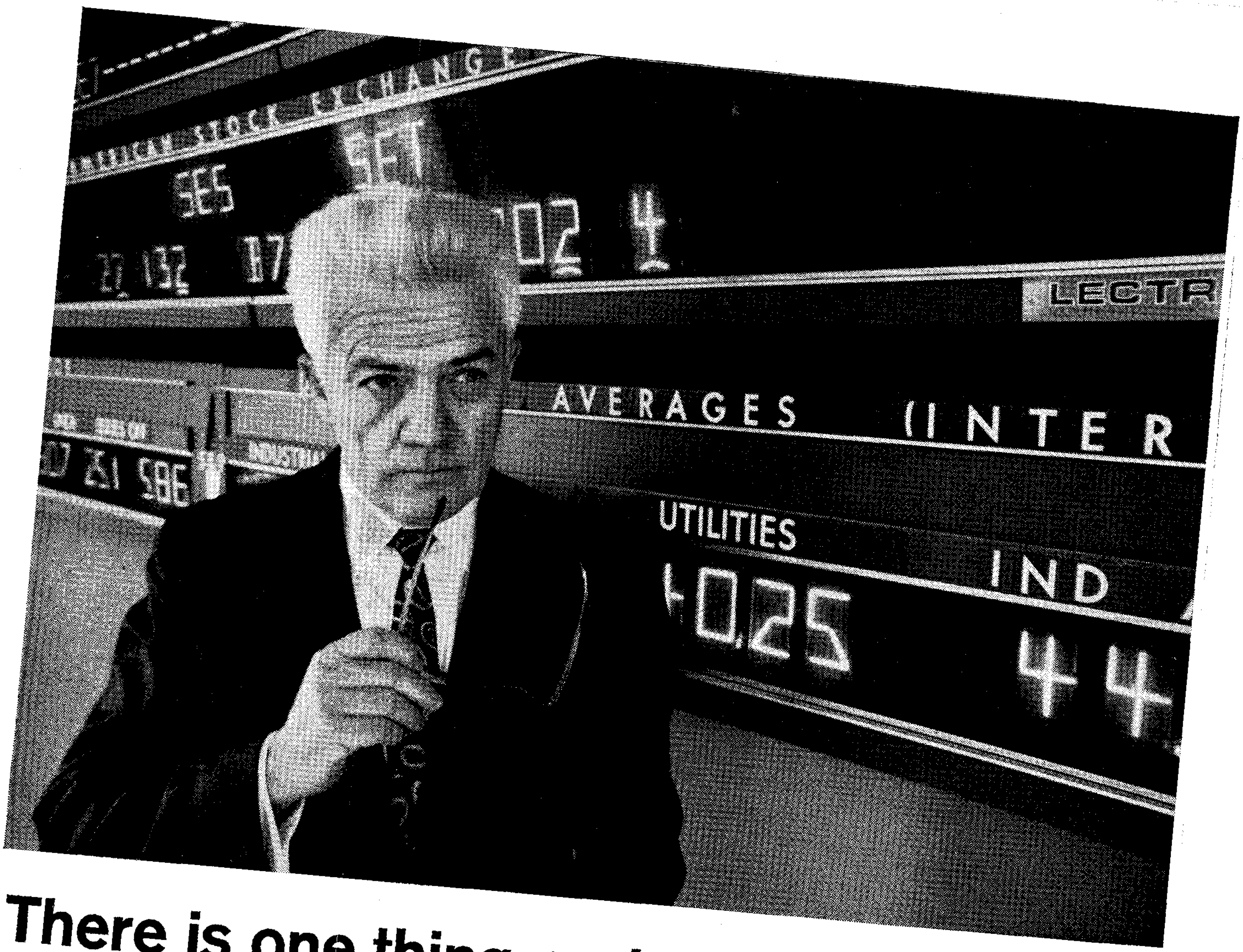

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Uncertainty.

Risk travels hand in hand with all investment. Business trends. Political and economic shifts. Fluctuating corporate earnings. Inflation.

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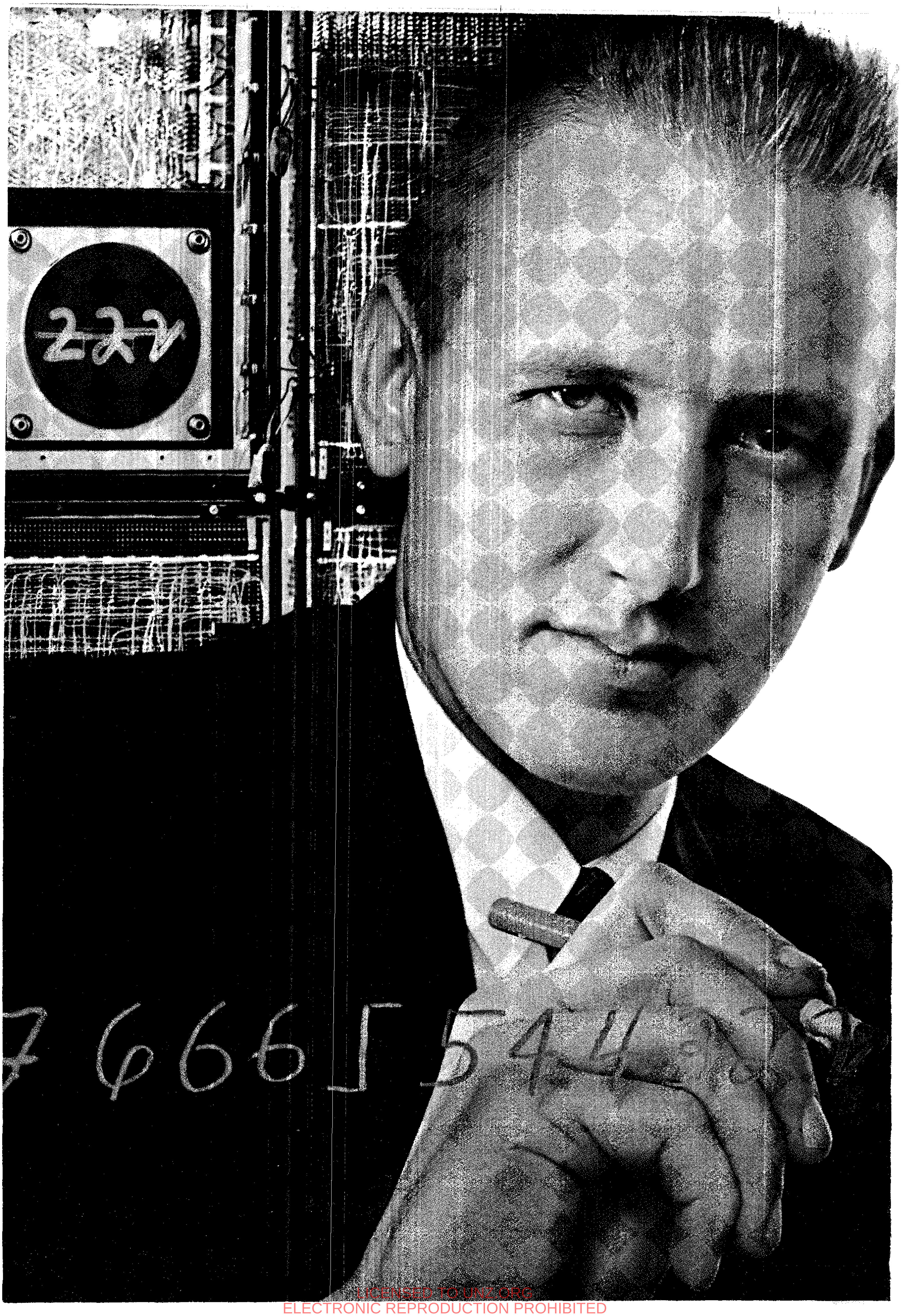
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This engineer is solving a problem in cacography.

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Making information easier to get into a computer makes this most useful tool even more useful.

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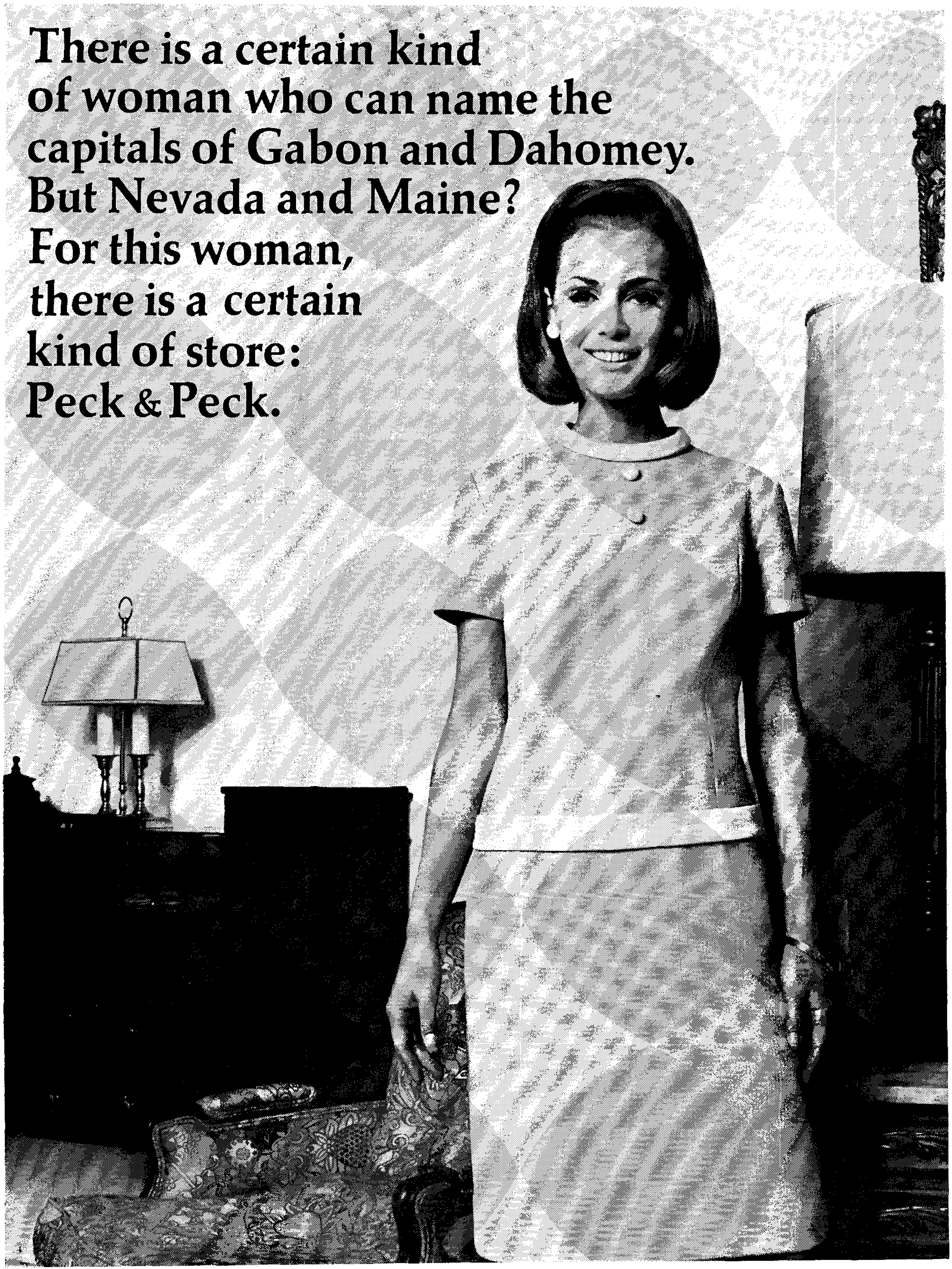
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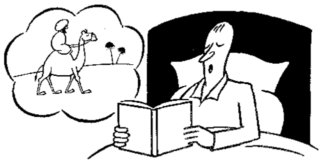
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have found few life maneuvers more important than the discovery of a good sleepy-book—a good book to read in bed. The book must be of merit; mere trash quite fails to induce the reposeful conscience that clears the way for the sleep of the just. Yet the book must not unduly activate the mind, lest an image-crowded insomnia follow, or, at best, a doze tormented by dream fragments such as the rivalry between François I and Charles V that so addles Proust's famous slumber on page 1 of "Remembrance of Things Past"—not a bad sleepy-book itself. Most fiction is too importunate and clamorous; the ideal sleepy-book engages the mind's respect but slips uncomplainingly from the imagination's grasp. We recommend travel books, preferably English, such as Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" or Mungo Park's dauntless journeys; letters, especially by eighteenth-century musicians or politicians; Pelican books concerning archeology; and, among contemporaries, the mosaic philosophy of Marshall McLuhan. McLuhan's "The Gutenberg Galaxy," however, has just been displaced on our bedside table by a new publication, available in an attractive Bantam edition for one dollar and bearing the sensible title "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung." Open this handy volume anywhere:



> In the sphere of organization, ensure democracy under centralized guidance. It should be done on the following lines:
>
> (1) The leading bodies of the Party must give a correct line of guidance and find solutions when problems arise, in order to establish themselves as centres of leadership.
>
> (2) The higher bodies must be familiar with the situation in the lower bodies and with the life of the masses so as to have an objective basis for correct guidance. . . .

Feel it coming on? The nodding head, the leaden eyelids?

Turn elsewhere and read:

> "Grasp firmly." That is to say, the Party committee must not merely "grasp," but must "grasp firmly," its main tasks. One can get a grip on something only when it is grasped firmly, without the slightest slackening. Not to grasp firmly is not to grasp at all. Naturally, one cannot get a grip on something with an open hand . . .

By now, surely, your own hand has become open, the book has slipped from your numb grasp, the pillow has flattened invitingly under your skull, the light is begging to be doused. Eight hours of good sleep lie ahead. We do hope that this pricelessly lulling little book, which has enjoyed considerable success in its own country, will reach a wide audience here, soothing troubled hearts, cooling fevered brows.

AFTER hearing Mayor Lindsay describe Broadway (or did he say "the theatre"?) the other night, at the Tony Awards presentation, as "New York's unique contribution to the rest of the country" (or was it "the world"?) . . . What *did* he say, anyway? Whatever it was, the unmemorable phrase sticks in our mind. As Elvis Presley used to put it, we forgot to remember to forget. The reason for this, we are sure, is the word "unique"—never a favorite of ours. It doesn't seem to have settled as comfortably into the language as its sturdier fellow-adjectives "oblique" and "opaque," having clung more coyly to its intermediate French roots than a good, upstanding English word ought to do. It reminds us of those arch nouns "critique" and "physique." ("Technique" is somehow O.K.) Besides, "unique" is rickety from too much handling. Because it connotes a more thrilling deviation from the usual than "original" does, because it *is* a unique word (*un mot unique*), representing a shade of meaning that isn't necessarily covered by gutsier words like "singular" or "special" or "peculiar," and because it hasn't been hustled as far from decent talk by insatiable public-relations men as "unparalleled," "unequalled," "inimitable," and "matchless," there are probably enough votes around to force us to stick with "unique." In that case, we will at least take a stand with those oafs, browbeaten but unbowed, who are inclined to say "very unique" or "quite unique" or "sort of unique," since, with their bootless craving for a fresher, more exact way of expressing a personal pleasure or interest, they strike us as having a commendable instinct for hastening the demise of a moribund word. They are more sensitive—in fact, if not technically—than the critics who call them sloppy. We would have been much happier with the Mayor, who is more unique than most mayors, in spite of his weakness for official diction, if he had simply said "Glad to be here," or if he had gone right into a song and dance. Throw the word out!

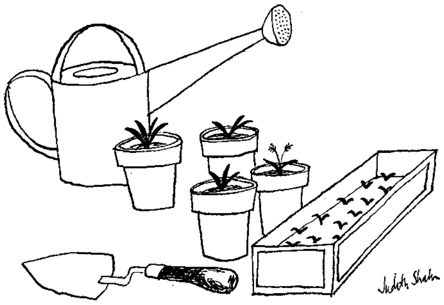
Labor

THE rarely placid labor climate has in recent days become distressingly turbulent. Simultaneous storms clash about us, involving the city's Fire Department, the radio and television networks, and, once again, our newspapers. There arises the unsettling possibility that, given the worst, New York City might burn to the ground and nobody would learn that it had happened.

The most potentially upsetting of the crises that developed last week was the one involving the 10,500 members of the Uniformed Firemen's Association, who have rejected as insufficient a fact-finding panel's recommendation of an increase of $1,185 in wages and benefits over the next two years. However, the firemen, encouraged to some extent by Mayor Lindsay's personal intervention in their negotiations, have for the time being given up their plan to embark on a "slowdown," in which they would respond to alarms and other emergencies but would not perform fire inspections and fire-patrol duties. Yet the relatively cheerful developments in the firemen's negotiations did not bring the city any shortage of picket lines. Indeed, in the current dispute afflicting the three major television networks—and for a while a radio network was involved, too—New York City must have the most affluent pickets in history. While flustered network officials fill in on news broadcasts, performers whose faces and voices are familiar across the nation march with cardboard signs on behalf of their lesser-known—and lesser-paid—colleagues. The pickets are, of course, members of the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, and they are doing their picketing at American, Columbia, and National stations here and in Chicago and Los Angeles. It isn't the big salaries earned by the Johnny Carsons and Walter Cronkites of the industry that are at issue but the performance fees of some hundreds of less stellar performers—most of them reporters—in the three cities. The goal of this strike—the first national one in A.F.T.R.A.'s thirty-year history, and the first one here since a 1960 dispute with Radio Station WNEW—is a revision of the performance fee paid by the network-owned stations.

We walked uptown to A.F.T.R.A. headquarters, at 724 Fifth Avenue, on the first day of the strike, passing on our way all four of the picketed networks' headquarters (we spotted Hugh Downs at N.B.C., his coat collar turned up against a light drizzle, and at C.B.S. a network supervisor was scurrying, tape recorder in hand, toward a picketing subordinate in an unsuccessful attempt to interview him), and we were surprised to find that the New York headquarters of a strike being felt across the country fitted neatly into two small office rooms. Running the operations—which included dispatching men like Downs to picket duty—was Tom Glennon, in happier circumstances a reporter for WNBC-TV. "This is the newsman's year," he told us in the intervals of a struggle to round up pickets for an N.B.C. color studio far out in Brooklyn. "Sure, some guys have fabulous salaries, but the average local reporter in radio and television in New York is making two hundred and twenty-five or two hundred and fifty dollars a week, and that isn't enough for the amount of work and ability the job requires."

Leaving Glennon to his Brooklyn problem (when we checked later, the picketing gap had been nicely bridged by actors and actresses from the cast of "Another World," a soap opera normally broadcast from there), we turned our attention to the third—and most familiar—of our labor disputes. For a number of reasons, New York City newspapers and their ten unions seem fated to negotiate their two-year contracts only under conditions of brinksmanship, and a measure of the esteem—or lack of it—in which the press consequently holds itself is that New York newspaper editors last week seemed far more interested in the television dispute than in a situation that could cause the suspension of three of our daily papers. Of course, the A.F.T.R.A. strike against the networks and the network-owned stations was unprecedented, while for the newspapers this was the fifth crisis in as many years. Besides, the matters at issue in the press dispute, though complex, appear to have remained constant—though the number of papers has not. New York City now has two fewer morning papers and one fewer afternoon paper than it had in 1962, when the first of the four previous labor disputes shut down our newspapers for a hundred and fourteen days. The *Post* pulled out of the Publishers' Association, and out of the joint bargaining talks, during that blackout, and it did its best to meet the need for published daily news during each of the succeeding crises. The remaining members of the Publishers' Association are—along with the Queens editions of the Newhouse papers, on Long Island—the three other general-circulation daily newspapers, the *Times*, the *News*, and the *World Journal Tribune*, the last being, of course, all that is left of what were, up to last year, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, the *Journal-American*, and the *Herald Tribune*.



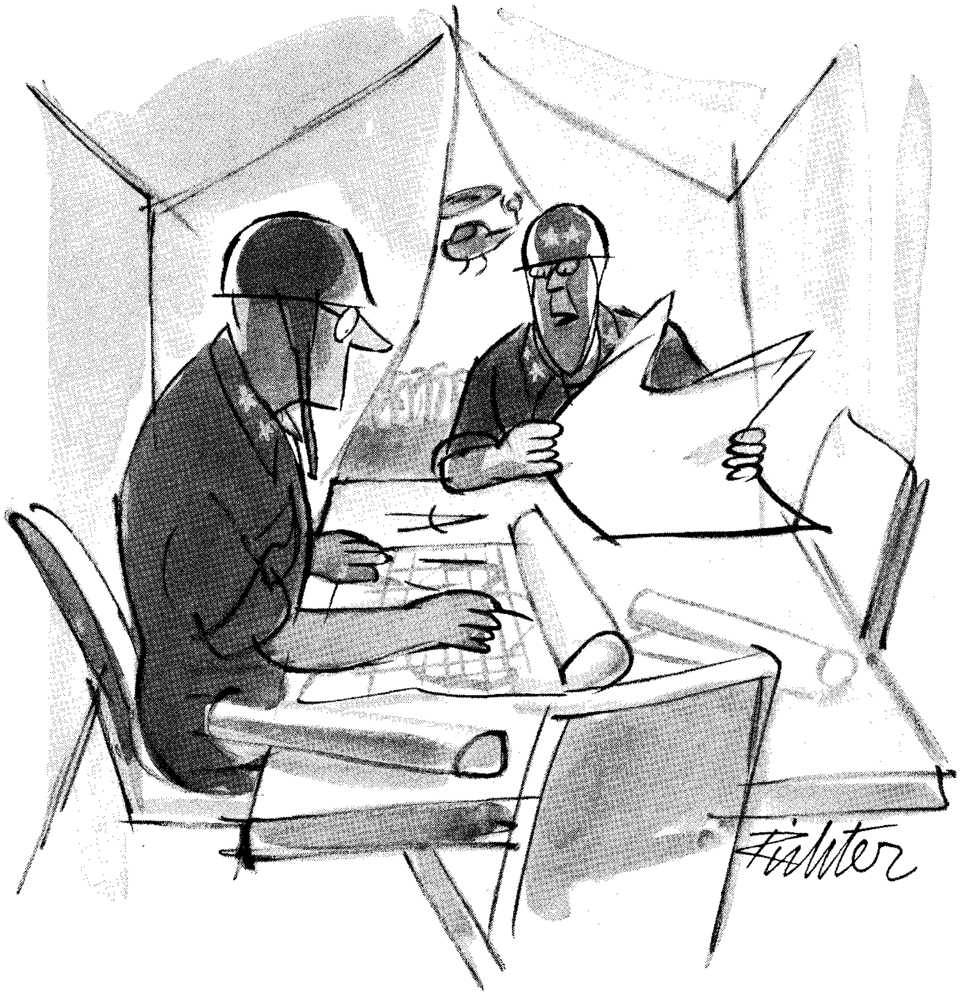
Basically, the problem in the newspaper negotiations is that the papers, which are, perforce, competitors on the newsstands, are coöperating within the framework of the Publishers' Association in their dealings with the unions, while the theoretically fraternal unions, which represent thirteen thousand full-time and four thousand part-time workers, are competing against each other in the bargaining. This year's battle revolves around the desire of the printers and the members of the other higher-paid crafts to achieve a percentage increase in salaries and fringe benefits that would maintain the existing differentials between the higher-paid and the lower-paid crafts. The members of the less skilled crafts—the deliverers, for example—are insisting on a cash increase equal to or above any that is offered to the printers. This mathematical conundrum is complicated by the fact that the unions are beginning to run up against the same problem that has long bedevilled corporate managements—the need to show not just an annual profit but a greater annual profit than the previous one. The contract that was negotiated two years ago gave the printers a twelve-dollar, or four-and-four-tenths-per-cent, increase, and this year they have already spurned a four-per-cent raise over three years, which would have raised basic minimum weekly salaries $6.07 each year from the present level of $151.85.

By last Thursday evening, with the contracts due to expire at midnight, all the settings and props that we have come to associate with the ritualized climax of such negotiations had been made ready, and we encountered Theodore W. Kheel, the attorney who has become the indispensable negotiator between the New York newspaper proprietors and the unions, walking from the Daily News Building, on East Forty-second Street, where the Publishers' Association has its offices, to the Hotel Commodore, where the union leaders were in session on the twenty-second floor. First on the evening's program, Mr. Kheel told us as we walked with him along Forty-second Street, would be a report by each union leader—the most important one by Bertram A. Powers, of the Typographical Union—on the status of his negotiations with the publishers. Powers had already announced that he would not call a strike exactly on the deadline, but he had not forsworn major labor disruptions. The *News*, he had let it be known, was presenting two obstacles to a settlement, and he would therefore hold extensive chapel, or local, meetings in the paper's composing room. If a contract hadn't been agreed on, these meetings—to last two, three, or four hours—would take place in the early hours of Friday and late Friday afternoon, which happens to be when the *News* schedules much of the composition of its Sunday edition. An even more immediate problem, Mr. Kheel indicated, was the position taken by the deliverers for the *News* and the *Times*, who had voted to put a "no-contract-no-work" policy into effect at midnight. It was only three hours short of midnight when Kheel reached the twenty-second floor of the Commodore. Just before he disappeared into his meeting with the union leaders, we asked him what he considered the prospects were of avoiding a shutdown this year, and he said, "I don't know, but I do know that the prospects will be a lot better if I can just get through tonight."

And somehow he did get through the night, eliciting from the union leaders—in a little more than an hour—what he later described to us as "a consensus that should remove this issue of per cents versus a flat dollar figure." The printers, he explained before he raced back to the Daily News Building, had modified their position as far as to stipulate that they would "negotiate their own package on a percentage basis, and, provided nobody gets any better fringe benefits, not interest themselves in the money settlements obtained by the other unions." Still up in the air, however, was the midnight deadline set by the deliverers, and only at 11:58 did Kheel, smiling broadly, emerge from a conference with Joseph Baer, the president of the deliverers' local, to announce that because "progress has been made, and negotiations are proceeding, the deliverers have agreed to stop the clock." Two hours later, even as Mr. Powers, unhindered by management, was holding the first of his chapel meetings in the composing room of the *News*, Kheel sent the remaining negotiators home to get some sleep, so they would be in shape to work over the weekend on the last details of the ten agreements. "We were able to get by this very critical day," he said to us as he himself left the building. "There's lots still to be done, but now I think we might make it."

Street Scene

THE other day, we observed two New York police officers and a tow truck preparing to remove an illicitly parked blue sedan. Impatiently double-parked behind them was a white convertible, waiting to seize the vacated space.



"Well, while we do our part, the folks at home are doing theirs. I see the Dow-Jones is up again."

• •

No Nerves

THE latest star to rise in the firmament of international opera is an exuberant soprano from East Harlem named Martina Arroyo. At thirty—an age when many a singer is just beginning a career in opera—Miss Arroyo is a major box-office attraction on both sides of the Atlantic. This season, her busy schedule will include opera appearances at the Zurich Stadttheater and at the Metropolitan (she is a permanent member of both opera companies), and considerable oratorio, concert, and recording work as well. Miss Arroyo's local headquarters is a handsome apartment on the twenty-fifth floor of the Lincoln Towers, which she shares with her husband, the Italian violist Emilio Poggioni, and her widowed mother. We had lunch with the Poggionis the other day, on one of the rare occasions when they both happened to be in town at the same time; Mr. Poggioni tours with a chamber orchestra named the Società Cameristica Italiana. Miss Arroyo, who is of Negro and Spanish descent, has the ample proportions of a Wagnerian heroine and, in her more relaxed moments, the antic air of a Marx Brother; as we entered the apartment, she was just putting a dish of lasagna in the oven, and she introduced her husband to us with a playful wave of a large kitchen spoon. "Emilio and I are musical gypsies," she said. "Emilio's mother taught me to cook *alla Perugina*, but we move around such a lot that I don't get much chance to be domestic. Emilio has just finished a sixty-three-concert tour of America and Canada with his orchestra and I've just returned from Prague, where I recorded a new 'Don Giovanni' for Maestro Karl Böhm. Next, Emilio will be playing in Zagreb with a string quartet, and I'll be in Zurich for the spring opera festival. Luckily, we keep another apartment there."

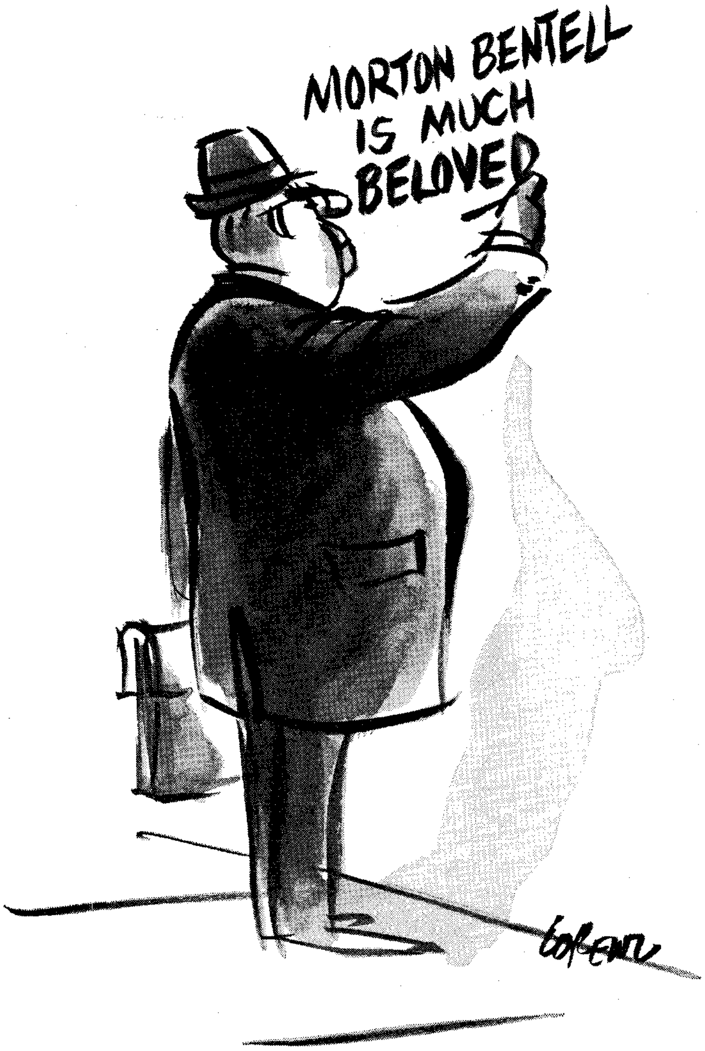
Miss Arroyo grew up on East 111th Street. "I led such a sheltered life that

I never realized I was an underprivileged child,” she told us. “Father was a mechanical engineer, and my brother, who is sixteen years older than I am, studied for the ministry and is now pastor of the St. Augustine Baptist Church in the Bronx. We bought a piano when I was very young, and I took both piano and ballet lessons for years. I’ve always been plump, and I must have been quite a sight up on my toes in my tutu. A lot of people who live in poor neighborhoods don’t realize what opportunities exist for their children. Send the kids to the welfare center and let them learn painting and dancing and music! Often they get better instruction than they would if they were taking private lessons.”

As a child, Miss Arroyo sang in school glee clubs and church choirs, but it wasn’t until she was in high school that her extraordinary voice attracted attention. “I was going to Hunter High, and I knew that the Hunter College Opera Workshop rehearsed in the auditorium,” she said. “One day, I walked in and auditioned for Joseph Turnau, the director of the Workshop. He introduced me to a wonderful woman, Miss Thea Dispeaker, who has managed my career ever since, and to Mme. Marinka Gurewich, my one and only teacher. He also gave me my first stage role—a charwoman in an opera called ‘Bad Boys in School.’ I found I loved being onstage, and I still do; maybe that’s why I almost never get stagefright. Mr. Turnau turned me into an opera buff—I used to stand at the Met every time Tebaldi sang—and got me to think seriously about music. At the time, there was no certainty that a singing career would be possible—after all, Leontyne Price and Marian Anderson were the only Negroes who had sung in opera here—so I was advised to prepare for an alternate career.”

Having whizzed through Hunter College in three years, Miss Arroyo taught briefly at P.S. 45, in the Bronx, and then joined the social-work staff at the East End Welfare Center, meanwhile continuing her vocal studies. “Those two years of social work in my old neighborhood were like catching up on twenty years of living,” she said. “I carried a case load of over a hundred people, and it was a terribly important experience for me—my life had been centered on music for so long, and suddenly there I was, deeply involved in other people’s problems. I remember the red tape I had to fight once, trying to get an iron and an ironing board for a family whose little girl was ashamed to go to school in a wrinkled dress. I’m as proud of having succeeded in that as of anything I’ve ever done.”

In March, 1958, Miss Arroyo won the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air with “O patria mia,” from “Aida”—an aria that few novices would attempt to sing. Her prize was a guest contract with the Metropolitan, and she made an offstage début there as the Celestial Voice in Verdi’s “Don Carlos.” Two seasons later, she made an onstage début there in Wagner’s “Ring.” “I sang a whole series of Valkyries and Rhine Maidens,” she said. “The first time I came on in blond braids and a helmet, looking like an Andrews sister, my mother, who was sitting in the orchestra, just broke up—you could hear her laugh all over the theatre. While I was still singing minor roles at the Met, I began singing major roles in Europe. Psychologically, you suffer in a situation like that, and I found myself spending more and more time abroad.” In recent years, Miss Arroyo has sung such a wide variety of roles that music critics find it hard to fit her into any of the accepted vocal categories. “I like to think I’m a lyric soprano with a dramatic intensity of tone,” she told us. “A true dramatic soprano has to have metal in her voice, and this is a quality that often doesn’t appear until one’s late thirties. Next year, I may do Elsa, in ‘Lohengrin;’ it’s a middleweight soprano role that is right for me now. My Elsa will be controversial, because I’m determined *not* to do the character in the traditional German way, in a long blond wig and with white makeup plastered all over my face. Because of my coloring, I have to pay close attention to my costumes. When I appeared in ‘Don Carlos’ last year at the Met, I had to wear a very unbecoming brown dress in the first act. I asked for something else to wear, and Mr. Bing told me that the costume couldn’t be changed, because it was part of the production. ‘But, Mr. Bing,’ I said, ‘my mother couldn’t even *see* me onstage in that dress until I smiled.’ He gave me a new dress for the next performance.”


MORTON BENTELL IS MUCH BELOVED

A perennial problem facing international opera singers is a shortage of rehearsal time. “Everybody knows his music, but you frequently find yourself working with people you have never seen before,” Miss Arroyo said. “I did a ‘Trovatore’ in Zurich with a tenor who arrived on a seven-o’clock plane for an eight-o’clock performance. During the first-act ensemble, he said, sotto voce, ‘*Piacere*’—‘Glad to meet you’—and when I got a chance in the music I whispered ‘*Piacere*’ back. I don’t think he ever did get to meet the conductor. There was an uneasy moment in an ‘Aida’ in Frankfurt once when I didn’t know which of the prisoners assembled onstage was the one who was supposed to be my father. I went running up to them whispering, ‘Where’s Father? Where’s Father?’ Luckily, I found him a moment or so before we got the cue to sing. In an ‘Aida’ in Vienna, the stage director instructed me to run over to the side of the stage and greet Radames there. When I asked *which* side, the director shook his head. 'With this Radames, we never know where he'll be coming from,' he said. So, of course, I picked the wrong side, and had to stand there pretending to be coy."

Miss Arroyo made her début in a leading role at the Met in February, 1965, when Birgit Nilsson fell sick and Miss Arroyo was asked to take over the role of Aida. "When they made the announcement that I was replacing Miss Nilsson, you could have heard the groans and moans all the way up to East Harlem," Miss Arroyo said, "but by the end of the first act everything was just fine."

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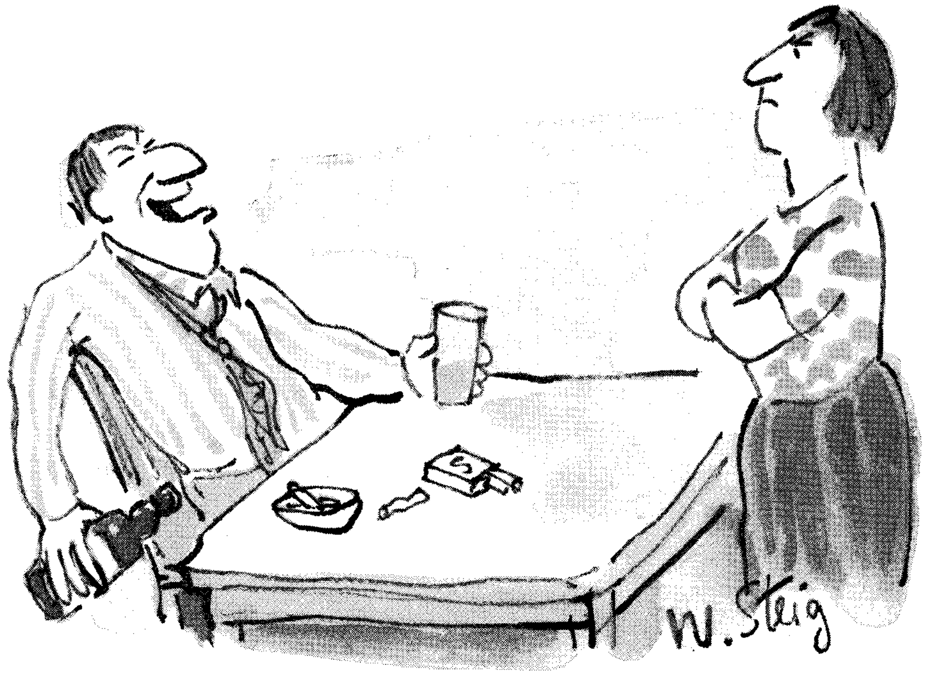
THE Great Wall Restaurant, on West Forty-fifth Street, proudly announces on its awning that it serves "Real Chinatown Cooking."



"Oh yeah, Mrs. Wisenheimer? It so happens I can quit any time I so desire."

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(Yet Another) First Step

MR. A. T. ENGKVIST, a district manager of the New York Telephone Company, wrote the other day to tell us about a step he was taking—it was a "First Step"—to improve communications services. Mr. Engkvist is a polite man who addresses us, in formal fashion, as "Dear Customer," and he is very fond of issuing stirring announcements, all of which we have read with interest. This time, he brought news of an important achievement: the elimination of the old dial tone, which was getting in the way, in favor of a new—and presumably better—one, noticeably "lower in pitch." We remembered that Mr. Engkvist, or his predecessor, in previous "First Step"s, had eliminated the telephone operator and the telephone exchange, and we began to see that there were no lengths to which he and his company would not go to improve service.

Following a suggestion in Mr. Engkvist's letter, we dialled 759-5820 (this used to be PLaza 9-5820, in the days when there was a Third Avenue "L" and a Roxy Theatre) to hear a preview sample of the new tone. We heard, successively, a sound like an overloaded Waring Blendor, a nice recorded young lady telling us that the new tone would improve our communications services, and then the Waring Blendor sound again. This, though entertaining, and very neatly done, did not completely satisfy our curiosity, so we went downtown to the New York Telephone Company's Headquarters to talk to some people in the know.

We visited Mr. Al Smith, who is a tall man, and gray, and genial, in his office, on the tenth floor of 140 West Street. Mr. Smith (he is not related to the other Al Smith) told us that the new dial tone is a part of "The Touch-Tone Story," which is a phrase that telephone people use when they want to talk about improved communications services. Touch-tone telephones have small buttons (one for every number), which make strange little sounds when you touch them. Anyone with practice can play them very quickly, which is the whole point. "Now, on the rotary dial a ten-digit pull—number plus area code—will take you, on the average, about fourteen seconds," Mr. Smith said. "On the touch-tone unit it will take you about *four* seconds. If you have a rotary-dial phone, you see, and you have a lot of eights or nines or zeros in the number, you have to wait for the dial to come back. *That's* where the touch-tone makes the saving."

Mr. Smith introduced us by phone to an engineer called Ken, who explained why the old dial tone wouldn't do for touch-tone purposes. "We had to pick the touch-tone sounds very carefully, so our equipment wouldn't confuse them with other sounds—like music on the radio," Ken said. "The old dial tone was wrong for this system and *would* have confused the equipment. Also, the new tone is much more interesting musically. It is a chord, really—two pure, different frequencies. The old one was one tone modulated by another tone."

Mr. Smith said that touch-tone equipment could be installed (at a slight extra cost) only on lines that had been changed over to the new dial tone, that there weren't very many of those lines now, but that the Telephone Company hoped to have a hundred thousand available to customers by the end of the year. Then he showed us the most modern touch-tone telephone of all, a unit called the Touch-Tone Trimline, which is only a month old, and a unit known as the Card Dialler, which has been in use for five or six years. Mr. Smith told us that when a programmed card is inserted in a slot the Card Dialler will dial a number automatically. Mr. Smith looked through some cards, found one that was programmed for the New York weather number, and demonstrated. The unit dialled the number automatically in something over fourteen seconds. Mr. Smith said that he sometimes read the paper while the number was being dialled, and that struck us as a very sensible thing to do.

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OVERHEARD in a Park Avenue hairdressing salon, customer to stylist: "I require something that will make me appear attractive to the underground."

BARNETT FRUMMER LEARNS TO DISTINGUISH PACKAGED PAPRIKA FROM THE REAL ARTICLE

WHENEVER there was a remote chance that Barnett Frummer might find himself in the presence of Rosalie Mondle—whom he worshipped, almost entirely from afar—he frantically prepared for a witty conversation about politics and the arts, although he was aware that her proximity usually made him speechless. "What's the latest thing?" he often asked his friend and mentor Roland Magruder. "Just in case it comes up." When, through some complicated machinations, he managed to be included in a dinner party to which Bernie and Greta Mohler had invited Elliot and Myrna Nardling, Randy Michaelson, and Rosalie Mondle, he was, thanks to Roland, fully prepared.

"I suppose, in a way, China is really doing what she's been doing for centuries, nothing more, nothing less," Barnett began tentatively, as they were having drinks.

"What marvellous cocktail knishes!" Myrna Nardling said, after popping one into her mouth.

"I think the idea that the only relevant theatre is political theatre is not entirely without merit," Barnett said.

"Bernie drove all the way to Yonah Schimmel's Knishery to get them," Greta said proudly.

"Uptown or downtown branch?" Elliot Nardling asked.

Greta stopped to think, permitting Barnett time to make a quick remark about the economic implications of air pollution. "It must have been downtown," she finally said. "It was way down on Houston Street."

"Uptown," Rosalie said, smiling. "I thought so. The downtown is on Delancey, but it closed last year. I always thought that the knishes were a touch lighter at the downtown, but, of course, there are two schools of thought on that one."

"The question of ethnic groups maintaining cultural identities in New York is really two-edged," Barnett said.

"Somebody has taken some trouble with this *homus*, Greta," Randy Michaelson said, spreading another thick layer on his freshly baked sesame cracker. "Mash your own chick-peas, I suppose."

Barnett was puzzled. The Randy Michaelson he knew had always considered any drinking occasion enhanced by the presence of onion-flavored dip.

"Well, actually, it's from the wife of a little Syrian grocer in Borough Park," Greta said, looking as if the only vegetable she wanted to mash was Randy Michaelson.

"It's nice to get around the city," Barnett said, but he felt he had somehow missed the line of conversation.

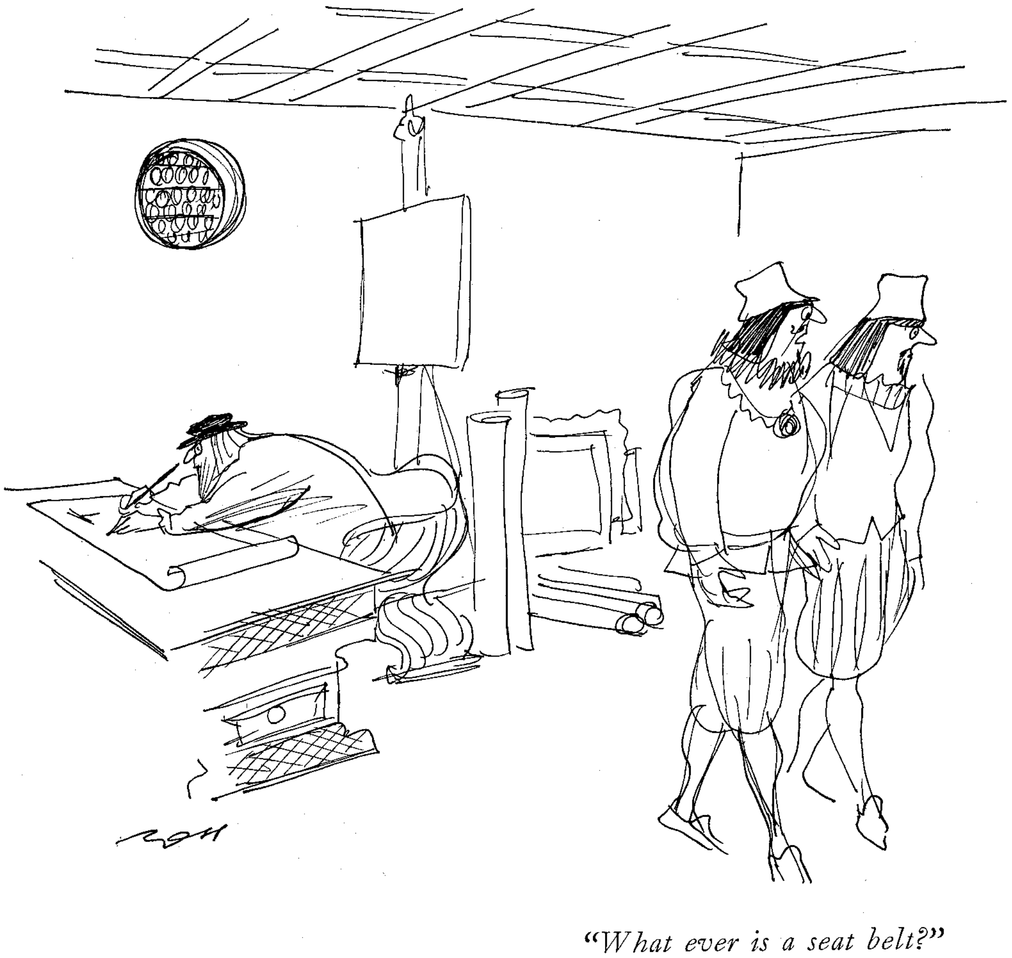
He became convinced of it after they had gone in for dinner. Bernie and Greta talked so much about the preparation of the meal that they hardly had time to eat. Rosalie looked fascinated while Greta told of the chicken farm near Center Moriches and the apple orchard near Poughkeepsie that had made possible her main course of Chicken Vallée d'Auge with Sautéed Apple Rings. Barnett almost nodded off to sleep while Bernie spoke for twenty minutes about how his hand-turned coffee grinder avoided the "electric taste" of an automatic coffee grinder—an explanation that coincided precisely with the time it took him to grind the coffee. After coffee, they pushed back their chairs, and Greta, gracefully accepting the compliments of her guests, said, "There's just no substitute for peeling asparagus, no matter what they say."

"Neatness counts," Barnett said, smiling at Rosalie.

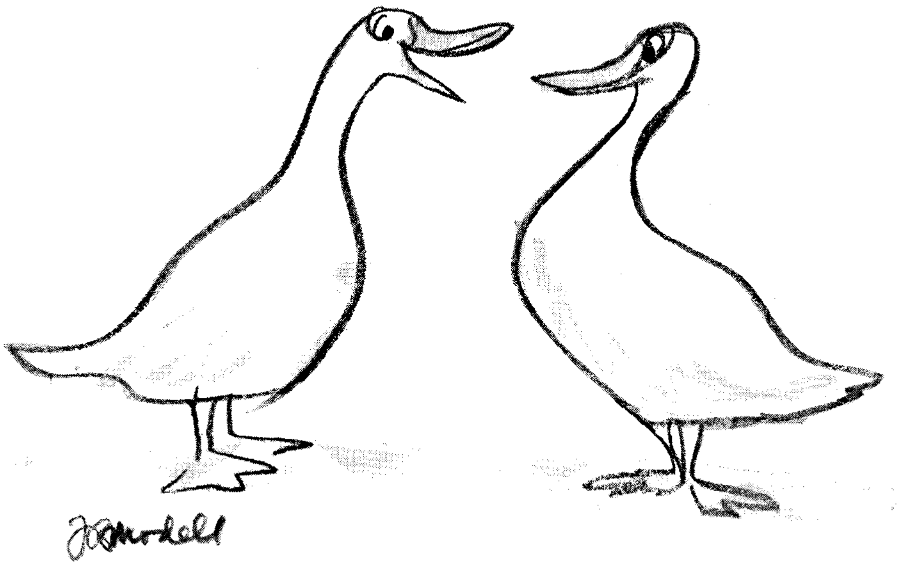
Rosalie responded with one of the exasperated sighs that Barnett always heard in his nightmares about her just before he woke up.

"ANYTHING edible they don't grind themselves they have a little man for," Roland Magruder explained to Barnett the next afternoon, as they shared a quart bottle of Schlitz and some barbecue-flavored potato chips. "You're going to have to find a few little men and memorize a few beef-stroganoff recipes. Let the State Department worry about China for a while. And don't let Greta Mohler scare you. I hear she uses canned leeks."

Barnett had never been seriously interested in food. At one point in his life, he had lived mostly on frozen pizza, frozen macaroni-and-cheese, and a favorite of his called La Bomba Frozen Mexican Combination TeeVee Taco Dinner. Most evenings, he would transfer a La Bomba Dinner from the ice-cube compartment of the refrigerator to the oven and, during the thawing process, dream of the day when he and Rosalie would sit at their own kitchen table, arguing affectionately about who would have the taco and who the enchilada. He never ate any vegetables—a situation that began to worry him when, feeling a bit out of



"What ever is a seat belt?"



"I've decided to call myself Drake. Duck is so common."

sorts, he went to the doctor and was told that he had a Vitamin-B1 deficiency that could eventually make him the only young executive in midtown Manhattan with pellagra. Concerned about his health, Barnett briefly considered trying to prepare what he always thought of as his "first thawed dish," but then he discovered frozen vegetables. He used the kind wrapped in plastic bags that are dropped into boiling water, and he kept a large pot of water on the stove permanently, like a French housewife cooking a *pot-au-feu*. Occasionally, he would bring the water to a boil and drop in a bag of turnips or Green Giant Mexicorn. Barnett changed the water every week—on Wednesdays, when he put fresh water in the fishbowl. He had no idea how anybody would peel asparagus without tearing open the plastic bag.

After his conference with Roland, though, Barnett bought fifty dollars' worth of cookbooks, traced a special list of import licenses that Roland had suspected would exist in the City Markets Commissioner's office, and began to learn about food and little men. He found a little man on Elizabeth Street who imported hybrid shallots, and a little man on Atlantic Avenue who sold Mykonosian halvah, and a little man in Yonkers who baked fresh cornflakes. Sometimes, as he took notes on Julia Child's lettuce-washing instructions on television or shuddered at Roy Andries de Groot's description of the kind of people who permit ready-ground nutmeg in their kitchens, his thoughts would wander toward Rosalie Mondle. He could picture her spending a quiet evening at home weaving special filters for her Chemex coffee-maker, or standing in her kitchen growing her own chervil and splitting her own peas. He wondered if she ground her own cleanser.

Only six months after he began studying, Barnett had his first opportunity to test his knowledge. Elliot and Myrna Nardling were having a small dinner party, and both Rosalie and Barnett were invited. "Don't worry about Myrna," Roland told him that afternoon. They were having a strategy session over some Kraft American-cheese sandwiches at Roland's. "They tell me her *arugula* is often a bit dampish."

"Good bread, Myrna," Barnett said that evening, as he included a bite of it with a forkful of the Braised Haunch of Wild Boar Prince de Chimay she had prepared.

"Thanks," Myrna said coldly.

"I happened to find a new place for bread myself," Barnett went on. "I smelled some baking as I was walking down Hester Street on the way to my celery store. A little man named Galabrino bakes it in the back of his vinegar shop. No sign, of course, and barely speaks English."

"Is that A. Galabrino?" Bernie Mohler asked.

"Could be. Why?"

"I think he's been written up in *Vogue* a couple of times in the 'People Are Talking About' column."

"Must be another Galabrino," Barnett said.

"I don't think so," Rosalie said. "Randy Michaelson knew his son at Andover."

Barnett thought he was about to hear her sigh. "Well, it wasn't as good as this, anyway," he said.

WHEN Barnett got home that night, he pulled Volume II of his "Gourmet Cookbook" from the shelf—he was working his way through it slowly, memorizing recipes—but the instructions for Paupiettes de Bœuf Braisées Bourbonnaise seemed hopelessly complicated, and he went to sleep long before he had completed his ninety-minute quota. He did not sleep well. The Braised Haunch of Wild Boar Prince de Chimay seemed to have disagreed with him, and he thought all the talk about wine that evening might have made him slightly drunk, although he couldn't remember how many glasses he had had. He felt as if he had a fever. As he stared at the ceiling, he began to imagine himself leading Rosalie Mondle to a little man who sold Polish *kielbasa* sausages, only to find out that she stuffed her own. Then he imagined himself bringing her a recipe for mixing her own Indonesian *nasi goreng* curry, only to discover that she had a little man for it. Little men seemed to walk back and forth in front of his eyes, cursing him in broken English and grinding things all over the floor. He saw himself at an awesomely expensive store sending out a package containing a Milanese *pasta* machine, a Moroccan *couscoussière*, and a card that said, "I cannot live without you. Barnett." He was buying Rosalie a copper mold in the shape of a wildebeest. He kept asking her if she liked the gifts, but all she said was "What is more delicious/Than knishes?" Roland was there suddenly. "Did you get a good look at her artichoke hearts?" he was saying. "I hear they have the taste of the jar about them." The Nardlings and the Mohlers were dancing around Barnett in a great circle, pelting him with stuffed mushrooms. "Barnett uses ketchup!" they chanted. "Barnett uses ketchup!" Somebody kept feeding him. "Eat this Paupiettes de Bœuf Braisées Bourbonnaise or go to bed without your supper," the feeder said. "Have another knish. Have *another* knish." Randy Michaelson was standing at a pegboard, giving a lecture on Barnett. "Barnett Frummer often eats Fritos," Randy was saying, pointing to a bag of Fritos with a wire whisk. Barnett groaned and covered his face with his pillow, but he could hear the Nardlings and the Mohlers taking up the chant about Fritos. Rosalie smiled and nodded in agreement, although she kept repeating, "What is more delicious/Than knishes?" Barnett was being chased by

ARSENIC

I THE FIRST LETTER

They will be telling you soon who you are,
The importunate, slovenly, younger thinkers—
But only because they are young. From afar,
You may hear certain familiar voices,
Romantic but growing increasingly dim,
Express themselves in some thirty sounds
Out of a possible twenty thousand;
The terraces will be swinging in place
With their few discordant violins, the lamps
Hissing with gas, the smell of an old
Shoebox suddenly tainting the wharf—
Or could the sky's incredible liquor
Be responsible for the odor of
A set of ancient mah-jongg tiles
You found in your mother's closet once?
What are they doing here on the coast?
They are lustreless now from disuse and the sun.

> "*I have taken a sufficient dose and still*
> *Feel nothing, a slight burning sensation,*
> *But no smell of garlic, the telltale sign.*
> *Strange. And several seconds have passed.*
> *No pain. But for those who follow, I note*
> *That the phone will appear farther away . . .*"

II THE SECOND LETTER

Now they will tell you your favorite words,
Symbols gone sickly with use—such as
Gull blue ocean house—
Are no longer possible. And they're right.
You *have* been a bit of a fool. You have
Been feeling your way
When you should have gone straight
To the heart of the matter. Which is what?
To have looked humiliation full
In the face instead of walking around
It, like a dog chained to a pole . . .

For instance, a letter arrived this week,
Saying
> "*You're not expressing yourself.*
> *It's hard to know who you are.*"

These facts
Are relevant:
I have never killed.
I have loved three times—
Possibly four.
I have two suits
I will never wear.
The mornings are bad,
But by evening I'm
Myself again.

Do you know me now, Miss Mandarin?
You of the scented, mauve-lined page
Who tell me that you were once a nun
But now, when a sailor stalks the streets,
You feel the old magic welling up,
The thing most of all you're afraid to lose?
Don't tell me *you're* the one who wrote
Three hundred times on a warehouse wall
"Don't knock love!" If so, I shake
Your hand still blue from chalk . . .

III THE THIRD LETTER

But there it is. One word
Used up already. Blue.
And here's another, thinly disguised:

Meanwhile the sea, a hundred yards away,
Already bored with its literary career,
Is beating itself up, again, again,
And, sick of the moon's attentions every night,
Is carving a sandbar farther out
Behind which it hopes to draw its skirts
And thus avoid the shore's vulgar display.
It's deluded, of course. It isn't very bright.
But it's beautiful. Which, around here, is right.

Now I am going back to the house
For a drink. From the upper porch, I see
A gull go by on the steadiest wings
You ever saw. If a scavenger's
That gorgeous, what will they say of me?
There's something to be said for everything,
For garbage, for instance, in this case.

> "*I've been meaning to write much sooner but*
> *Something has kept me from saying just*
> *What I wanted to . . . Are you well? Does J.*
> *Still wake each night and need comforting?*
> *I think, perhaps, that the lack of love,*
> *Yes, love . . . I feel you no longer*
> *Love, sincerely, with a thousand thoughts . . .*"

Starlight, dear walk, when this view is
Nothing but emptied space and snow,
When no foot breaks its silences,
What faces, guests will then arrive
Frantic with their reasons to live?

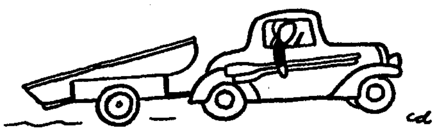
—Howard Moss

• •

a wild boar ridden by an arrogant-looking man who was wearing a slim double-breasted pin-striped suit. "Isn't that the Prince de Chimay?" Rosalie said, touching her hair to make sure it was in place.

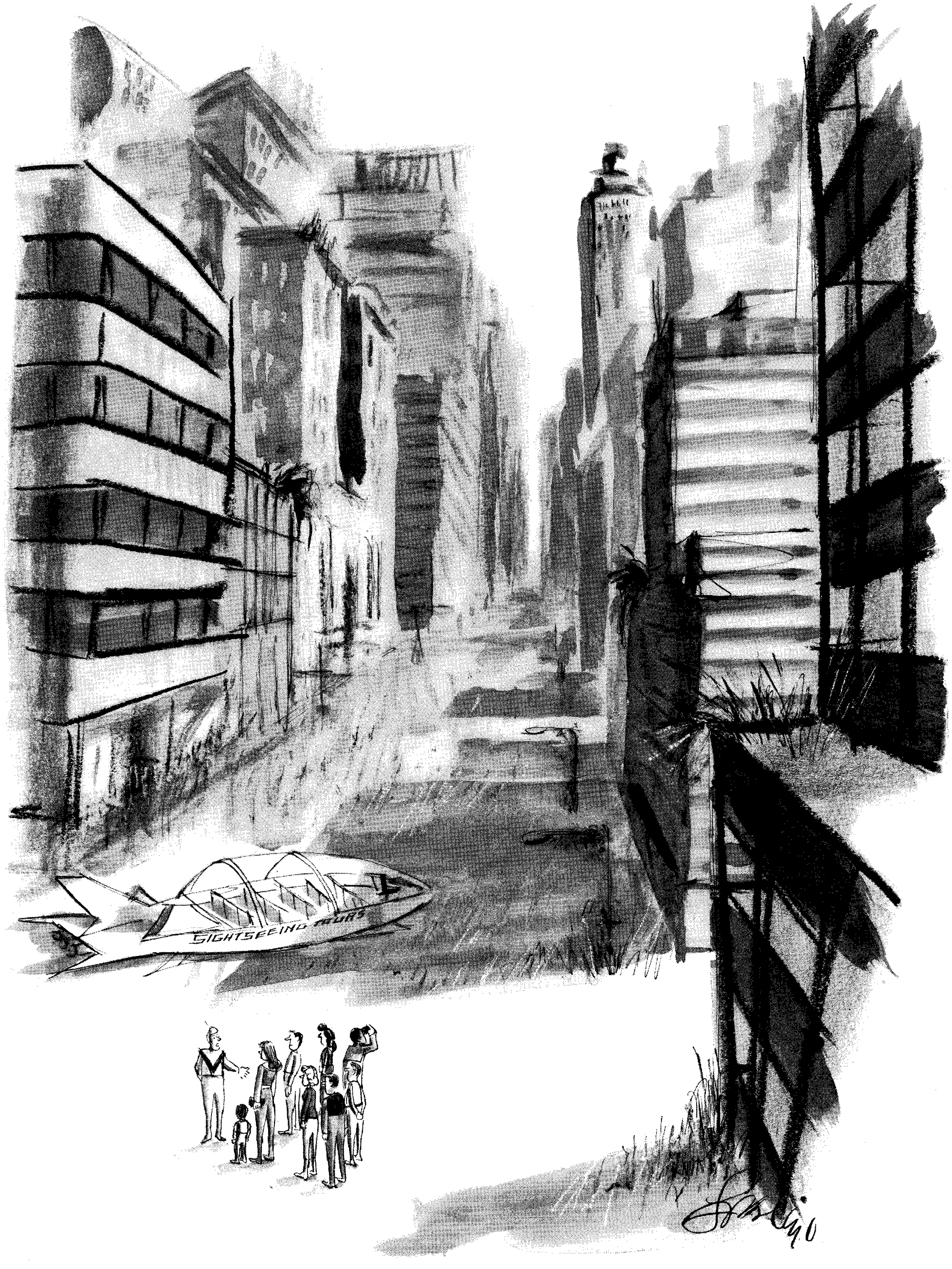
Toward dawn, he thought he was falling asleep, and it seemed only a few minutes later when the phone rang. It was Roland. "Don't worry about last night," Roland said. "I think I just discovered a sure way of telling Julia Child's *coq au vin* from Michael Field's *coq au vin*. You'll sweep her off her feet when she hears that one."

"I think I'd just as soon not talk about it now," Barnett said, wondering if he would feel any better if he stood up. "I really think Rosalie would be more impressed by some insights into China, if I could just figure out a better way of getting into the history."



After he hung up, he went into the kitchen. He stopped to fill up the water pot, and tried to remember if he still had any Green Giant Mexicorn in the freezer.

—Calvin Trillin



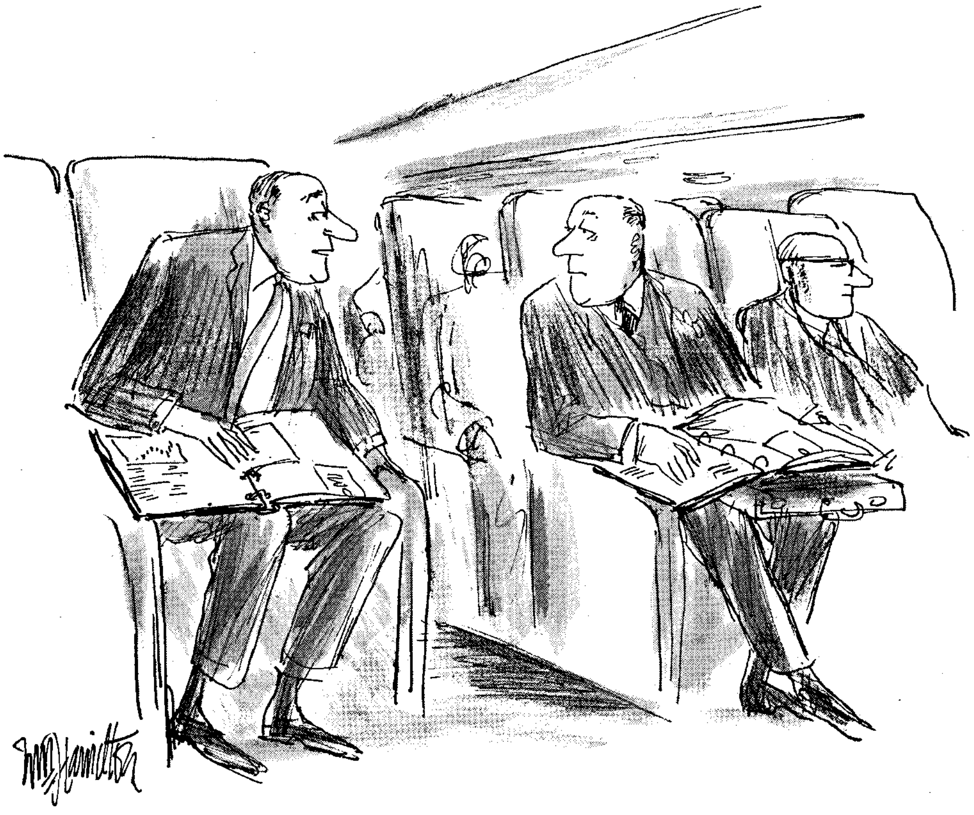
"And then, during the latter part of the twentieth century, as the city choked with ever-increasing taxes, polluted air, and intolerable traffic, one by one the vast corporations moved out across the waste-infested rivers into the more salubrious atmosphere of the countryside."

AND MAGNOLIA

INLAND Florida, out of the mainstream and away from the towns, once held, as little as twenty-five years ago, settlements of people who lived as races apart. The inhabitants of these outlying rural sections, like many in the neighboring Deep South, had been left behind. Well to the rear of the Southern cultural framework, which itself moved at a snail's pace down the road, these people had stopped altogether. Some of the settlements were white, some black. Decent, law-abiding men kept clear of them. People equipped with words of more than one syllable deplored their illiteracy. Some of the townsmen nearby beat at the settlements with crude humor. Others, the more substantial of the citizenry, angrily shouting across from their own particular wilderness, would demand civilized cures for these uncivilized people, all of which seemed to include the same solution: Kill. These strange backwoodsmen had been cut off from their fellows, and although they battled a turbulent sea off the shore, they were still within hailing distance. But nobody threw a line. Only recently have ropes, some sturdy, some hastily improvised, been flung to the less fortunate peoples, so that we may yet lighten our conscience with a burden of love.

The settlement people were hard to understand and difficult to approach. They were sometimes brutal and often suddenly violent. Their brutality and their violence were included in an inheritance that held a full legacy of technical and intellectual ignorance. It is easy for us nice people to love a horse. Thus it follows in our reasoning that everyone should love a horse. Nothing would more exalt our nobler sensibilities than to leave in a coma the man who kicks one. Yet we love the horse on terms. He must be the horse we want him to be. If a man lives on a patch of poor land in poverty, working from dawn to dusk behind horses or mules of a quality commensurate with his earning power, and accompanied by regiments of gnats, then the day becomes one long duel between man and beast. Here the horse may become so detestable as to give rise to serious speculation on the value of his hide.

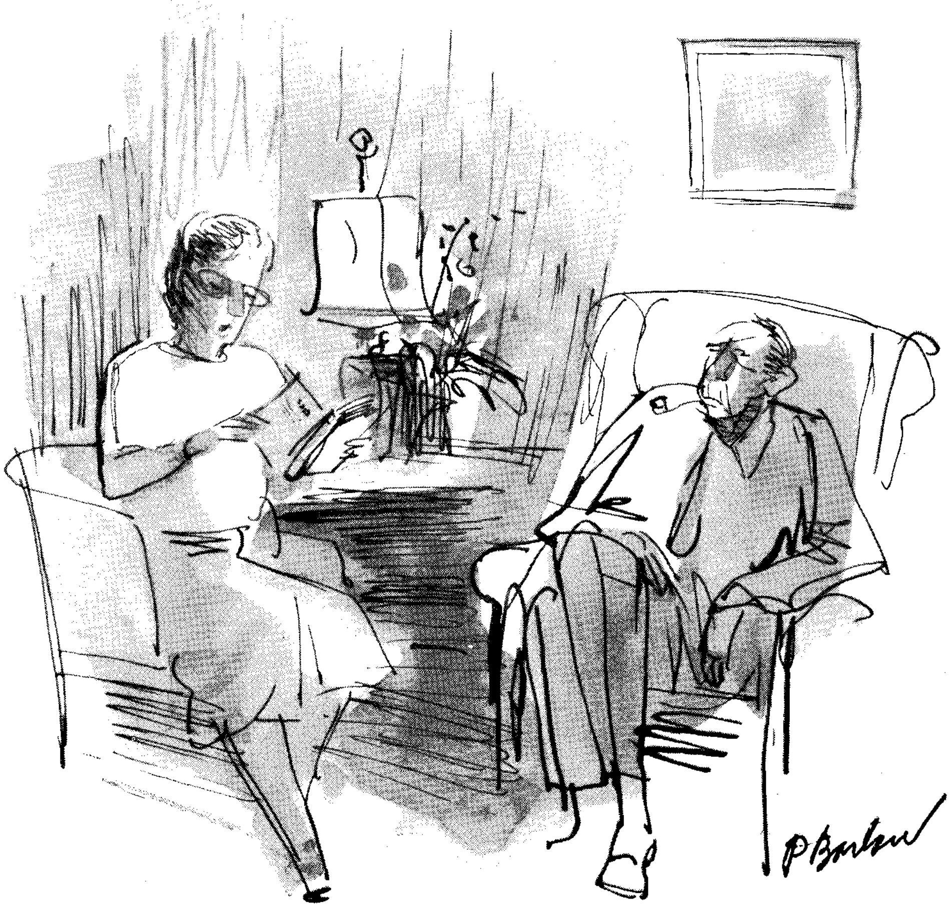
FOR some time during the Depression and before the repeal of Prohibition, I lived near a backward settlement of Celtic people who dwelt in a swampy region some forty miles inland from Tampa. I worked with them, and some of them became my friends. At the time, I was eighteen, having run away from home at sixteen and spent two years roaming this country and Canada. I hitchhiked, rode freights, and took any job I could find, from dishwashing to picking fruit. During these *Wanderjahre*, I wrote home only when I was leaving a locality and would be hard to trace. My first runaway attempt, at fifteen, had ended disastrously. While standing on a street corner late one night in Baltimore, after several weeks on the road, I was approached by a smiling, sharp old lady. Five minutes' conversation with me happily told her what she wanted to know, and she took me to an all-night cafeteria for dinner. During the course of the meal, she left to telephone, and while I was reaching for my pie I found my dinner companion had changed, by some abominable legerdemain, from a kindly old lady into a large Baltimore policeman. I spent the rest of the night in the hoosegow, and the next day, accompanied by a detective, I went home in disgrace. I laid my plans carefully for my next breakout. I decided that I would always have a place to say I was heading for—somewhere so far removed from any point of inquiry that no pertinent questions were likely to be asked. Along this line, I composed a letter that read something like this: "Dere son pleese cum home as our dere littel Ruthie ant got but a few weeks the docter say its hoples and we cant send you no mony. Dad ant work for so long we dont no wat mony looks like no more pleese cum God bles you dere darling boy yore loving Ma." The illiterate styling was designed to place the reader on a higher intellectual plane and compel him to look downward in order to see me. Christian charity rarely flows uphill, and in those days I was not averse to having it poured all over me. I was never called upon to produce this letter as proof that I was not a runaway. But I did turn it to my advantage, and got considerable mileage out of it, and in this I prided myself on being a mite cleverer than the run-of-the-mill nomad. I often went hungry, but I never lacked a place to sleep when broke. I slept comfortably in jail. I would locate the jail of whatever town evening caught me in, and on entering would ask whomever I found in charge if he would kindly lock me up for the night. I would earnestly state that I was not a bum but that I had no money and was trying to get home before my sister died. I would produce my letter. It never failed. I usually got coffee in the morning, and more often than not a breakfast. Sometimes there were small gifts of money. The one inconvenience was the necessity of constantly having to rewrite the letter so that it could be updated.



"I hope you'll excuse me, but I couldn't help noticing. We both seem about to grab the same little company."

I went to Florida at the beginning of

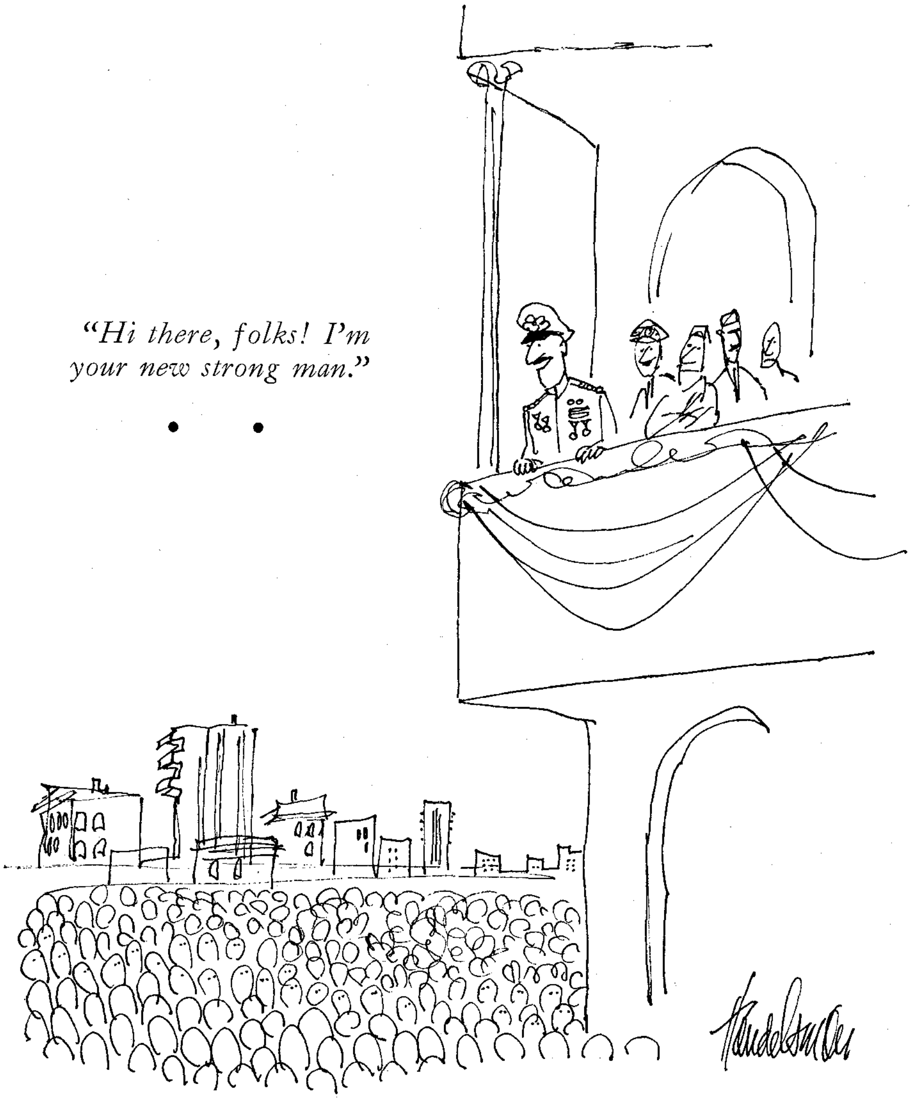
a summer. I had by now spent considerable time in various parts of the South and had acquired a creditable Southern accent. On entering the South, I had sensed a clannishness, perhaps a huddle en masse, formed long ago to absorb and distribute the post-Civil War blows. I considered it wise to become a Southerner. I became so proficient with my accent that I caught it, as it were, and found it well-nigh incurable. To people in Georgia I presented myself as an Alabaman, to those in Alabama as a Georgian, etc. When I crossed over the line from Georgia into Florida, I had intended claiming Mississippi as my own but had to renounce her almost immediately and pledge my allegiance to the Sunshine State. I had no alternative. Two troopers picked me up and headed me back for the Georgia line, telling me emphatically that they wanted no bums in the state and that if I knew what was good for me I would fast get lost in a northerly direction. "But Ah'm from *Tay*-um-pah!" I cried, giving the city three lovely Southern syllables, and I produced my letter and let them read about little Ruthie. Each of these troopers gave me twenty-five cents, and one flagged down trucks until he found a driver who was going to Tampa. This was not the direction I had in mind at all, and I didn't know why I had blurted Tampa. I had wanted to go to Miami, but once on the road I more or less forgot it. I settled back to enjoy the road and taste of the precious present moment.



"We'll read one chapter each night, and this *time we're going to finish it. All right, here we go. 'Call me Ishmael. . . .'"*

In Tampa, I haunted the docks and shipping offices for several days. The sight of ships has always filled me with excitement. To me, there is an aura of divinity surrounding a ship, and one going over the horizon suggests to me a journey of souls into the unknown regions. But I had no luck in shipping out. I was told I was too young, that there was a long list of experienced seamen before me, and that it might be at least a year before my name was called for anything at all. For a while, I worked as a helper on a magazine truck, but shortly afterward the management decided helpers were superfluous and they let me go. I joined a veritable army of superfluous helpers, until I found work in a restaurant as a busboy. I not only cleared the tables and washed the dishes but also swept and mopped the floors, cleaned the walls and woodwork, often doubled as a waiter, and took care of the windows. The owner was one of those swarthy individuals often found in restaurants who might have been born under a hot stove. He was never more than two seconds away from his cash register, and this gave me a terrible feeling of insecurity. The only time he ever spoke to me was when I stopped to catch my breath, and the words never varied: "What's the matter? Ain't you got nothin' to do?" I endured this encouragement as long as I could, until one day I replied to his everlasting inquiry with some heated vulgarity and walked out. Then, one night, I was sitting in the kitchen of a private house where home brew and corn whiskey were sold, and I met a man who worked inland from Tampa in a rock quarry. I told him that I was from Mississippi, that my family were all dead, and that I was looking for work. He said that he ran the diesel engines at the quarry and that the rest of the workers, except the foreman and the blacksmith, were natives of the area. He said, "I have been there for over a year, and I don't know any more about those people now than I did when I first went out. I don't know what they would think of *you.* I don't think they've ever seen a curly-haired blond in their lives." He told me that I might be in luck. Two men had been lost to malaria the previous week. He offered me a ride back, and I went. When we arrived at the little town nearest the quarry, we stopped at his boarding house, and I curled up in the truck and slept until daylight.

Injustice, real or imagined, can prod the victim's memory unmercifully. I was put to work at that quarry after a discussion with the foreman in which I found myself on the defensive from the beginning. He started out by saying that I was not strong enough to last on the job. Having got me out on a ledge calling for help, he reluctantly held out the offer of a job at fifteen cents an hour, and I seized it. The hours were from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with half an hour for lunch, and we worked six days a week. Most of the workers got twenty cents an hour, and my friend who ran the diesels got a whopping twenty dollars a week. What the foreman got I never knew, but he left a little stitch in my mind that still acts up now and then. As time went on, he told me I was doing well and that he was trying to get a raise for me authorized by the owners. I never saw the owners, and he handled the payroll. What made me suspect him in his relations with me was his kindly attitude. He was a bad-tempered, irritable man who somehow found it neces-



"Hi there, folks! I'm your new strong man."

sary to smile whenever he saw me—in such a manner that one might be led to the conclusion that the smiler was doing something disreputable to the smilee. I had the uncomfortable conviction that he was sticking an extra nickel out of my hourly pay into his own pocket, and in those days almost three dollars and fifty cents a week was a lot of money. I mentioned my suspicion to the diesel operator. "Why, sure," my friend exclaimed cheerfully. "That's exactly what he's doing."

The quarry was set in swampland five miles from the little town, and the people who worked there lived all through the surrounding land on little clearings. The land was crisscrossed with wheel ruts, for there were no roads, not even to the quarry. All of the dwellings were unpainted one-room shacks and had primitive outhouses. Some of the windows had glass, others were covered with cardboard and odd boards. Bits and pieces of plywood and other odds and ends of lumber were used to repair walls and roofs. There was no gas, no electricity, no running water. Cooking was done with kerosene. Perhaps one in three had a well with a hand pump, and the people without water borrowed from their neighbors or went to the river that flowed behind the quarry. The same strong racial strain very noticeably ran through the people. They were Celts—all with dark skin and straight black hair. They were illiterate almost to a man and distrusted strangers. They were a tall, straight-standing people, and had an air of freedom about them. In his attitude and bearing each was, to use an old Southern expression, "as independent as a hog on ice." They were extremely polite to me but were almost silent when I was around them. Two months must have gone by before I really got to know any one of them, and I might never have been accepted if they hadn't given me a little test to fail. One night after work, some of them were handing a bottle around, and, as I was passing by, it was impulsively thrust out to me. I had been a pretty good boozer since sixteen, and had downed the worst imaginable concoctions, including the cheapest Georgia "white lightning." I took the bottle, tilted it back, and tossed off a drink that required three swallows. I thanked them. A few days later, I brought a bottle to work and at the end of the day passed it around, remarking that this local stuff was as good as we got in Mississippi and better than my uncle himself could make. From then on, I was accepted. I suppose at eighteen a little learning is hard to hide, and before long I became known as Preacher.

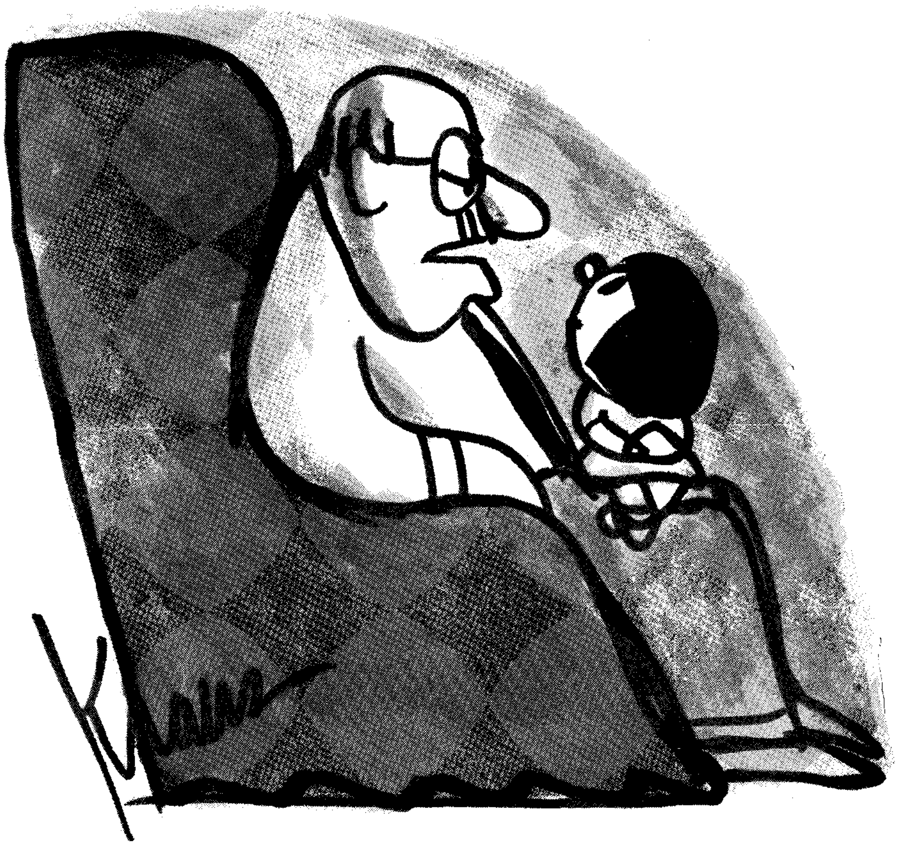
The machinery of the quarry was set on a rise of ground. The rock itself was in the swamp, under a layer of clay, and getting it out was infinitely more difficult than breaking it up or crushing it. The land had to be cleared, the clay removed, and the rock blasted. The operation encircled a deep and ever-widening pit. The digging and the blasting constantly broke into water, which rushed into the pit, so that pumps were continually in use. The pumps went night and day in their battle with the water, and merely held their own, leaving so much water behind that some of us sometimes swam in the pit after work. When enough rock was blasted out, the men fell to with sledgehammers, breaking the rock into pieces small enough to fit the first crusher. It was then loaded into hoppers and moved to the processing machinery. My main job was to follow the rock through the various crushers until it reached the washer. Small platforms were built along the conveyor belts, and I ran up and down the platforms all day, seeing that the flow of rock was even. The crushers were temperamental, especially the first one, and would stop suddenly at an overload. I carried an iron bar with me, which I used most often on the first crusher. This one was fastidiously particular when it came to its feed, and not only balked at an overload but also refused a rock if a rounded end fell in first. I would thrust the bar under the rock and pry it this way and that until the monster's jaws began grinding and crunching again. I put my heart into this job, and got to the point where I talked abusively to the crushers, shouting and cursing, so that before long I was rushing back and forth on the platforms most of the day sounding—and no doubt looking, too—like a maniac. My new friends began making me the butt of little jokes, and at lunchtime told many a grisly tale of boys who had worked at the quarry before me.

I LIVED in the boarding house in town, along with the diesel operator and three old fellows of whom I never learned anything. The diesel man and I had breakfast alone at five in the morning, before the old men got up; they joined us at dinner, and otherwise I never saw them anywhere but seated at a card table. Usually the card table was set up on the porch, but in bad weather and when night fell it was moved into a corner of the dining room. I never learned what they played—I had no interest in that—but it was impossible to ignore the game, for as each took his turn in playing a card he slapped it viciously on the table. This was done effortlessly, with a flick of the wrist, and must have taken years of practice. Hans Christian Andersen might have woven the three cardplayers into a tale and ended it, "And they sat down at a table and played cards forever after." I should have liked to have written a true story about them, ending, "And they played cards forever after in Hell," for the everlasting slap, slap, slap of the cards resounding through the house while I was trying to sleep sometimes induced in me a murderous regard for the old fellows. I once complained about them to the landlady, a harassed, parboiled woman who seemed always to have just emerged from a steam bath with all her clothes on. She shook her head violently and stared at me in horror. I had threatened her very security, I realized, and I said no more. Whenever I see or hear anyone slap a card, a shutter in a chamber of my mind springs open and there sit the three old men, not in Hell at all.

The diesel operator was an agreeable fellow. He often lent me his battered pickup truck, and I repaid him with gasoline. On Sundays, I began going out to see my quarry friends and usually took along a bottle of whiskey. The best friends I made among these people were a family named Gatehouse, who lived on a small patch of dry, poverty-stricken sandy soil, where old Mrs. Gatehouse raised a few miserable stalks of corn. She raised some other produce, too, but I cannot recall what it was. All I remember of the garden is the pathetic little cornfield and Mrs. Gatehouse in the doorway of the shack regarding it as one looks upon a dying child. This was in the days before the widespread dissemination of agricultural lore, when the spirit of sharing could not be accurately described as heartwarming. A few miles away, in the country around Plant City, this same soil, properly fertilized, produced the most luscious strawberries grown in the state, and made for an economically sound region. The first time I showed up, Mr. Gatehouse came to the door before I got out of the truck and invited me to "step down and set," which I did, on an old bench leaning against the shack. I had my bottle and offered him a drink. Mrs. Gatehouse came out and I offered her one, too, whereupon she fetched two cups and a mayonnaise jar, and we drank respectably, sitting in a line on the bench with a packing case serving as table. I asked where Bubba was. Bubba was their son, a man of about forty-five who also worked in the quarry and who, some years back, while logging in the woods, had lost his left hand to a buzz saw—or, as his father put it, "reached out a hand and drawed back a nub." Bubba nevertheless was as good with one hand as most men are with two, and earned his keep. "Bubba's over in the woods buryin' Pearl," replied Mr. Gatehouse, and my hair lifted itself a fraction. "Pearl?" "Our ole houn' dog," he explained. "Warn't no good no more. Bubba shot her." I said nothing. "Bubba give her a runnin' start," went on Mr. Gatehouse, looking directly at me. "Ole Pearl had a last good run for her money."

Both Mr. Gatehouse and Bubba looked like hawks. There is (or there once was) a portrait of General Sherman, the least popular man the South has ever known, in the building in Atlanta, Georgia, housing the cyclorama of the battle of Atlanta. The artist has brought to life on canvas one of the fiercest faces I have ever seen. It is not a cruel face. I remember it as almost a lonely face, whose wearer carries a great unshared burden. It is the face of a hanging judge whose religion begins and ends in the Old Testament and whose decisions are always tempered with the wrath of God. The smallish eyes are hard, and deeply set under brooding brows. The nose is an eagle's nose. The lower features are obscured by the beard. Both Mr. Gatehouse and Bubba looked like Sherman as I imagine he would have looked without his beard, though the father's hair was entirely gray, while Bubba's showed just a few streaks. Were it not for this, they might have been older and younger brothers. Old Mrs. Gatehouse could have been mother to both. She had remained slim, but a great hunch had grown between her shoulders, and her face was so tired out it could no longer hold an expression and was an exhausted blank. Her hair was an unhealthy slate color and clung to her head as though it were damp. She looked like all of those aged women who spend their dying days in county poorhouses, without friends or relations, bereft of everything in the world. Her life could be given definition and measurement by that other half-living thing, her stunted cornfield. She drank her whiskey as one drinks water, and remained unchanged. In all the time I knew her, I never heard her speak over a dozen words during one day.

Bubba came back from burying



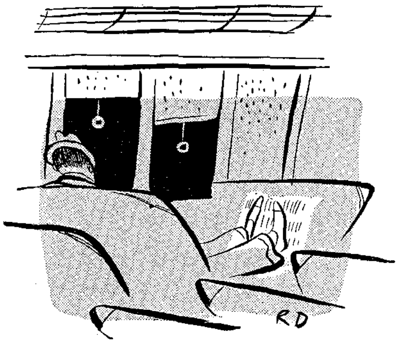
"Tell me all about yourself."

Pearl, and we finished the bottle. Mr. Gatehouse produced another. Religion is not the opiate of the poor. An opiate is an opiate. A man working at manual labor for seventy hours a week will bend his elbow despite his religion, for his opiate is alcohol. We drank and talked and forgot the long day ahead. Razorback hogs circled the shack and then drifted past us in their everlasting search for food. Everyone had hogs, and they roamed the countryside, covering a circumference of miles, for no man would take another's hog. A flock of hens with madams' eyes pecked all around the little shack and even at the ground between our legs. They were undernourished and irritable, and every few moments literally flew into rages. I left after the second bottle, and just before I went Mr. Gatehouse told me—and he was seconded by Bubba—that I was welcome to anything he had.

HENRY WEST became a good friend. Henry had a startled face that was accentuated by his ears. These were enormous and cupped, ever on the alert, like a deer's. He was smaller than most men in the area but powerful enough to give anyone pause for thought. He was the strongest physical specimen I have ever known. I saw Henry on several occasions used as a jack for the changing of tires on cars. He could lift either end of a car so as to get one wheel clear of the ground. He was a gentle and well-behaved man, who unleashed his strength only for peaceful pursuits. Henry and his wife, Nancy, shared their shack with five small children, the eldest of whom was seven. All were boys, and together they looked like little stepping-stone sculptures depicting Henry's growing up. Nancy was a plain woman, with misshapen teeth, and her legs and feet were always covered with chigger bites. Henry and Nancy might have seen the light of day with the Druids and have been suspended in time by mysterious incantation, to then be plunked down in the twentieth century. For every ailment, they had witch cures that involved the use of various anatomical ingredients. Rats' and possums' tails, coons' teeth, bats' wings, and other parts, in proportions perhaps honored by a thousand years of practice, were ceremoniously buried all around the shack to ward off both illness and hants. The interment was always done by moonlight, with the full moon giving the most promise of success.

Several times, Henry and I went squirrel hunting together, after I bought a .22-calibre rifle. Henry used a single-shot sixteen-gauge shotgun that was so old the barrel was full of small holes, but he did wonderfully well with it, attributing his luck to Nancy's charms and spells. For, each time before we left to hunt, Nancy hung a gruesome little bag of something around his neck.

I asked Henry if anyone ever left the settlement, and he said that they did but were rarely heard from. "Cain't read nor write nohow," he said. He told me of three who had been heard from—his cousins. "They was wild ones," said Henry. "They went up to Georgy and run up agin the law and kilt some folks. They was hung," he told me with sheepish pride. "Their ma went up, and they let her stay with them until jest afore they was hung. They was proud, their ma said. She come back and set around a week or two singin' to herself quiet like, all about Jesus, and then she up and died. She jest died." Henry's tone had become wondering, as though he still couldn't believe it.



I asked Henry if he had ever killed anyone.

"No," said Henry. "Ah don't holt with killin'." He gave me a friendly wink and a nudge. "But you and me both knows someone what has," he went on. "Ah ain't sayin' who, but he's old and he's got gray hair. That old man's hell with a knife. Ah'd hate to rile him."

"What about the law?" I said. I realized that he must be talking about Mr. Gatehouse.

Henry laughed. "Ain't nobody would talk agin him, though ever' man, woman, and young'un knowed who done it. The law don't care nohow. Anyhow," he went on, " 'twarn't no medicated murder. They squared off and fought fair. The old man ain't forgot, though. Ah think hit plagues him."

I could well understand that. A man could stare at a fact like that until he went mad.

THE people never regularly attended church, but they were mightily afraid of a vengeful God. The recurrent phrases, the smoothing down of God, indicated that at least one huge,

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ANOTHER TRIP DOWN HIGHWAY 1040

(SONG FOR 110-VOLT, 6-STRING DUOSONIC FENDER GUITAR)

Oh, this Form is like a ticket for a chartered tour of Limbo,
I keep dreamin' there's a horde of demon T-men at my window,
And the records show my Outcome's just the flip-side of my In-go,
And I'm feelin' more and more like last year's disallowed deduction.

My accountant-man's in jail for cheatin' on his mother's back-tax,
And my heartbeat's Number One in Mr. Hoover's UNIVAC-stacks,
While the purple bruise of morning aches me back to white-and-black facts,
And I'm feelin' more and more like last year's disallowed deduction.

When I used to feel my generation's indignation wellin',
I'd just reach for any old guitar and find a bar to yell in,
But that was back before the Youth Rebellion started sellin',
And I'm feelin' more and more like last year's disallowed deduction.

If I shut up and I pay up, I'm supportin' the war-racket,
But the guilt is even greater if I come out and attack it,
'Cause the more I sing my protest, babe, the higher goes my bracket,
And I'm feelin' more and more like last year's disallowed deduction.

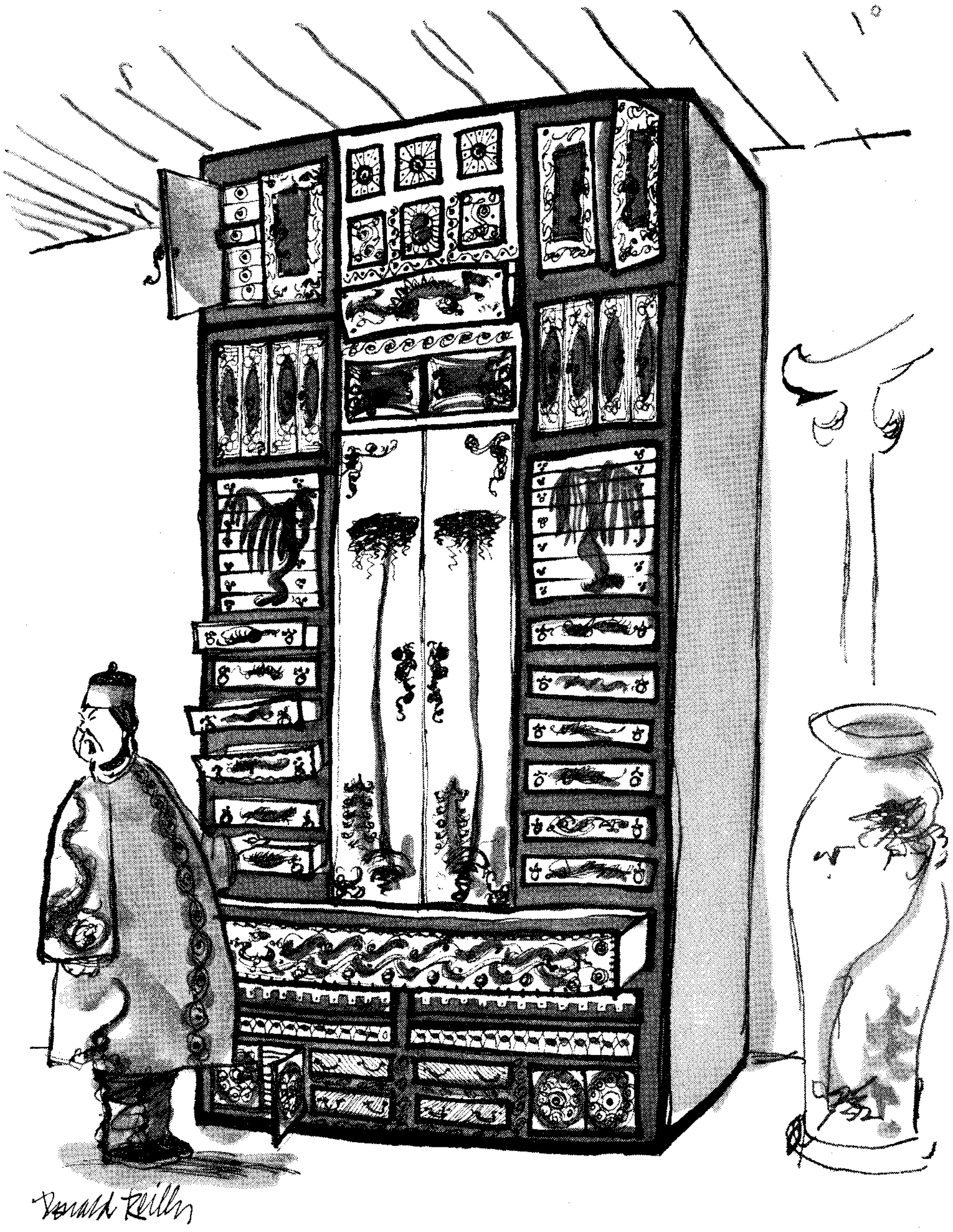
The Internal Revenooers of the Soul think it's *their* nation,
And they're Kings of long division, and they're Masters of inflation,
And it's hard and gettin' harder to resolve that Big Equation,
And I'm feelin' more and more like last year's disallowed deduction.

—GERALD JONAS

• •

baleful Eye hung constantly over the settlement. "Praise God" came automatically into every conversation, along with "Ef'n the Lord's willin'" and "Ef'n hit's pleasin' in the sight of the Lord." There was a little building—not much larger than one of the dwelling shacks—that stood in the settlement under a stand of pines. It had once been painted, but the paint had faded and worn almost completely off, and the building leaned uncomfortably. Within were several rows of rough benches facing a pulpit of plywood. This was their church, where there were no regular services and where now and then itinerant preachers came to show the true road. I am not giving way to mischief when I record that these men always showed up on a Saturday, which was payday, and began their good works as soon as possible after quitting time as possible. I do not judge their sincerity. Everyone must eat.

I went to the church on one occasion, with the Gatehouse family, and heard a preacher who opened his sermon by saying they were the sorriest sinners he had ever seen in his life. He consigned them all to Hell, and then begged them to repent and be saved. In his shapeless seersucker suit there was a Bible in a side pocket that came in for a beating, for as he spoke he slapped the pocket angrily from time to time as though he had caught the Word napping. And then I thought that he had suffered a seizure, for the words merged into a strange muttering, which gradually rose to such a pitch and volume that I stared at Mr. Gatehouse and the rest of the congregation in horror. They sat in silence, with a grave and tense attention. The preacher raised his arms and rolled his eyes and all at once leaped into the air. He came down on his feet and began running up and down the aisle in a frenzy, now and then falling to his knees and knocking his head against the floor. Suddenly a woman shrieked. The congregation jerked to life. Shouts of "Hallelujah!," "Amen!," and "Praise the Lord!" rang through the hall. Soon there was a deafening stamping of feet and a great, angry shouting that might have been protest against their very lives. This release of emotion, this orgy of sound, continued for perhaps half an hour, and gradually induced in me a buoyancy that I find impossible to describe. The preacher now rushed forward to face the congregation and begged at the top of his voice for sinners to come forward and be saved. A woman, waving her arms and weaving from side to side, waded through the river of noise and fell on the floor before the preacher, where she writhed in an ecstasy. Others followed. "Looky heah at this, Lord!" shouted the preacher. "Looky heah!" He fell to the floor and writhed with his penitents, then leaped to his feet again. "Saved!" he cried. "Saved by the grace of the Lord!" And he called out in a demanding voice again and bade the Lord give a look. The emotions wore themselves out. The preacher had one of the congregation pass around a cigar box, and I dropped in a dime. Everyone contributed. All, including me, left the church in a happy frame of mind. After we left the building, there was an occasional "Hallelujah!," and here and there a man or woman would shout and leap into the air or roll for a time on the ground. For once, even old Mrs. Gatehouse was animated, and several times she muttered, "We goin' to the Lord!"

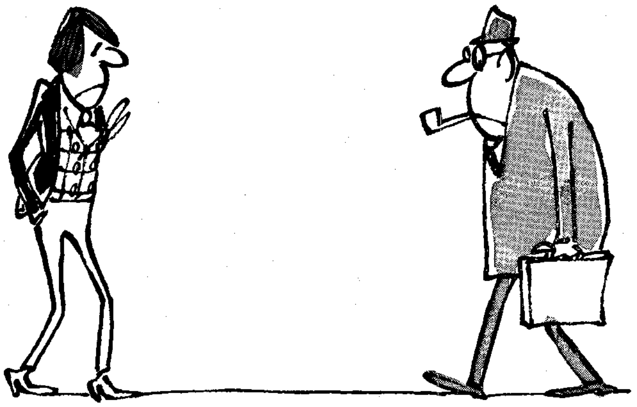


"Why can't I ever find anything around here?"

• •

ONE Sunday, I went to see the Gatehouse family and found two children there. I learned they were Bubba's. They were Lily May, five, and Fane, six. Lily May was a black-haired enchantress with a pansy face and astonished wide eyes. Fane was an alarmingly thin little boy, who sat on the bench and gazed miserably down at his dusty bare feet. He had been crying, and occasionally a sob still took him unawares and he shuddered. Between the sobs came an alternating torment of hiccups. Now and then, sob and hiccup came together to form a little shriek.

"These is Bubba's young'uns," ex-



plained Mr. Gatehouse as we sat on the bench. "Say howdy to Preacher," he ordered, and Lily May obeyed with a smile while Fane gave me a dismal "Howdy" that ended on another sob.

Mr. Gatehouse proceeded to tell me about the situation, in full view of the children. "Their ma," he said plainly enough, "ain't no good. They's enough writ down in the Book agin her to sent her straight to Hell, praise the Lord. She ain't nothin' more'n a you-know-what, Preacher, and the old woman and me warned Bubba agin her, but you cain't tell a damn fool nothin'. Bubba allus been a good boy, but Ah swear Ah think all of his brains was in thet hand thet got lopped off. Leastways, ef'n he got any brains, he's powerful smart about keepin' them hid." Their mother had run away with another man almost a year before, after confiding to some of her neighbors that she couldn't "abide a man who ain't all there." She was referring to Bubba's hand and not his brain. She had taken both children, and that was the last they had seen of her. The previous midnight, Mrs. Gatehouse had been startled out of her sleep by the sound of a car pulling up, and she had awakened her husband. By the time he had reached the outside, a tail-light was disappearing down the lane. "What give me a turn," said Mr. Gatehouse, "was seein' these young'uns in the moonlight. Ah swan, at fust Ah thought they was hants."

The Gatehouses had been delighted to see the children, and Bubba had been overjoyed. He swore he would never let them get away again, and vowed that if the mother ever came around again he would blow her head off. Lily May had settled right down, but Fane had been crying on and off ever since.

"Fane ain't cryin' over his ma," said Mr. Gatehouse. "Neither of these young'uns give a houn' tooth for their ma. She whupped them somethin' fierce. What he's bawlin' for is he don't like meat. He seen us butcher a hawg when he was three y'ar old, and he ain't et meat since and he cain't even look at it. We thought he got over it and give him some fatback this mornin', but he looked at it like it was pizen and took off out the door like a turpentined cat." He looked over at Fane. "Poor lil skinny feller," he said sadly. "They ain't much to him, is they?"

Lily May got off the bench and came to me. She put a hand tentatively on my arm, and I lifted her up. "Give me a big hug, Lily May," I said, and the little arms went round my neck.

"Aha," exclaimed Mr. Gatehouse. "You likes ole Preacher, huh, Lily May?"

"Yes!" said Lily May.

"Jest one thing wrong with Lily May," said Mr. Gatehouse. "She cusses like a growed man."

"Ah do not," shouted Lily May, and struggled out of my arms and leaped into his.

I moved over and sat beside Fane. I put my hand round his tiny shoulder and asked, "Are you too big a boy to sit on someone's lap, Fane?"

"No, suh," he whispered.

I lifted him and put him on my knees, and at this display of kindness he burst into tears. He was pathetically light. He seemed almost brittle, this little boy whom the memory of slaughter filled with terror, and I held him carefully. If there is such a thing as degree of immensity varying from soul to soul, then I judge that this tiny boy's was greater than mine.

"They's goin' to kill a chicken this evenin'," he suddenly wailed.

"You don't have to watch it, Fane," I said.

"No, you don't, Fane," said Mr. Gatehouse kindly. "We can lop her head off back of the house."

Nature produces a gentle creature like this once in a million tries, and very often, as though ashamed, removes him from the brutal scene.

Bubba and his mother came up from the river with a string of fish, and I was invited to stay. Bubba was a happy man. His children had come home. He often jokingly threatened to "whup" me with his "meat pole," and now he jabbed the stump playfully into my stomach.

"Preacher," piped Lily May suddenly. "Rattlers is got pizen lines from their jaw teeth slam down to their butts. Dit you know that, Preacher?"

"Oh," groaned Mr. Gatehouse through his wide grin, "you got to cut thet out, Lily May. You jest got to cut thet out."

ONE day, I took my rifle to work with me, and when we got off Henry and I went hunting. We stopped at his shack for his shotgun and for the inevitable charm for his neck. "Take this here and give it to Effie," said Nancy, handing Henry a sizable hunk of salt pork, and as we trudged through the scrub I asked who Effie was. "Hush!" whispered Henry, and he made several rapid and deliberate passes through the air with his free hand. "Let's jest stop heah a spell," he said. "Listen," he whispered. "Don't say nothin' about Effie. Nothin' *at* all. Some folks," he went on, still whispering, "*some* folks is got powers they use on other folks to give them hurts and miseries. But Ah ain't usin' no names. Git it?" He lowered his whisper until it was barely audible. "We ain't goin' to see no healin' woman." We went along the river for a while, and then Henry pointed to a grove of live oaks on a knoll. "That's whar she lives," he said, and we went along a little path that led to the knoll. "She gits ever'thing she wants give to her," explained Henry. "She don't hev to raise a hand." We were halfway up the little path when a clear voice floated down to us and touched a little chord in me that shivered. "That you, ain't it, Henry West?" "See?" whispered Henry, and he dug his elbow into my

ribs. She could have been watching, I thought. She could have seen us through the trees at quite a distance down the river. "Ah knowed you was comin' today," the voice went on, and we stepped through the trees into a clearing. A tremendous woman filled the doorway of a shack that was not much bigger than a large doll house, and at sight of her I stopped still. For there was something dreadfully wrong with Effie physically. She was grossly fat—the only really fat person I had seen in the area. But what unnerved me were the terrible eyes that seemed to have burst from the head and to have remained fixed but precariously in their sockets. They strained and stared in agony. Around the throat, beneath the smooth, tight skin, lay the plump and vigorous strangler that was cruelly throttling her to death, for Effie had goitre.

"Come on!" whispered Henry angrily to me, and I moved my feet. "Howdy, Effie," he exclaimed with forced cordiality. "Heah's some fatback Nancy sent."

Effie took it without thanks. "What Ah needs, Henry," she said, looking full at him with the eyes, "is a bottle. Git me a bottle, Henry."

"Why, sure Ah will," agreed Henry. "Ah'll bring hit next week."

"Tomorrer," she said. She smiled, and the smile was a terrible thing.

"Ah'll do hit," said Henry. "Tomorrer evenin'."

Effie turned her attention to me, and I was too young not to writhe under her abnormalities. I must have shifted my feet or edged away, or somehow betrayed myself, for she said, "Don't be skeered. Effie never hurt nobody in all her born days."

"That's right," cried Henry warmly.

"I'm not, Effie," I lied.

"Don't you be," she said. "What you got for me, boy?" she went on peremptorily, and I produced a dime.

"It's all I have," I said.

"You stay away from them town women and you won't git into no trouble," she said. "When you needs help, come and see Effie."

I promised that I would, and, having sacrificed to the goddess, we left. We hunted until it was almost dark, and found ourselves at some distance away. We had several squirrels, which Nancy would fry for all of us. As we came up from the quiet, dark river, the settlement stretched before us in the light of a pale moon. The ugliness was gone. Night had brushed out the harshness and buried the squalor in shade and shadow. The shacks at a distance looked like children's paintings, with yellow windows. They were even inviting. The night is kind everywhere, but I have never seen her more generous than in Florida. If a man will give himself completely to a Florida night, he need have no dreams of his own.

I STAYED on the job for nearly nine months, and then the quarry closed. The operation had been steadily losing because of the cost of uncovering the rock. I had no money and no prospects in the area, and said farewell to my friends. I went to Miami and then north again and home. This past winter, I revisited the site of the quarry. The machinery was gone, part perhaps dismantled, part no doubt swallowed by the swamp. In all the area I found only one small house, and that was a well-built structure with utility lines and a television antenna. All the shacks I knew were gone, and a good deal of the land was under modern cultivation. I made several inquiries and drew blanks. Nobody seemed ever to have heard of the settlement. Of course, the town itself was changed and had grown considerably. The boarding house where I had lived was no longer there. All along the main street, retired old Yankees propped up the buildings. I found not one person I had known. All those people, all gone. . . .

While I had been in and around the settlement, I had an impression, half formed and beneath the surface of my conscious mind, that it was not quite real, that it was something staged and makeshift, like a motion-picture set. All of the structures of our lives are shifting, but imperceptibly so, with the result that flowing through us all is a common illusion about our permanence and our reality. Within the hard illusion, the general falsehood, however, other illusions of many a shading come and go. The settlement was one of those lesser illusions of my existence, a living dream out of which I did not awaken for years. The dreamlike quality of the place lay in its blinding contrast with the outside and in its startling effect on one beholding it for the first time. My mind had very slyly covered the scene with gauze. The grim shacks, the women in rags and without shoes, the little boys in an assortment of patches, the tiny girls like miniature grandmothers in their ankle-length cotton dresses, the aura of grotesque poverty all took on the hues of a dream. Several years passed before I awakened from the dream, but the dream things remained, and when they came to life and crowded all around me, this past winter, I gasped.

—DUNCAN Y. MEADER

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OVERCAST DAYS ON THE FIGHTING SCENE

[*From the Calgary* (*Alberta*) *Herald*]

DA NANG—Women troops are beginning to turn up in North Vietnamese army units infiltrating South Vietnam.

Lt.-Gen. Lewis W. Walt, U.S. Marine commander in South Vietnam, in an interview with the Los Angeles Times, said that women in North Vietnamese uniforms had been killed by Marine forces near the demilitarized zone separating the two Vietnams.

"It is a very significant thing that they are starting to use women in the armed forces," said General Walt. "We don't exactly know what it means."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

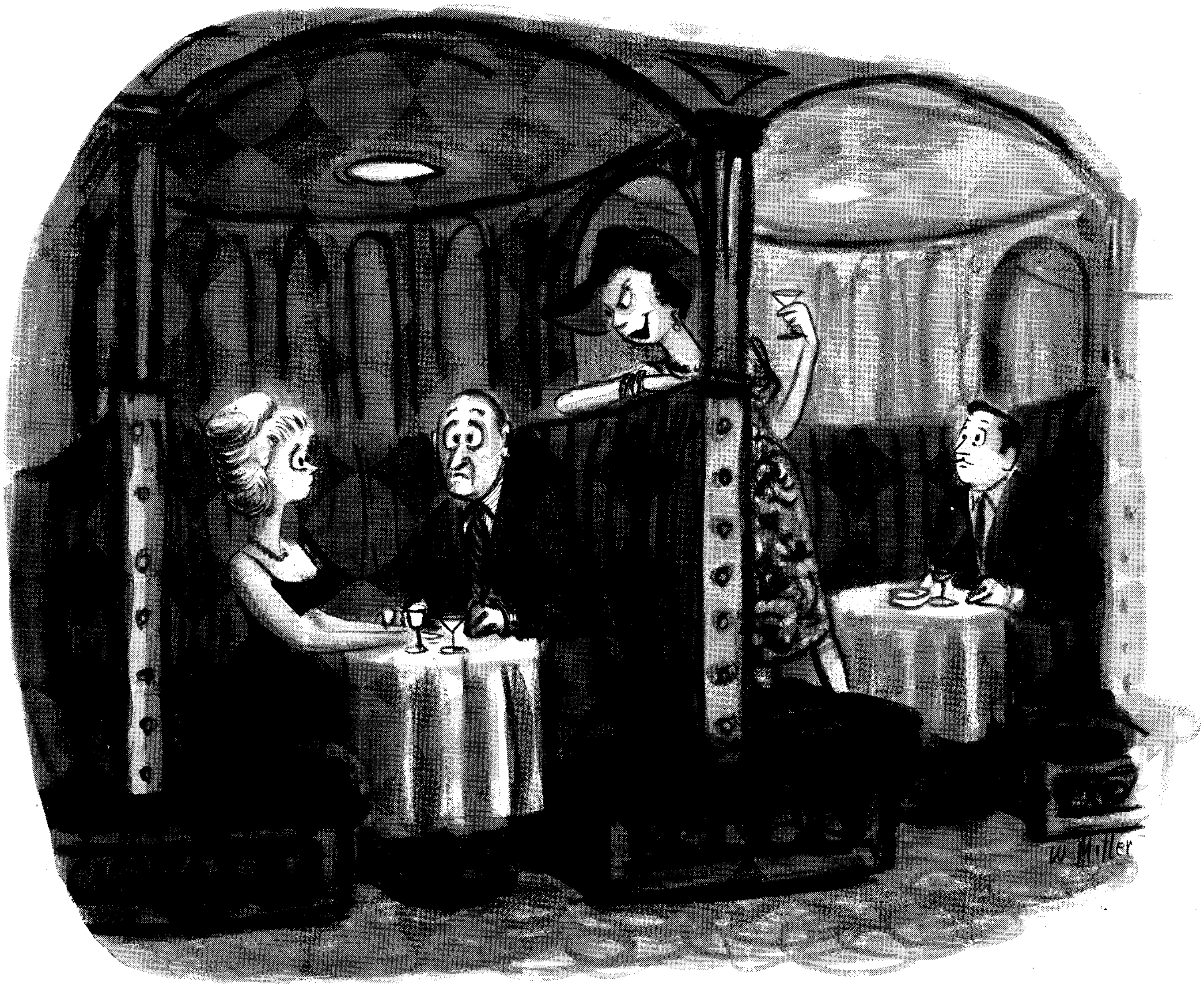
HOW'S IT LOOK?

SHORTLY after Labor Day last year, as I was walking along the main street of a small town on eastern Long Island where I had rented a house for a few months, a man approached me, smiling broadly, and grasped my hand. At first, I thought he was an old friend whom I hadn't recognized. But he wasn't; he was running for office and he wanted me to vote for him. He was so earnest that I hadn't the heart to tell him I was a legal resident of New York City and couldn't give him my vote if I wanted to. In following weeks, I had similar encounters with half a dozen men who were candidates for the New York State Assembly, for the State Senate, for judgeships in one court or another, or for posts as delegates to the state's 1967 constitutional convention. All of these meetings were similarly awkward, and I grew increasingly curious about what it was like, from day to day, to be on the other side of the firm handshake. Finally, after being stopped by a candidate for the Assembly who was standing in a shopping center amid a litter of discarded and presumably unread handbills and looking very much the underdog he claimed to be, I decided to see what I could find out about the business of campaigning for public office. Most of the candidates who had stopped me had conveyed the impression that they would never have much more to say than "Vote for me," but friends in the area told me that there was one really interesting race—that for the seat in the House of Representatives from the First Congressional District of New York.

I had learned from a proliferation of bumper stickers and posters that the two main congressional candidates were named Pike and Catterson, and I now discovered that Pike was Otis G. Pike, a Democrat, who had been in the House for six years, and Catterson was James M. Catterson, Jr., a Republican, who was head of the Rackets Bureau in the Suffolk County District Attorney's office. (A third candidate, Domenico Crachi, Jr., running on the Conservative Party ticket, did little campaigning and got less attention.) Catterson had never before run for public office, and the papers didn't have much to say about him except that he was thirty-six years old, a graduate of Niagara University and the St. John's University School of Law, a veteran of the Korean war, and a former Assistant United States Attorney. A couple of papers did describe him as "aggressive" and "combative," and the Islip *Press*, a staunchly Republican weekly, said that he was expected to give Pike "his toughest fight" to date. As the incumbent congressman, Pike got far more extensive press coverage. He was forty-five years old, a graduate of Princeton College (*magna cum laude*) and Columbia Law School (class president), the father of three children, and a veteran of the Second World War, in which he had flown a hundred and twenty missions as a Marine Corps fighter pilot. For seven of the past twelve years, during which he had practiced law in Riverhead, his home town, he had also served as a justice of the peace, which in New York State is the rural equivalent of an urban magistrate. Suffolk County is said to be the fastest-growing county in the nation, and the First Congressional District, which has six hundred and fifty thousand residents and makes up the greater part of the county (the Babylon-Huntington section of Suffolk is in the Second District), is the most populous in the state. It contains almost twice as many registered Republicans as it does Democrats, and I gathered from my reading that Pike was regarded in local political circles as something of a miracle man. In an article in the Long Island *Press*, one of the two daily papers in the area (the other is *Newsday*), Domenic Baranello, the Democratic County Chairman, described Pike as a man who "runs for office as a Democrat, is elected by Republicans, has liberal leanings, and [uses] a conservative approach." This possibly explained another feat of political legerdemain—Pike's achieving a comparatively high rating of forty-two per cent for his congressional voting record from both the left-wing Americans for Democratic Action and the right-wing Americans for Constitutional Action. However Pike had managed it, he had clearly built up a reputation that was out of all proportion to the length of his service in Congress. In fact, such were his popularity and his political appeal, I learned, that earlier in the year the Suffolk County Republicans had offered to support him for a State Supreme Court judgeship, with a fourteen-year term and a salary of thirty-seven thousand dollars a year, presumably so that the Republicans would have some chance of capturing his seat in the House. After announcing that he was quite able to multiply thirty-seven thousand by fourteen, Pike turned the offer down, raising his prestige to a new high among both Republicans and Democrats. The New York *Times* has called him "a brilliant public speaker," and in various other papers he has been called a politician of "fierce independence" (he has frequently spoken out publicly against the President and his programs), a "party maverick" (he led the fight against the nomination of Robert F. Kennedy for the Senate in 1964), a "highly effective legislator" (in six years he authored more legislation that was passed into law than all the other representatives from Long Island combined, his most notable accomplishment being the Fire Island National Seashore bill), and a man with "unique political wit" (every election, he sent all the newspapers in his district a Blast Pike Kit, giving them information on his most vulnerable spots, so that reporters wouldn't have to waste time studying his record).

R MacMillan

Since Pike was the more experienced politician and obviously a highly successful campaigner, I decided to follow his side of the race, if he would let me. Around the middle of September, I was in Washington visiting friends, and I arranged to see him at his office, in the Longworth House Office Building, across Independ-



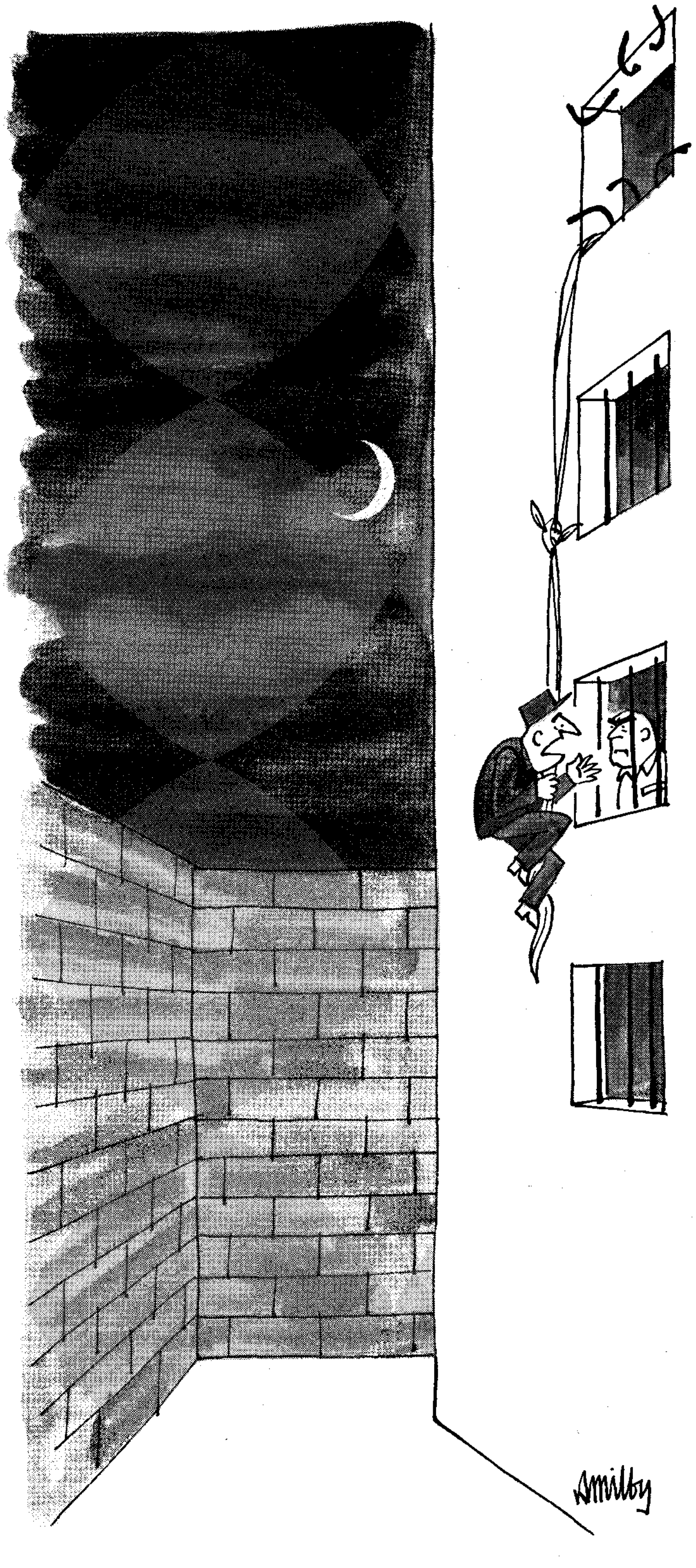
"So I don't understand you! That's what *you* *think!"*

• •

ence Avenue from the Capitol. He is a tall man with wavy gray hair, blue eyes, and a face that is handsome despite a sprinkling of rather deep scars, which, I decided, must have been caused by a youthful bout with acne. He gave me the firm handshake I had expected and waved me to a leather chair facing his desk. I told him I assumed that many members of Congress would be reluctant to let a reporter in on anything but the more superficial aspects of a campaign but that I was hoping he would let me see from the inside how he ran his. Fingering his bow tie—the only kind of tie he ever wears, I was to learn—he thought for a moment and then nodded briskly. "I'd be delighted to have you along," he said. "The more people know about politics, the better off we'll all be." He added, with a grin, "I'm clean."

Congress was still in session, and I asked when he expected his campaign to begin. "I've been campaigning ever since the last election," Pike answered. "There's really no beginning or end. My wife and children live in Riverhead, and I have a small apartment here. Throughout the year, when we're in session, I go home weekends, and it's a pretty rare Saturday or Sunday that I don't go to three or four affairs—banquets, civic-club lunches or dinners, dedication ceremonies, dances, cocktail parties, educational conferences. It's all part of campaigning, and it goes on year round." This sort of off-time schedule, on top of the crushing work load that any conscientious member of Congress carries, struck me as being a sound argument for President Johnson's proposal that terms for representatives should be extended to four years, but when I mentioned this Pike shook his head. "No," he said emphatically. "When the proposal—in the form of a Constitutional amendment—came before the House Judiciary Committee earlier this year, I testified against it. In these days of big government and sprawling bureaucracy, the people's representatives should be more available than ever—and just as answerable to them at the polls. It's vital for us to be close to the people."

THE next time I saw Congressman Pike was a few days later while he got close to the people at an annual dinner and dance given by the Southampton branch of the Polish National Alliance. I met him in front of the Pulaski Hall—a large gray stucco recreation center—and we stopped to chat for a few minutes before we went inside. "An affair like this is worth ten political rallies," he told me. "I concentrate mostly on going to nonpolitical events, like this one. I don't want to talk issues, and I'm not going to give a partisan speech of any kind. I just want the people to see me and hear me. Toward the end of the campaign, I'll go to some large Democratic rallies—mainly because they're covered by the press, and provide a good forum for getting your views across through the papers—but tonight is far more typical of my campaigning. Like any minority group, the Polish people are grateful for recognition. They'll appreciate my coming, and they'll go home and tell their friends that their congressman took the trouble to be with them. I like the Polish people, too. They're tough—they work hard and play hard and drink and fight—but they're good people." He smiled and added, "Not to mention the fact that forty per cent of my home town and ten per cent of the entire district is Polish."



"Geez, I'm not asking you for a fortune. All I want is you should lend me a couple of lousy sheets."

There were around three hundred people at the dinner (fruit cup, sirloin, mashed potatoes, stringbeans, jello, coffee, and cookies), and when the main course was served Pike turned to a bulky man with a crew cut and a closely cropped mustache who was seated next to him and said, "Every time I come here, I hope I'll get *kielbasa*. Why don't you ever give me *kielbasa*?" The man beamed and patted him on the shoulder. After the coffee was served, several men got up and delivered speeches in Polish, varying in length from fifteen minutes to three-quarters of an hour. Toward the end of the last, and longest, one, I noticed that Pike was making some notes on the back of a three-by-five-inch file card. A couple of minutes later, the master of ceremonies, a Riverhead lawyer named Charles Gatz, introduced Pike, who got up to give his speech. While it could scarcely have been characterized as brilliant, it seemed to me strikingly appropriate. After saying that he had never underestimated the Polish people since Gatz thrashed him in his first race for justice of the peace, he remarked that while he had been avidly following the speeches in Polish (laughter) he had got to thinking about how widely known the Poles were for their great athletes. "But to me the Polish people stand for far more than that," he went on. "They stand for justice, for faith, and for loyalty." He expanded on that theme with some eloquence for a couple of minutes, congratulated the audience on the millennial celebration of Christianity in Poland, mentioned that his secretary in Riverhead, who had worked for him for thirteen years, was Polish, and sat down. The speech took five minutes, and got the biggest hand of the evening.

Now a small band in the adjoining room began warming up, and soon burst into a whirling polka. Several people came over to shake hands with Pike and thank him for coming. As he was talking to a group of four men about the scourge of the golden nematode—a worm that attacks potatoes, which are eastern Long Island's major crop—and explaining that he had managed to get an appropriation of a quarter of a million dollars so that the Department of Agriculture could study the problem, a portly woman came up and took his arm. She introduced him to a pretty blond girl and a handsome dark-haired young man, both in their mid-twenties, and told him that he had helped get them admitted to this country.

"I'm glad I was able to do something right, for a change," Pike said, shaking hands with them, and asked how long they had been here.

"Two years next month," the girl answered. "And we just love it."

Pike told her that she spoke better English than he did, shook hands with them again, and started to leave.

The woman grabbed his arm and said, "There's a letter in the mail to you right now about her brother."

Pike looked slightly dismayed. "You mean he wants to come over, too?" She nodded, and he said, with a shrug, "I'll do what I can. But, remember, I can't work miracles."

As they walked away, he turned to me. "One of the biggest parts of my job is helping constituents," he said. "And one of the biggest problems is that once you succeed in helping someone, he comes to expect your help every time he wants

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something. And he gets sore if you don't, or can't, work it out."

Just then, a man with a seamed, weather-beaten face stopped hesitantly in front of Pike. "I sorry to bother," he said. Pike assured him that it was no bother at all, and the man smiled nervously and went on, "I don't speak English so good. I no want to bother, but I got problem." His problem, he explained haltingly, was that he had a retarded son and wanted to get him admitted to a special school. Pike shook his head sympathetically and said that he didn't know whether he could help but that if the man would write a letter to him at his office in Washington he would do what he could. Grinning broadly, the Pole clasped his hand, thanked him, and left.

"I don't think I can help," Pike said to me. "But he's one of those good men. He'll be grateful just for my trying."

A tall, spindly woman in a flowered dress called out as she hurried by, "How come you weren't at Luci's wedding?"

Pike smiled. "I wasn't invited," he answered. "I'm just a lowly congressman."

She waved a hand deprecatingly and went on.

I had gathered that President Johnson's popularity in the First Congressional District was not at an all-time high, and when I mentioned this Pike nodded and said, "Catterson claims that I appeal to the rebel in everyone, and that when I tweak the big man's nose people identify with me. Catterson has been going around saying that I'm not really as independent as I seem, but he's not getting very far with that."

Another man came up, and pumped Pike's hand, grinning. "I understand you're up for election this year, Otis," he said. "I didn't realize that. Who are you running against?"

Pike smiled and answered, "It's funny, Charlie, but I can never seem to remember his name."

A moment later, Pike said to me, "That's a good sign. It's surprising how many people don't know that members of the House are elected every two years. But it can be helpful. If they don't know there's an election, they haven't heard of Catterson, and if they haven't even heard his name by this time he's in trouble."

It was getting stuffy inside, so we strolled around the side of the dance floor and out the front door. It was a warm late-summer evening, and Pike suggested that we take a walk. As we set off, I asked him about his strat-

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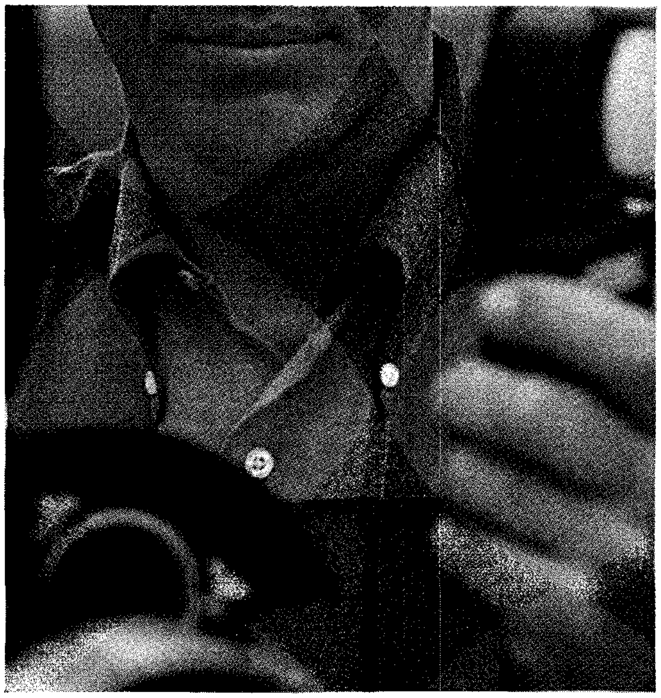

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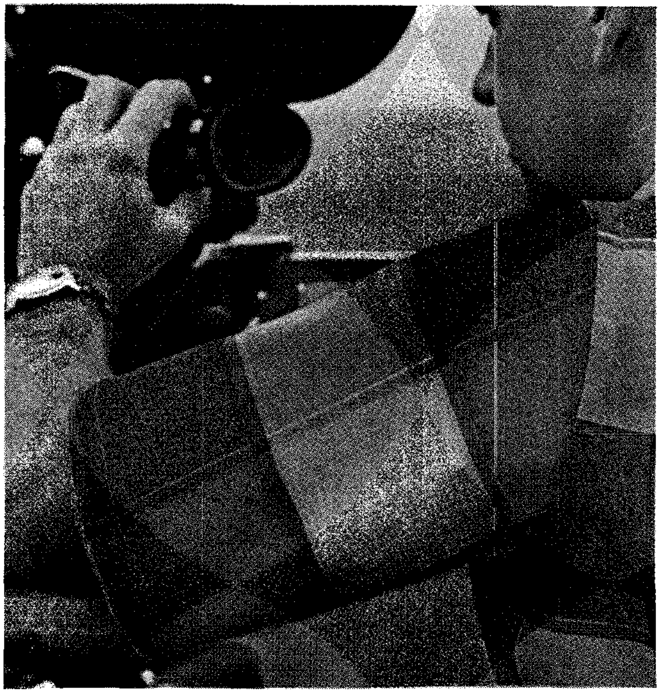

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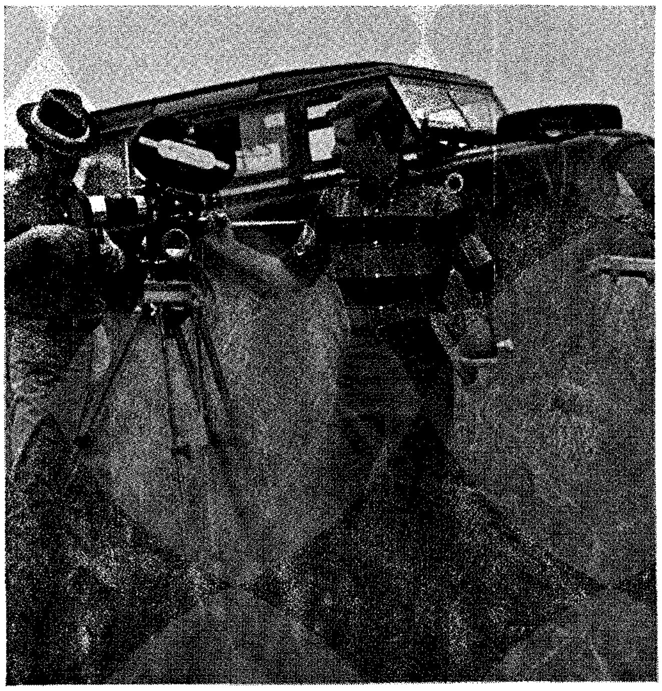

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egy for the campaign. "Right now my approach is to lie low," he said. "I used to smoke my opponent out, create an issue, drive him onto the defensive. But I think I'm ahead, so there's no reason to give him any publicity by locking horns."

I asked if it wasn't Catterson who had reason to do that, and he agreed. "He's trying to, but so far he hasn't got hold of anything," Pike said. "Early in July, he went down to Washington to attend a three-day seminar put on by the Republican National Committee to give new candidates an idea of the best issues. So far, he's followed the Party line exactly—the war in Vietnam, inflation, and violence in the streets. I don't think he'll get very far with any of those. I support the Administration one hundred per cent on the war, and I think most of the voters do, too. As for inflation, it's true that prices are high, but so are wages, and unemployment is way down. Anyway, what would he suggest—wage and price controls? And the violence-in-the-streets pitch is a pure racist appeal. I've supported all the civil-rights bills, and I intend to go on supporting them. Sure, I want to go back to Congress, but I'm not going to crawl back."

I asked if there was any racial turmoil in his district to speak of, and he shook his head. "Oh, white people here may identify with white people in Watts or Cicero, but we have a very small colored population," he said. "It's simply not important. He's trying to create a racial issue where none exists."

We got on the subject of Pike's own issues, and he said, "My basic approach is that you should go on the offensive and stay there, and that you should have no more than three issues. The public will stop listening if you rain issues on their heads. They can't keep them all straight. As of now, there are a couple of things I plan to use. One is that a year ago last summer, when the Suffolk District Attorney resigned, the Republican Party passed over Catterson, who tried to get the job, and put in a man who had no previous experience in handling criminal matters. If Catterson wasn't good enough to be D.A., how can he be good enough to be congressman?"

Pausing, he reached into his inside coat pocket and handed me a couple of papers. They were a letter and a résumé addressed to him in August, 1965, by Catterson, who had been applying for a job on the staff of Pike's Subcommittee on Tactical Aircraft. "How can he say that I'm

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good enough for him to go to work for but not good enough for others to vote for?" Pike said. "I'm saving this one for the last week of the campaign."

In most political campaigns, I had long since decided, issues are like very beautiful women—widely admired but rarely approached. With this in mind, I remarked to Pike that Catterson's issues didn't seem to be issues at all, since *no* single congressman, and not even all congressmen together, could be held accountable for the war, high prices, and racial unrest. At the same time, I said, Pike's own issues, though they were more germane to the central question of who would be the better representative, still seemed rather peripheral.

Pike quickly agreed. "The first time I ran for Congress, in 1958, I lost," he said. "And I believe I lost because I tried to talk about the issues, in the same way the man I admired most in American politics, Adlai Stevenson, talked about the issues. I realized later that it just can't be done. To get such ideas across, you have to simplify them. Once you do, they become black and white. And once they're black and white, they're no longer true issues."

Stopping, he glanced around to make sure we were alone, and then he said, "Another peripheral issue could kill Catterson," and suggested that I read the last sentence of Catterson's résumé, which said, "Recently named one of 'Outstanding Young Men in America' by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce."

"Isn't it true?" I asked.

"Not a word of it," Pike said. "The United States Junior Chamber of Commerce does pick ten Outstanding Young Men every year. But I had this checked out and found that what he was actually referring to is the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Montgomery, Alabama. It has an annual fund-raising gimmick—a book called 'Outstanding Young Men of America,' which has around eight thousand biographies in it. There's no charge for being listed, but it costs ten dollars to buy the book." Putting the papers back in his pocket, Pike added, "I hope I don't have to use this information. But I've heard that they have plans to run a dirty campaign—personally dirty. If that happens, I'll have no other choice."

A COUPLE of days later, at Pike's suggestion, I telephoned his campaign manager, Aaron Donner, a lawyer in Bay Shore, who works year round, on a part-time basis, as Pike's

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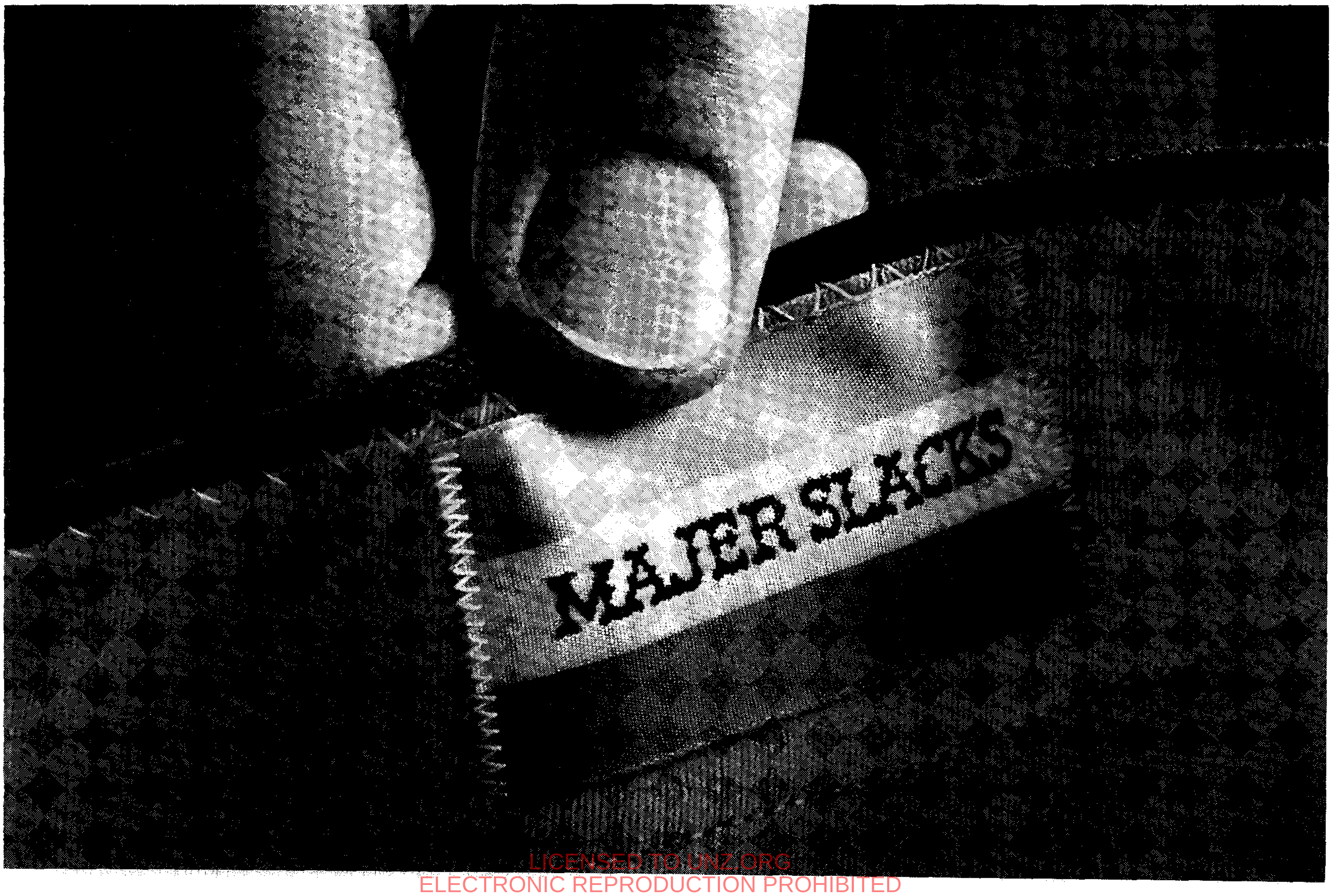

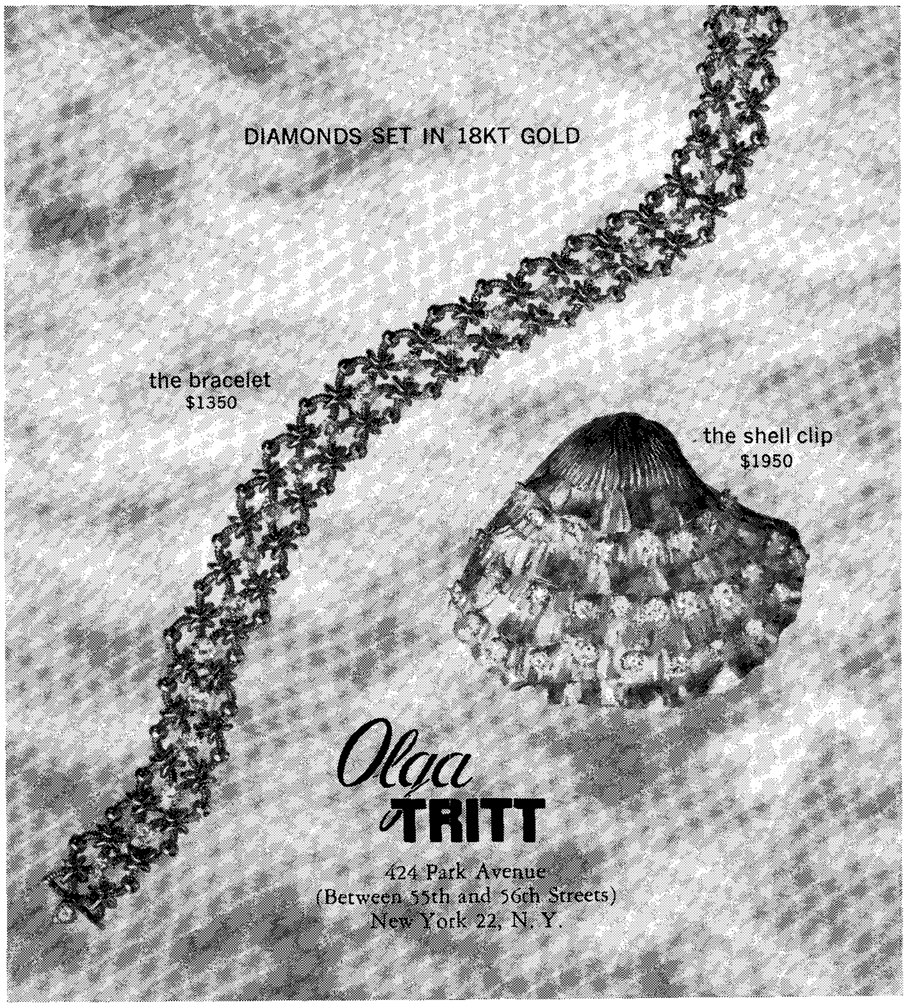
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representative in the southwestern section of the First District, which is the most populous. Donner turned out to have a thunderous voice and a rumbling cascade of a laugh. "Come on out to the house tonight!" he roared. "You're the first person I've talked to who's even aware that a campaign is going on. If too many people find out, we could be in trouble."

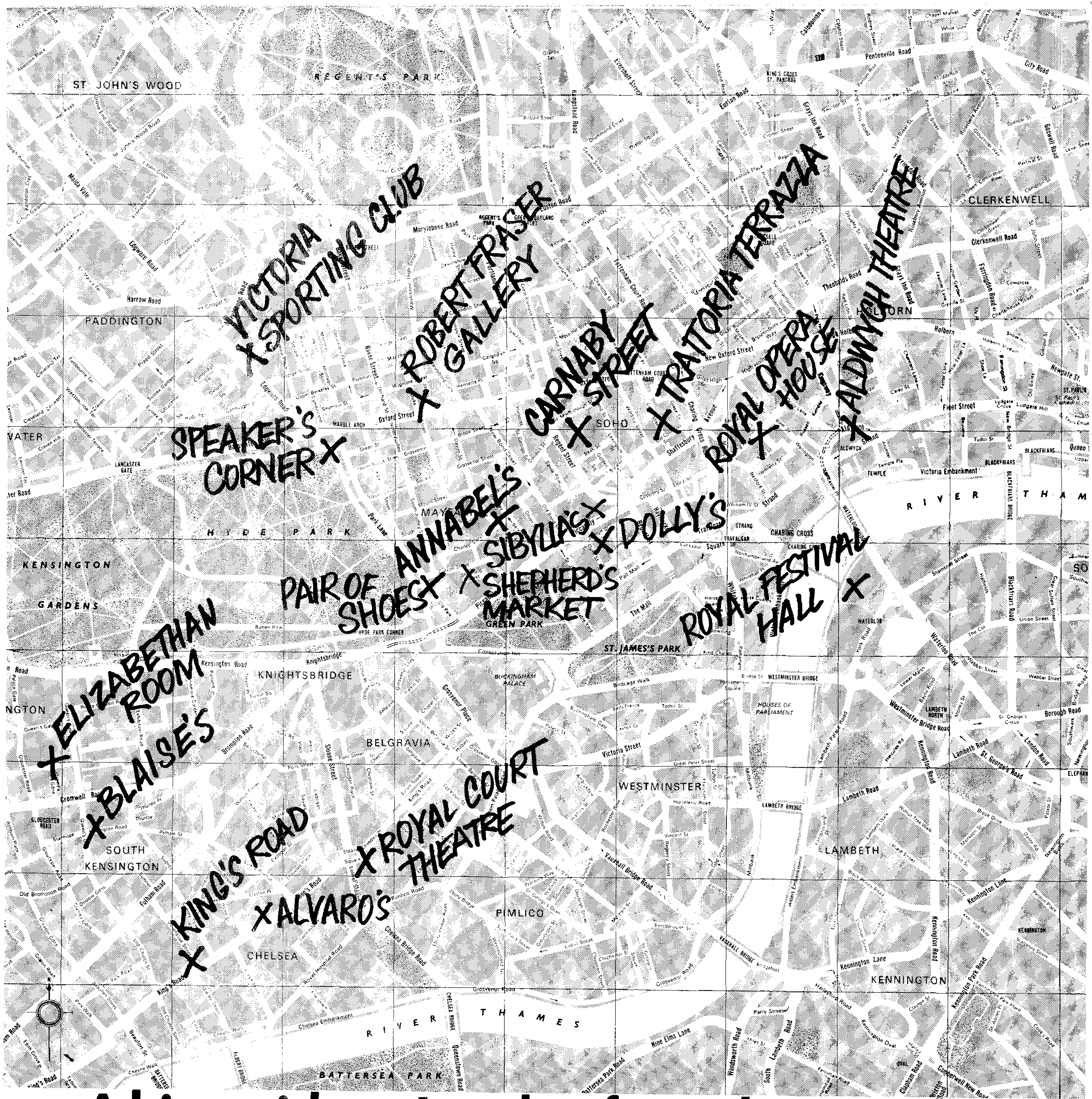
When I arrived at Donner's house—a pleasant, rambling place on a quiet side street not far from the Bay Shore business district—I was met at the door by Mrs. Donner, a slim, pretty woman in her mid-thirties with dark, curly hair and a warmly vivacious manner. "Come in, come in," she said. "Aaron's teaching the children how to answer the phone."

I went into the living room, and Donner, a heavyset man of around forty with a pleasant face and an unruly sheaf of brown hair falling forward above heavy horn-rimmed glasses, lumbered to his feet and shook hands. On a couch across from his easy chair were two girls and a boy, ranging in age from perhaps seven to eleven. Donner waved me to another easy chair and turned to the oldest of them, a girl with long blond hair and wide-set eyes. "All right, Laurie," he said, "when he calls he always says, 'This is Otis Pike.' Right?" Laurie nodded, and he said, "O.K., so when he says that, what do you say?"

Laurie giggled and answered, "Who?"

Donner boomed with laughter. "That's right, that's right," he said. "But draw it out more. Like this—'Whooo?'"

A moment later, Mrs. Donner sent the children off to watch television, and her husband leaned back in his chair and started talking to me about the campaign. "First of all," he said, "we run our campaigns on the basis of ignorance, superstition, and fear—that is, *our* ignorance, superstition, and fear. We don't know what we might do wrong, so we try not to do much of anything. If we have to do something, what we do is based largely on what worked before. Above all, we avoid anything that could conceivably be turned against us. Of course, that eliminates almost everything." After another reverberating crash of laughter, he lit a cigarette, puffed on it reflectively for a moment, and continued, "Actually, we run a unique kind of campaign. It's uniquely subtle in the way Pike projects himself—as a man of independence and integrity and wit. It's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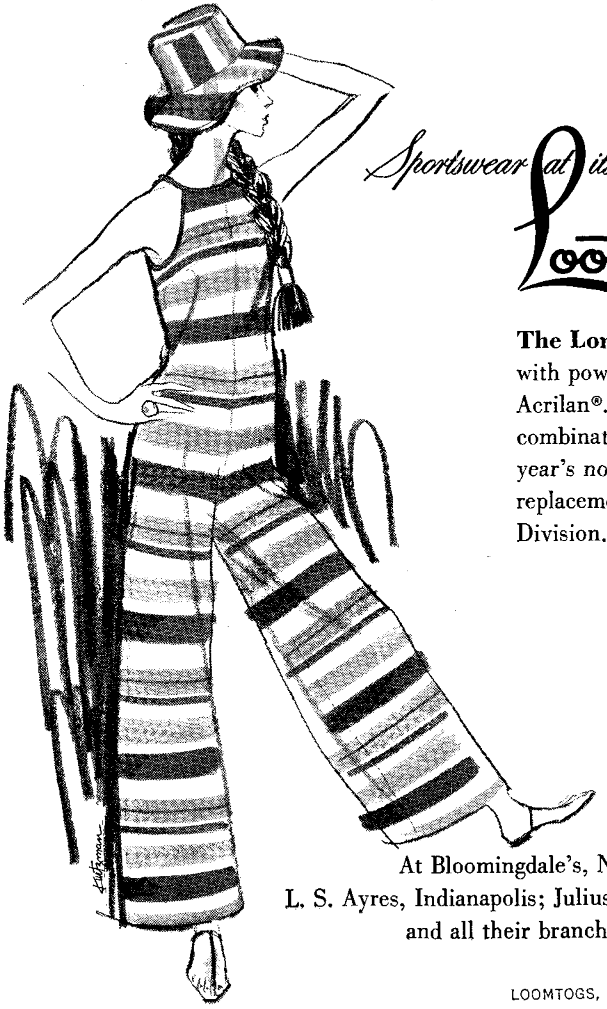
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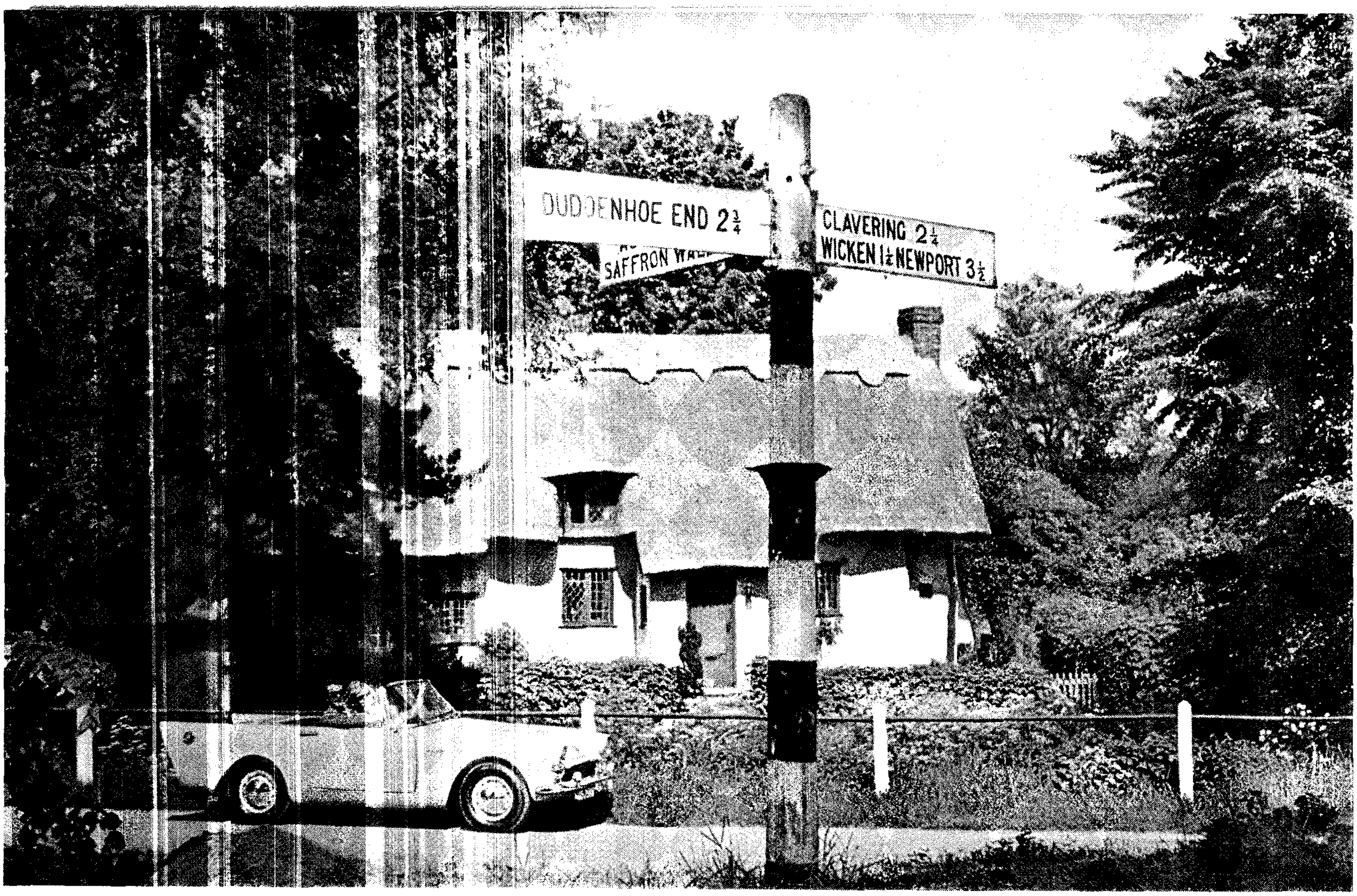
not just that he has those qualities, it's the way he's able to convey an impression of them to an audience within a few minutes. Once he has spoken to a group, I doubt if anyone there forgets him. Another unique thing about our campaigns is how inexpensive they are. We shouldn't spend more than *twenty-five thousand dollars in all this* year."

This seemed to me an extraordinarily low figure for a district with a population of over six hundred thousand people, and I must have looked surprised or dubious, for Donner quickly went on, "We don't believe that money wins elections. One reason we feel that way is that we *have* to, Pike being the most frugal man on Long Island. I once told him he was the only person I'd ever known who drove into a gas station in a Volkswagen and got only the emergency tank filled."

I asked where the money would come from, and Donner explained that most of it had already been received. Around fourteen thousand dollars had been netted from a fifty-dollar-a-plate testimonial dinner for Pike that was held the previous spring, and four thousand more from a journal full of well-wishing advertisements bought by local businessmen which had been distributed at the dinner. When I asked if I could have a list of those who had attended the dinner, Donner said, "No," and added, with a laugh, "Masks are very In this year." He explained that many people who donated money to a political campaign didn't want it known, and that he was obliged to respect their wishes. "I might say, though, that the defense industry was represented," he said. "Representative Edward Hébert, of Louisiana, who is a high-ranking Democrat on the Armed Services Committee, was the guest speaker, and it made their little hearts beat faster to be so close to the man who has so much to say about what arms are bought and where. But Otis has never given any commitment of any kind for money. He's very careful not to let people think they can put him in their pocket. As for the rest of the money, the Democratic Campaign Committee, in the House, gave him two thousand dollars. Then there will be five thousand or so coming in in small contributions. We'll probably spend a third on radio spots, newspaper ads, and an Election Eve television broadcast. Another third will pay mailing costs. The rest will go for posters, shopping bags, bumper stickers, campaign literature, pins, schoolbook covers, pencils—



Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

Car hire, $63 a week. Bed and breakfast, $5 a night. Peace and quiet, no charge.

WE *have* a splendid new super-turnpike in Britain, but it's quite easy to avoid. And if you should blunder onto it, the exits are prominently marked.

Any exit will lead you to a land of vagrant roads and byways. And they're nearly always well-paved. Dirt surfaces are few and far between.

Where do these little lanes go? Nowhere, really. They wiggle between flowery hedgerows, through drowsy woods and over rolling hills.

Signposts point to Melbury Bubb, Idle, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

When you get there—wherever *there* is—you'll find reasons for having come. Maybe a cozy bed and a thumping great breakfast for about five dollars. Or a fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked bread, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

Walk off all that food. Our roads have so little traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

Another blessing, when you're back in the car: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They'll point out the way for you; even change a tire.

Tiny distances

Shunpiking in Britain gives you the best of two worlds. You travel at an ambling pace, but you arrive a good deal sooner than you expected. That's because distances here are short by American standards.

For example, you can visit a dozen old cathedral towns within 150 miles of London.

The best shunpiking season

Britons prefer the spring and fall. Roads are uncrowded then. So are inns and hotels.

You can save as much as 25% on car hire. And transatlantic fares are lower, too.

Send the coupon today for a free 52-page color book, "Vacations in Britain," for more facts on shunpiking. Read it slowly; in low gear, so to speak. Then turn in at your travel agent's.

This is a mailing label. Please *type* or use *block letters.*

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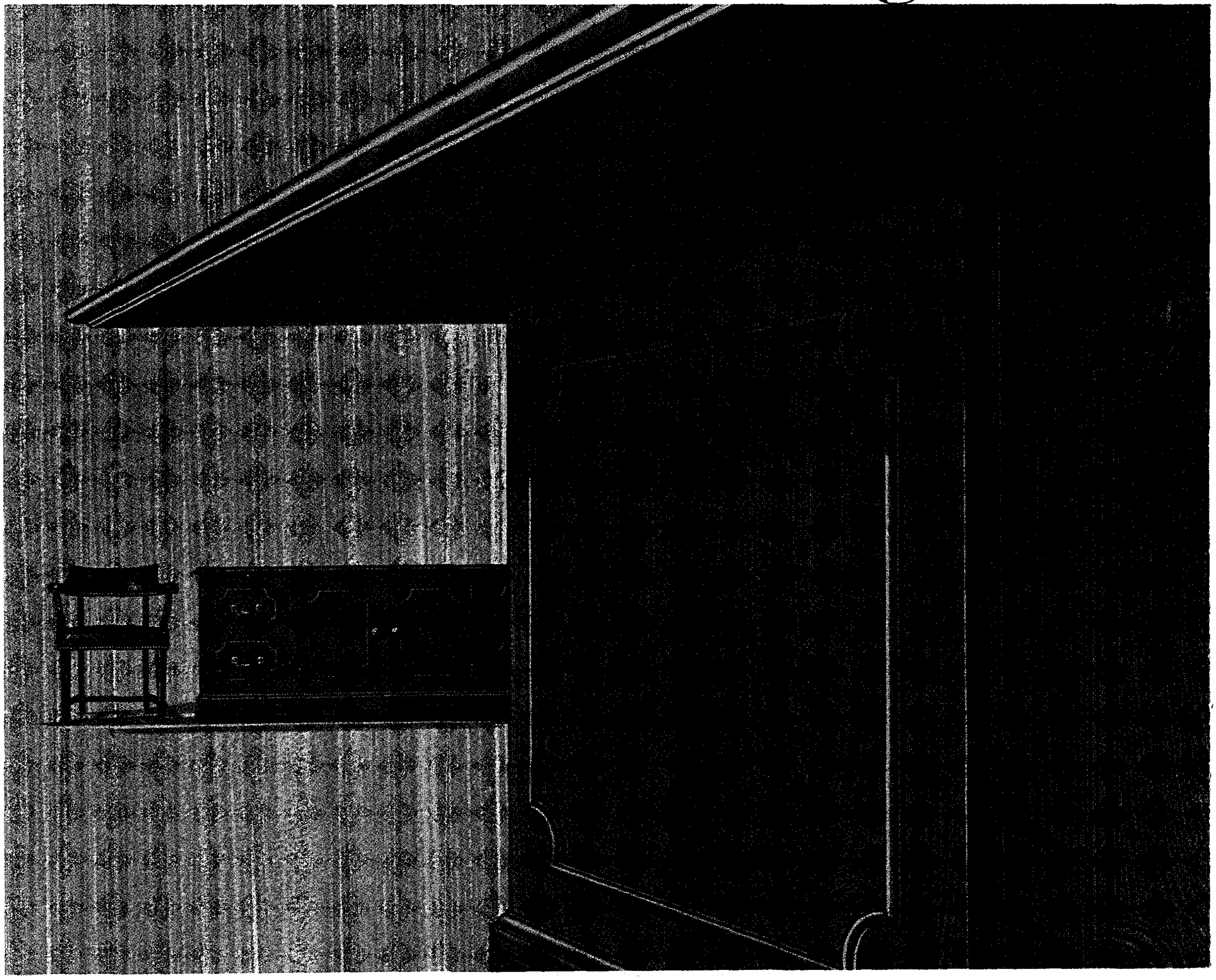
Our designer came in with a lulu of a hangover



It was one of the biggest hangovers we'd ever seen. Executive size, in fact.

It's the 766-82F Executive Desk from the 700 Traditional Series. It has an 8-inch overhang on two sides and the back; over 3,600 square inches of work and conference space. Like the entire 700 Series, it features a Chippendale design crafted in select mahogany veneers. With drawer pulls of English antique brass.

All in all, this desk gives you everything a traditional desk should, including some contemporary touches. Like a hangover.

So if you're a contemporary traditionalist, ask for the 766-82F Executive Desk.

We'll send you a hangover you'll never want to get rid of.

MYRTLE DESK!

Pictured here, the 766-82F Executive Desk from the 700 Series. Write for catalog and name of nearest office furniture dealer, or see your interior designer. Myrtle Desk Co., Dept. A., High Point, N. C. 27261 all with slogans or pictures of our candidate—plus miscellaneous expenses."

That explained how they spent the twenty-five thousand dollars, but it didn't explain—at least to my satisfaction—how they could run a campaign on so little money. When I brought this up, Donner replied, "We found very early that we could save a great deal of money and avoid a great many headaches by staying away from public-relations men. They cost like hell, and they are likely to ruin when they rule. P.R. men have a very tenuous regard for the truth. They always want to soup things up until all resemblance to reality is lost. And in politics a lie that's exposed can kill you. During our first campaign, some fellows from big P.R. outfits who live out here came around and volunteered their time and their talents. We talked with them and looked at the campaign material they'd put together, and we were scared witless. As far as they were concerned, facts and statistics were simply things to be changed. Their time may have been valuable—to them—but their talents were in quotes, politically speaking. Basically, the P.R. approach is different. Politics has a deeply negative quality. We're convinced that most people vote against somebody rather than for somebody. They voted against Goldwater, not for Johnson. And that's what we concentrate on—making them vote against our opponent. The P.R. crowd feel they have to sell something positively. We believe in ridicule. They don't. It frightens them to death. We believe in wit. They don't. We believe in being amateurish. Our brochures look as if they were got up in our basement. But the P.R. men want to put out four-color brochures with dazzling artwork and their idea of how the Gettysburg Address should have read. They just don't have sound political instincts. And after working with Pike for ten years I'm convinced that his political judgment is impeccable. I've never seen him be wrong on anything that counted."

We got around to the subject of how Donner had come to know Pike, and he told me they had met in 1955 at the Young Lawyers' Club of Suffolk County. At the time, Pike, who had grown up in the area and had practiced law there for four years, had been a justice of the peace for two years and was anxious to move onto a larger stage. The first step in that direction, he felt, was to take on the Suffolk County Democratic organization, which was boosting Governor Averell Harriman for the Presidential

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nomination in 1956, and start a splinter movement on behalf of Stevenson. "I thought Otis was crazy, but I went along with him," Donner said. "We had no money and we had no organization. We lined up twenty crazy housewives to make phone calls and canvass their neighborhoods. To my astonishment, we won." In 1957, he continued, Pike said he had decided to run for Congress the following year, and Donner again felt that Pike was crazy but again went along with him. "In those days, a Democrat couldn't safely walk down the street in Suffolk County," he recalled. "Otis agreed with me that he didn't have a chance, but he said that if he got forty per cent of the vote he would consider it a victory and would go all out for 1960. We put on the original shoestring campaign—by selling red-white-and-blue shoestrings for a dollar a pair. They were not the most popular apparel that season. We got a few donations from Stevenson backers who were grateful for what Otis had done for Adlai, but we didn't get enough. There wasn't any money for posters, so we put out a press release saying they had all been torn down. In all, we spent less than three thousand dollars. The incumbent was Stuyvesant Wainwright. He was rich, and he had a solid Republican organization behind him, while all we had was a few committeemen bumping into each other, and he had been in office for six years and was well known in the district. When the returns were in, Otis had got forty-two per cent of the vote. We threw a moral-victory party, and went to work for 1960. Otis put together one very funny, very good speech, and went out and spoke everyplace he could. He got to be very much in demand, and by the next election a lot more people had heard of him—and he was a lot more expert as a campaigner."

I remarked that Pike had told me of his efforts to deal with the issues in his first campaign, and asked how he had changed his tactics in the second. "He chose the thing that Wainwright was most vulnerable on—his attendance record," Donner answered. "We studied it and found that he had been absent during about a third of the roll-call votes. Everyplace Otis went, he would say, 'If you were paid twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, wouldn't you go to work?' That put Wainwright on the defensive, and Otis kept him there for the rest of the campaign. By adding up the number of

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Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
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Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
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Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
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New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
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San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
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To earn the Southwick label, a sport jacket must possess inherent characteristics that distinguish it from the ordinary. Case in point, our lightweight sport jackets. Each is an epitome of elegance in cloth and pattern. Fabrics that come from the world's finest mills, include hand-woven India silks, lightweight silk and wool blends, plus a choice of other superb featherweight fabrics — all handsome. Timeless Southwick natural tailoring adds the final note of distinction, offers incomparable fit — a fit that does not alter with time or wear. Inseparable is the Southwick collection of coordinated slacks.
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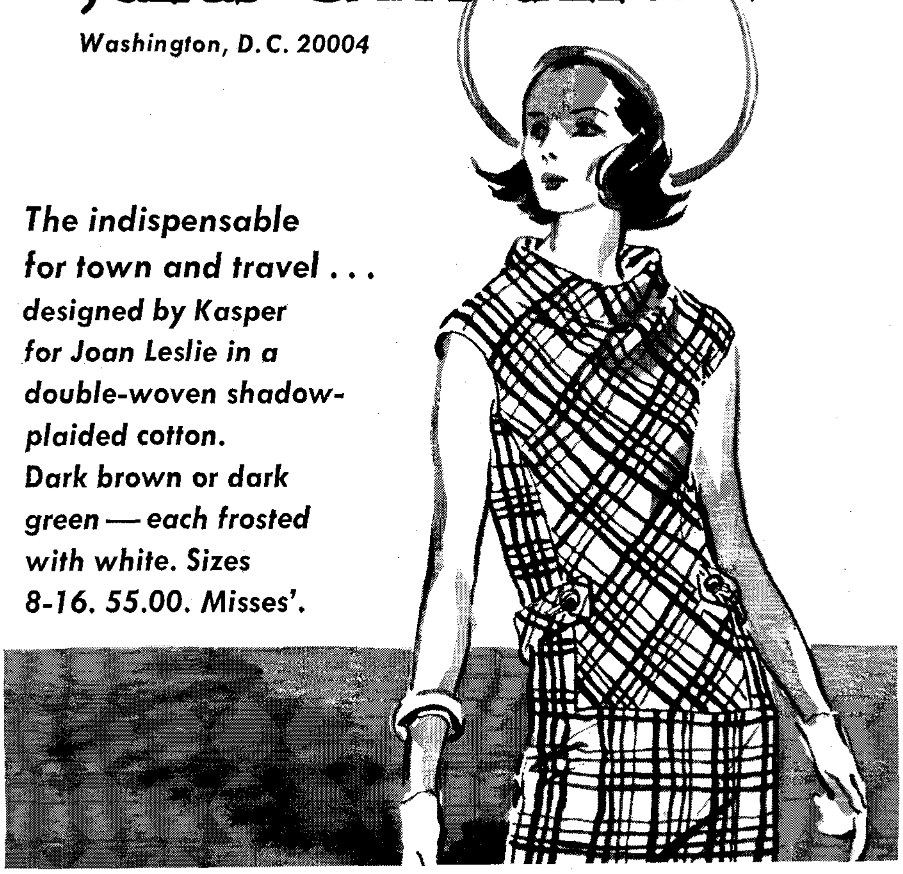

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The indispensable
for town and travel . . .
designed by Kasper
for Joan Leslie in a
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Dark brown or dark
green — each frosted
with white. Sizes
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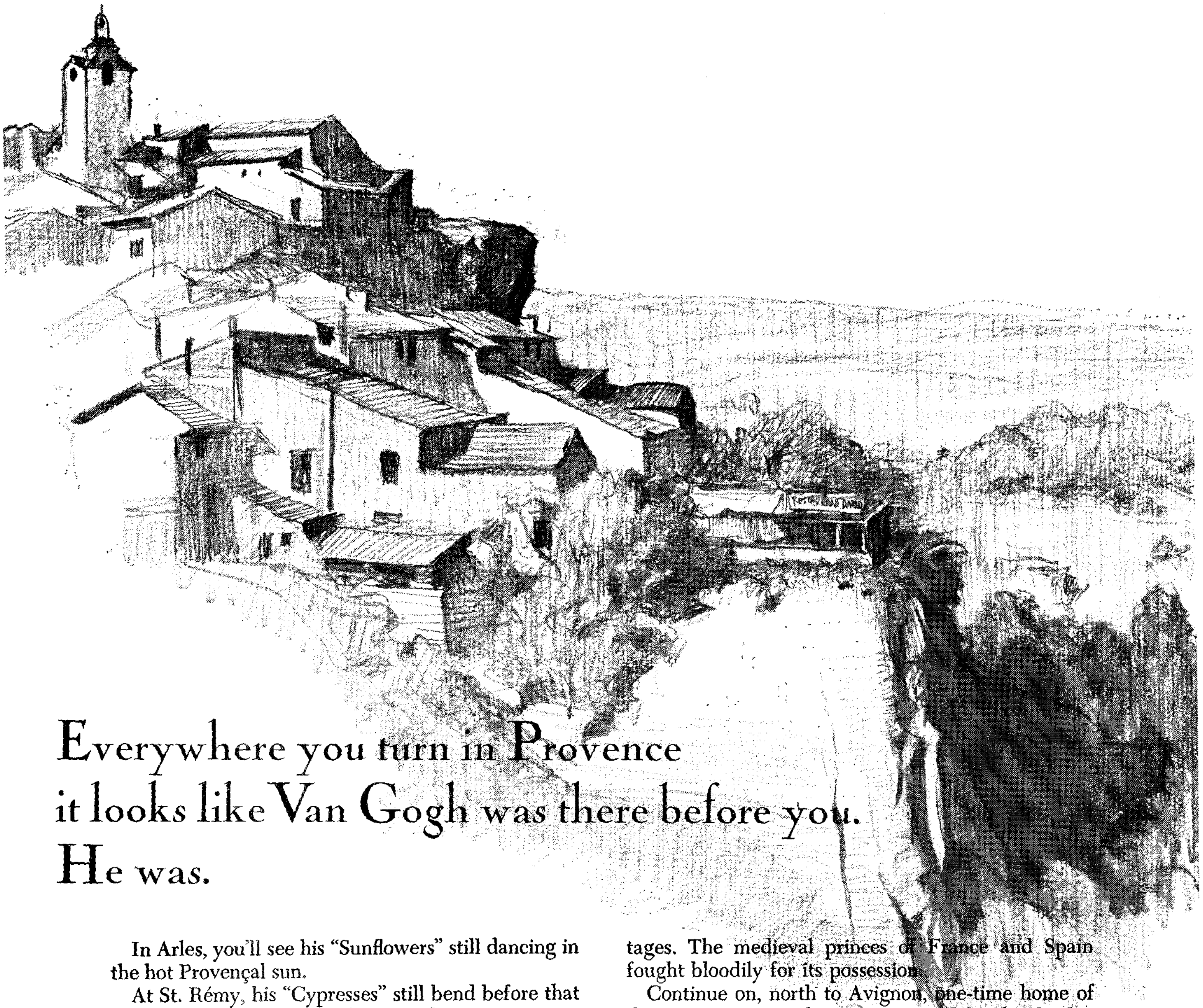
independents and Democrats and subtracting the total from the number of registered voters, we saw that six or seven per cent of the Republicans would control the election. That meant that Pike couldn't campaign as a Democrat, so he used the old not-the-party-but-the-man routine. If you're a minority candidate, you have to appeal to people's belief in thinking for themselves—that is, you have to make them think that they *are* thinking for themselves. When the vote was counted, Otis had squeaked through by twenty-seven hundred votes. I don't think most of the voters even knew his name. They just knew that Wainwright had fallen down on the job. But Otis made sure they learned his name damned quickly. In 1962, his margin was thirty-two thousand, and in 1964 it was fifty-eight thousand. It won't be anywhere near that this time, though, without Goldwater on the ticket. Besides, I hear that Catterson is rough—a real fighter."

BECAUSE of the amorphous, constantly shifting nature of political campaigns, the breaks that are clearly good or bad stand out starkly, and are usually viewed with disproportionate elation or alarm by those involved. A few days after I visited Donner, he called to tell me that the Pike forces had suffered a catastrophe of the first order. He explained that although Pike ordinarily did very little in the way of sending out campaign literature, what he did send he felt was vitally important. Besides an annual report to his constituents—a reprint of a speech he inserted in the *Congressional Record* at the end of every session, which went out under his franking privilege to all registered voters, election year or not—he relied mainly on two brochures. "One of them is tailored for Republicans, and is mailed in envelopes stamped 'Republicans for Pike,'" Donner said. "That's not a front group but a bona-fide committee of Republicans that supports him. The other is tailored for Democrats and independents, and is mailed in envelopes stamped 'Pike for Congress.' Altogether, we mail about a hundred and seventy thousand brochures. Otis believes that most people don't get much mail and like to see a letter in their mailbox. He also believes that they are far more likely to open it if it has a real five-cent stamp, not a Pitney-Bowes imprint, on the envelope. Stuffing and sealing and stamping the envelopes is all done by hand, by our volunteer workers. Well, in the past



Everywhere you turn in Provence it looks like Van Gogh was there before you. He was.

In Arles, you'll see his "Sunflowers" still dancing in the hot Provençal sun.

At St. Rémy, his "Cypresses" still bend before that relentless southern wind—the *mistral*.

On the beaches at Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, in the Camargue, you may still find those high-prowed Phoenician boats that took his painting fancy.

But the Camargue (and indeed, Provence) is something more than just Van Gogh revisited.

The Camargue, for example, is a wild expanse of solitary marshland where reedy lagoons harbor vast colonies of flamingoes. And where you see cowboys (it's France's Texas) range riding on small white horses distinguished by their enormous feet.

Also in the Camargue, is Aigues-Mortes—the most complete, authentic medieval walled town in France.

Coming north, you'll come to Les Baux. Be prepared for considerable head-in-wonder shaking.

Les Baux is an ancient citadel crowning a great apron of rock. Where nature ends and man begins is difficult to say. But in this utter confounding of battlement and building you can read the tumultuous history of Provence.

The Celts sought shelter in the caves of Les Baux. The Romans exploited its natural military advantages. The medieval princes of France and Spain fought bloodily for its possession.

Continue on, north to Avignon, one-time home of the Popes. Now, perhaps, more noted for that bridge (still standing) which childhood's song has immortalized.

Just west of Avignon is another famous bridge, the Pont du Gard—more strictly speaking, an aqueduct. Great engineers that they were, the Romans outdid themselves in this triple-tiered symphony of arches.

Farther north, in Orange, you'll see a superbly preserved Roman amphitheatre, complete with statuary, and preferred by many a buff to the more publicized arenas at Arles and Nimes.

Of course, if you find this itinerary too much taken with things past, we suggest you brush up on your French geography.

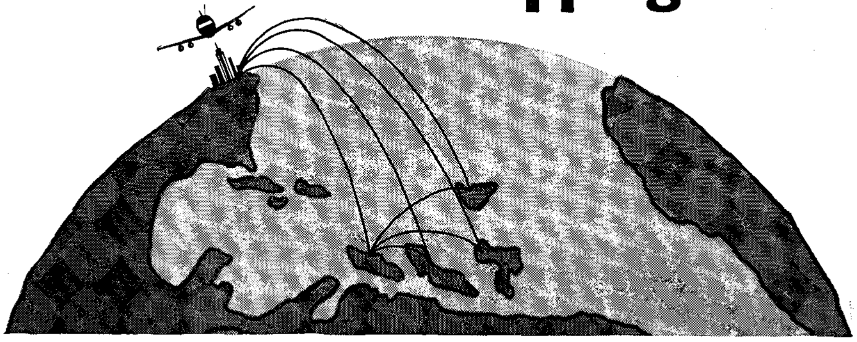
Provence you'll recall, includes the Côte d'Azur. Which includes St. Tropez, Cannes, Antibes, Nice and Menton.

Things very much present.

(For more about Provence, past and present, write French Govt. Tourist Office, Dept. Y5, 610 5th Avenue, New York 10020. Other offices in Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Chicago, Montreal.)

FRANCE

You're 1993 miles closer to Caribbean shopping.



Now there's a Spritzer & Fuhrmann in New York.

Cruise over to 57th Street, just off Fifth Avenue, and see our exclusive Continental jewelry. Our fine watches and clocks. Discover why our reputation for taste, integrity and values has followed us from island to island. Including Manhattan.

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Your feminine intuition is trying to tell you something.

And you get the message the minute you slip on a Selby shoe. You get it from the discerning, think-young styling. You get it from the pampering softness of the leathers, the meticulous craftsmanship, the precise and easy fit. Suddenly you know you and Selby and springtime were made for one another. For instance, the Pixie shown here. About $18.

selby FIFTH AVENUES

Other Selbys from $15 to $23.

For stores call LOngacre 3-7230; for other area stores write: Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

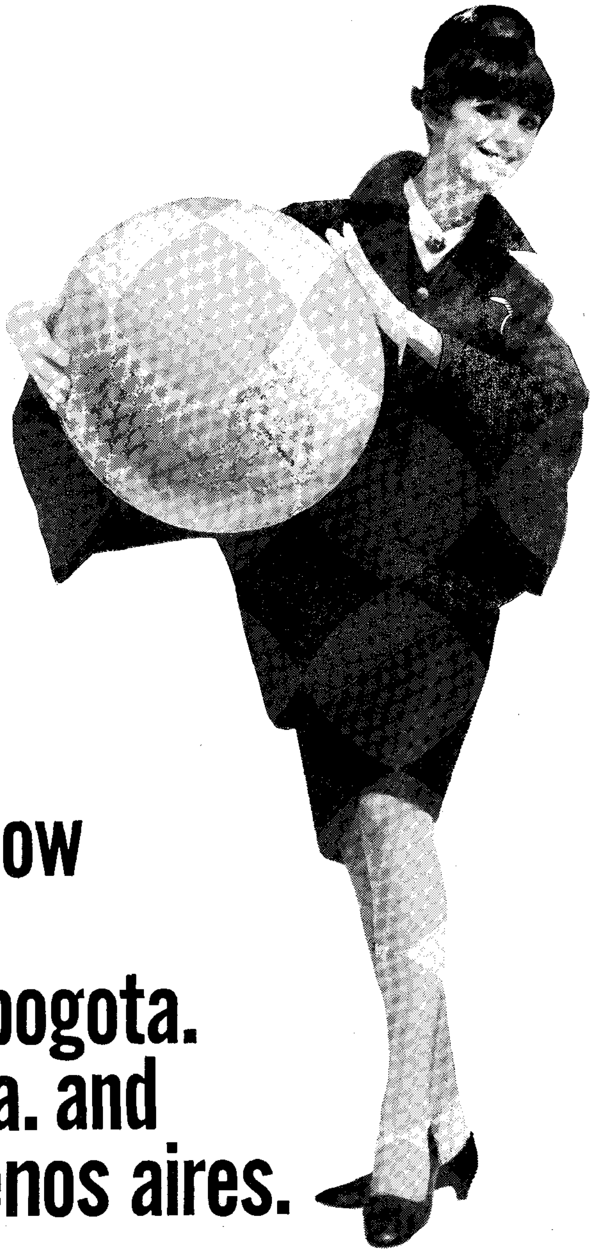
we addressed the envelopes using the Addressograph machine in the Longworth Building in Washington, but this year the Democratic National Committee announced that it had some sort of computerized setup that would do the job at a considerable saving. After they had run off eighty thousand envelopes correctly, something went wrong and seventy thousand more envelopes marked 'Republicans for Pike' were indiscriminately addressed to Republicans, Democrats, and independents. The people running the machine took our address cards, transferred them onto magnetic tape according to a code—which turned out to be all mixed up—and then threw out the cards. That means we will have to go through the registration lists for every election district involved and make new cards for seventy thousand people. It will take weeks. Otis is in a rage. I wanted to sue the committee, but they don't have any money, and besides that wouldn't solve our problem. I suggested that we put together a new brochure—fortunately, the brochures haven't been printed up yet—and give it a neutral tone. Otis hasn't decided what to do. He's sitting down there in Washington fuming."

A few minutes later, I telephoned Pike, and he was indeed fuming. "I'm trying to control myself," he said. "But it isn't easy. This is the worst thing that's ever happened to me during a campaign. It could cost me the election." He went on to say that he had decided against accepting Donner's suggestion, on the ground that it was essential for Republicans to receive brochures containing a strong endorsement drawn up by a Republican group. "Without the Republicans, I'm lost," he said.

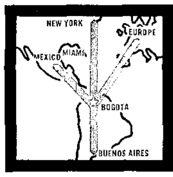
The next morning, I called him again and learned that he had come up with a solution that he hoped would save the Republican vote. This was a brochure with two sets of endorsements on the front page—one by the Republicans on the right, and one by the Democrats on the left. "Some Democrats may be offended by getting envelopes with 'Republicans for Pike' on the front, but I don't think very many will," he said. "I'm not overjoyed with the solution, but it seems like a workable compromise." As an inveterate non-reader of campaign literature, I was dubious about the dimensions of the problem, and suggested that he might test his theories about the importance of political mail by sending Catterson's brochures out in the misaddressed envelopes. He suggested that

I never run for office and hung up.

When I received a copy of Pike's schedule for the last five weeks of the campaign the next morning, I was glad that I had no intention of ever running for office. His engagements, most of which involved making a speech, included an award-presentation dinner given by the Long Island *Press*, in Garden City; a dedication ceremony for a new terminal building at the Long Island MacArthur Airport, in Islip; a voter-registration session in Islip; the opening of his main headquarters, in Riverhead; a testimonial dinner in his honor, also in Riverhead; a banquet for the Long Island Association of Educational Secretaries, in Commack; hearings in Port Jefferson on a proposal to dredge Mt. Sinai Harbor; a rally at the Ronkonkoma Democratic Club; a dedication ceremony at the Brookhaven National Laboratories; a meeting of the Moriches Inlet Stabilization Committee; the opening of his headquarters in Patchogue; a conference with a group of Port Jefferson businessmen; a dinner at the Southold Democratic Club; a cocktail party at the Brookhaven Democratic Club; a rally at the Smithtown Democratic Club; a banquet at the Greenport-Southold Chamber of Commerce; a conference on a proposal to build an oceanographic institute in Montauk; a tour of Brookhaven shopping centers; the opening of his headquarters in Port Jefferson; a cocktail party at the East Hampton Democratic Committee; a dance at the Riverhead Democratic Committee; the dedication of an ambulance at the Terryville Fire Department; a rally of the Three Village Democratic Club, in East Setauket; a luncheon with the Port Jefferson Rotary Club; an interview with the publisher of *Newsday*; the presentation of a flag that had flown over the Capitol in Washington to the Captree Lodge, Knights of Pythias, in Kings Park; a banquet for teachers from the Sachem High School district, in Sayville; the presentation of another Capitol flag to the Medford Avenue Elementary School, in Patchogue; a meeting with the student body of the Mercy High School, in Riverhead; a meeting with the students and faculty of the E. L. Vandermeulen High School, in Port Jefferson; a conference with representatives of the Machinists Union, in Riverhead; a rally at the Riverhead Democratic Club; a *Kaffeeklatsch* in Blue Point; a dinner dance held by the Islip Town Democratic Committee, in Sayville; a tour of Islip shopping centers; a cocktail party given by the Southampton Democratic



Follow me to bogota. lima. and buenos aires.



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This is what Elizabeth Arden skin-care means:

First, the pleasure of Ardena Cleansing Cream for deep-down cleansing. Then the refreshment of Ardena Skin Lotion that stimulates the skin to a translucent glow. Finally, the invisible beauty treatment of Liquid Morning or Night Cream—to help erase tired lines while softening the skin.

Cleanse, tone, smooth . . . every morning, every night. And you will look younger, longer.

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Committee; a meeting with representatives of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Committee on Political Education, in Riverhead; the dedication of a fire truck at the Bohemia Fire Department; a cocktail party given by Republicans for Pike, in Islip; a cocktail party given by a group of supporters in Great River; a conference with members of the Oyster Institute, in Riverhead; a tour of the Gyrodyne helicopter plant in St. James; a meeting with the employees of the Allstate Insurance Company, in Huntington; the opening of a new office of the Security National Bank in Southold; a luncheon at the Smithtown Rotary Club; a visit to the Cenacle Retreat House, in Ronkonkoma; a meeting of the Senior Citizens Club in Wading River; a dinner at the Sag Harbor Chamber of Commerce; a rally run by the Smithtown Democratic Committee; a "Meet Your Congressman Night" in Southold; a tour of Smithtown shopping centers; the dedication of the Norwood Avenue Elementary School, in Port Jefferson; the dedication of the John F. Kennedy Junior High School, in Port Jefferson; and a Republicans for Pike cocktail party in Riverhead.

Concluding that I wouldn't see the forest if I followed Pike past all these trees, I decided to pick, more or less at random, a few of the events to attend with him. The first was the dedication of the new terminal at Long Island MacArthur Airport, at noon on October 1st. When I got there, I found Pike, a hundred and fifty other people, and the Suffolk County Air Force Base Drill Team and Bugle Corps inside the main entrance of the new building. Everybody was waiting for the arrival of Governor Rockefeller, who was to make a brief speech at the ceremony.

I asked Pike how things were going. "All I've accomplished so far is to talk to some other men who are running for office," he said.

I asked if he expected Catterson to be on hand, and he nodded. "I wouldn't be surprised if Rocky came in carrying him under his arm," he said.

A few minutes later, the band struck up and the crowd pushed forward to greet Rockefeller, who moved slowly through the room grinning, winking, shaking hands, and giving little fluttery waves to anyone he couldn't reach.

Catterson wasn't in the Governor's immediate entourage, but he hurried in a moment later, trying to catch up. A man of medium height with dark hair and the kind of expressionless face that would fit in well at a convention of F.B.I. men, he paused and shook hands with Pike. "How are you?" he asked. "Keeping busy?"

"Fine, fine," Pike said.

"I met your bride last night," Catterson went on.

"So I heard," Pike replied. "She's a real worker."

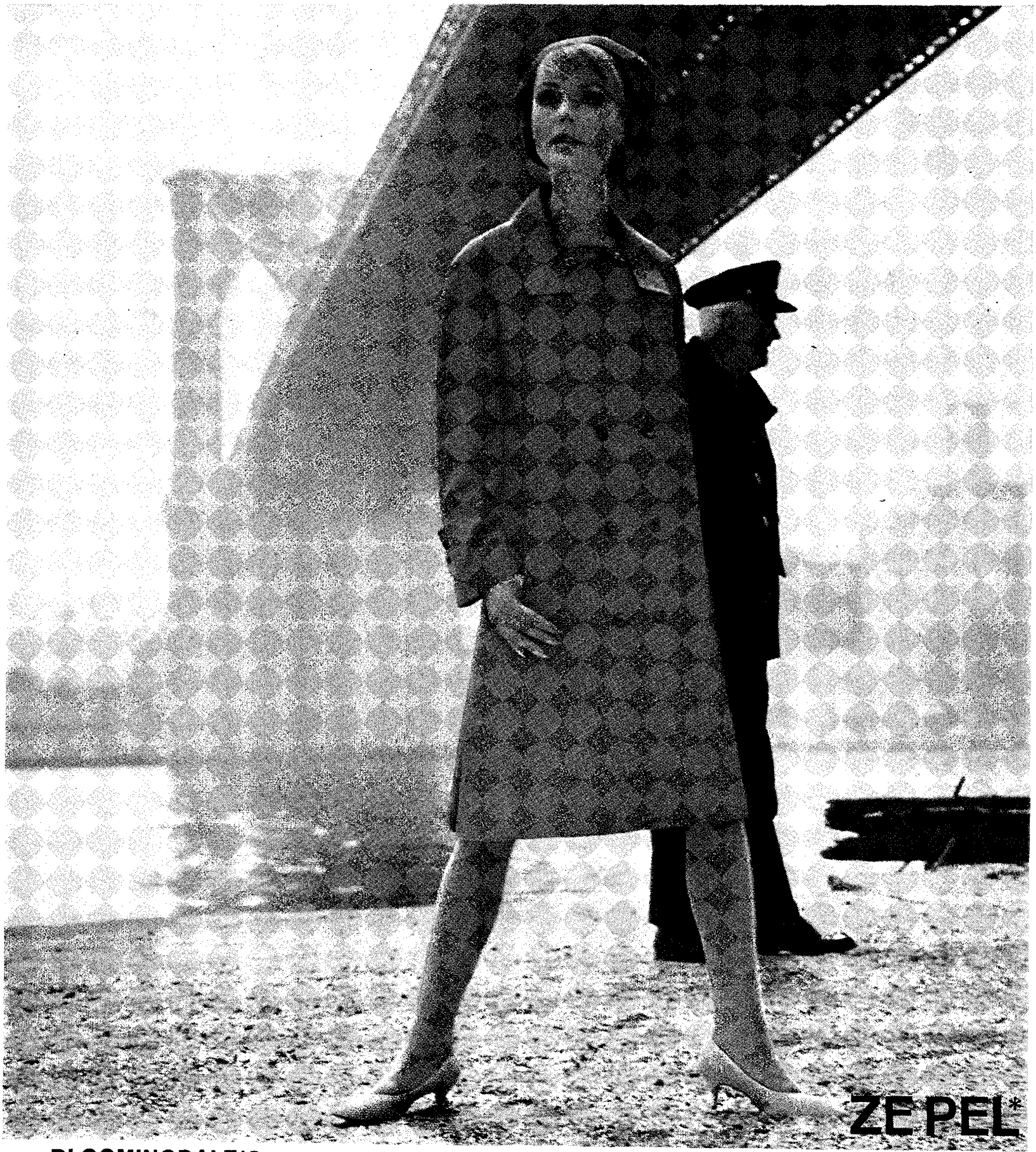
"I'll say she is," Catterson said, with a slight grimace, and, waving to him, moved on.

Laughing, Pike turned to me and explained that because the House had been in session he had been unable to attend the *Press* award dinner, so his wife, Doris, had gone in his place. "She went up to Catterson as soon as he came in," he said. "She introduced herself and took him by the arm to introduce him around—only to the most solid Democrats, it turned out. Then she suggested that they have a cozy little chat, and dragged him off to the bar. He didn't get to meet or talk to anyone who could have helped him."

As Pike was talking, he kept an eye on Rockefeller, who was still moving through the crowd. A man began setting up a microphone for the Governor at the top of a flight of stairs leading to the terminal restaurant, and when Pike saw this he excused himself, saying, "It wouldn't do to go unnoticed," and headed for the stairs. At that moment, I saw a man behind the Governor nudge a man next to him and point to Pike. The two of them left the group and followed him. A moment later, Rockefeller swung around and started slowly up the stairs, followed by Catterson. By this time, Pike had reached the top and taken a place a few feet across the landing from the microphone. The two men from the Republican group hurried up the stairway just ahead of the Governor and, at the top, turned to face the crowd, pressing back against Pike in an effort to dislodge him from his prominent spot. He grabbed the railing at his side and held on as Rockefeller and Catterson took places beside him. A cluster of photographers went to work, and when the first flash bulb went off the three candidates beamed.

PIKE's main headquarters, in Riverhead, was to be officially opened that afternoon at four o'clock, and I drove over there a little beforehand. On the way, I passed several large

SHOW OFF A LITTLE in Misty's **"MARSEILLE"** that's going like the drums in the swingingest disco ... smashingly continental and tuned-in with a racy ascot collar that switches-on to three different fashion looks. Posh any-weather blend protected with **ZE PEL** rain and stain repeller. Peacock (shown here), apricot, raspberry, navy, natural. Sizes: regular 6 to 18; petites 4 to 16; juniors 3 to 15. About $40. Matching Misty Beret, about $6.



At **BLOOMINGDALE'S,** New York & suburban stores; **ABRAHAM & STRAUS,** Brooklyn; **FAMOUS-BARR,** St. Louis; **HECHT CO.,** Washington, D. C.; **MAY CO.,** San Diego, Cleveland, Los Angeles; **HECHT CO.,** *Baltimore*; **MAY CO., D & F,** *Denver*; **KAUFMANN'S,** Pittsburgh; **JACOBSON'S,** Jackson; **G. FOX,** Hartford; **M. O'NEIL & CO.,** Akron; **SHARON STORE,** Sharon; **STROUSS HIRSHBERG,** Youngstown; **MEIER & FRANK,** Portland; **MAY COHEN,** Jacksonville; **THE FAIR COUNTRY CLOTHES SHOP,** Wanamassa; and fine stores everywhere or write **MISTY HARBOR** Ltd., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

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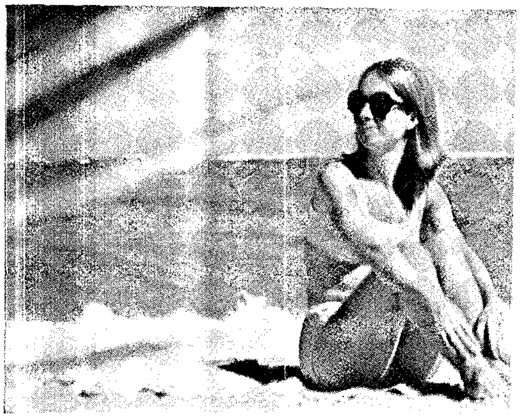
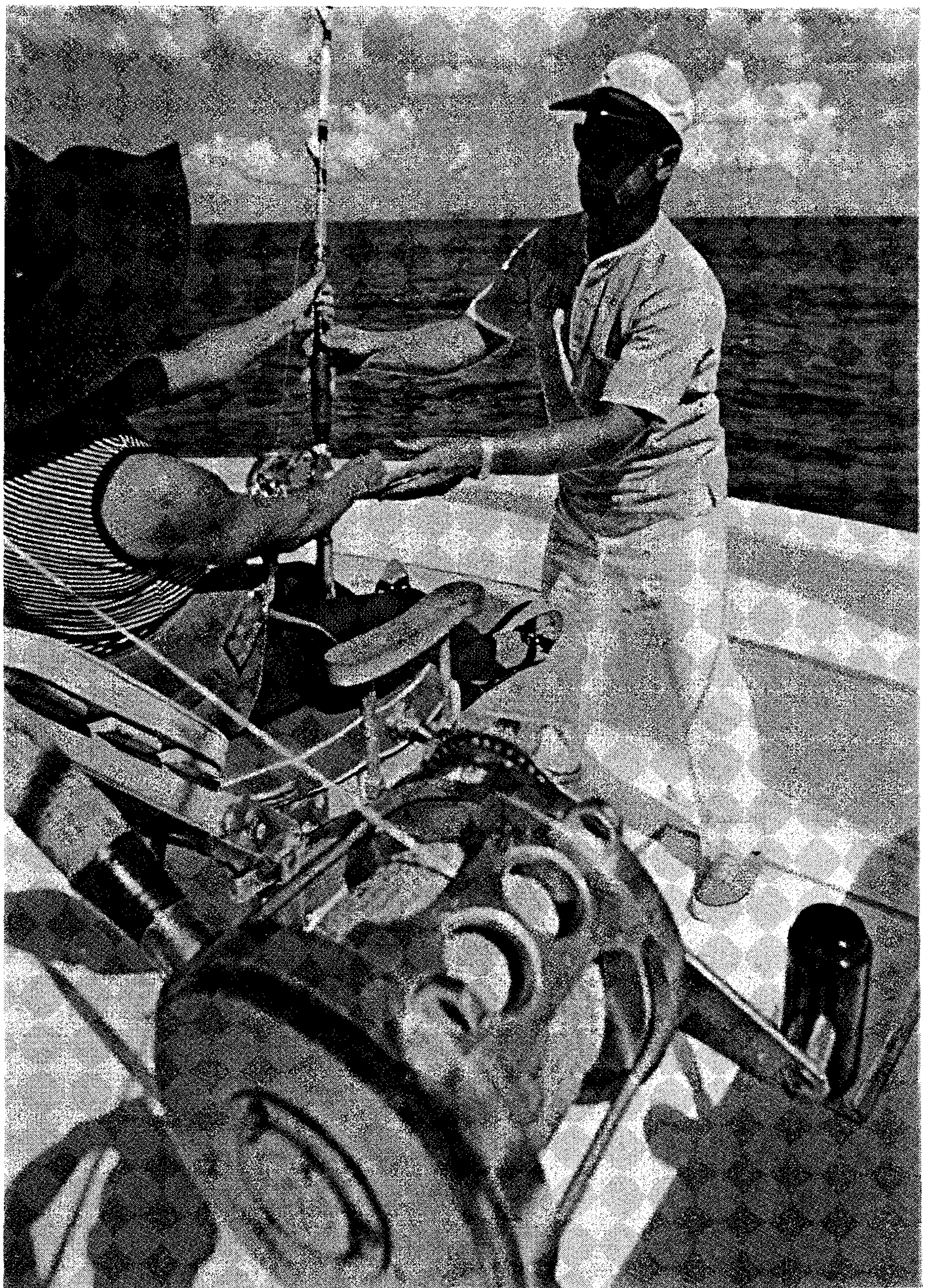
SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

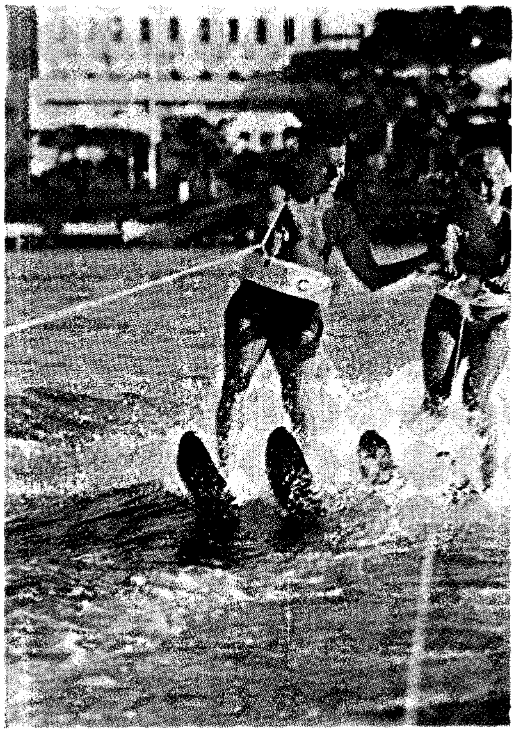
If you think there's nothing to do on a Caribbean island but lie on the beach and sun yourself…



…these champions can teach you a

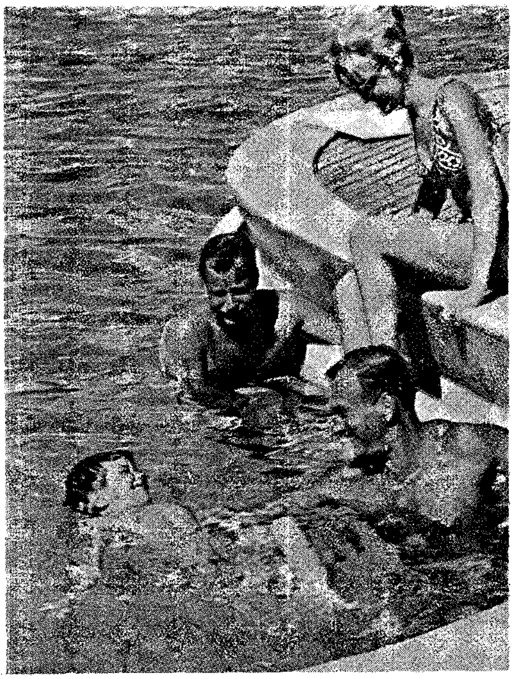


Mike Benitez rents boats and tackle as well as showing you how to catch wahoo, dolphin and tarpon. Several world records have been set off Puerto Rico, including a 780-pound blue marlin. Mike sails out of San Juan. Other good fishing centers are La Parguera and Las Croabas.



Mario Laurio is sports director at four of San Juan's top hotels. Here you see the lucky fellow at work. Puerto Rico is a delightful spot to learn waterskiing: the water's so gentle.

Harry Hauck of the Caribe Hilton coached a local girl competing for the 1965 Caribbean and Latin American Games. She swam off with *ten* gold medals. Suggestion: Bring your children.



The climate of Puerto Rico was made for playing as well as sunning. It's balmy year round. But here's a tip: come in April, May or June—before the season *back home* gets properly under way.

Put in a few hours with one of Puerto Rico's crack coaches. Groove your swing. Polish up your backhand. Or learn a sport you've always wanted to try your hand at. Then go home and bedazzle your friends with your newfound skills.

You'll find sports facilities all over Puerto Rico. Most of the big resort hotels have their own coaches, and small hotels and guest houses will make special arrangements for you.

Rates vary from coach to coach and hotel to hotel, so inquire at your hotel desk when you arrive.

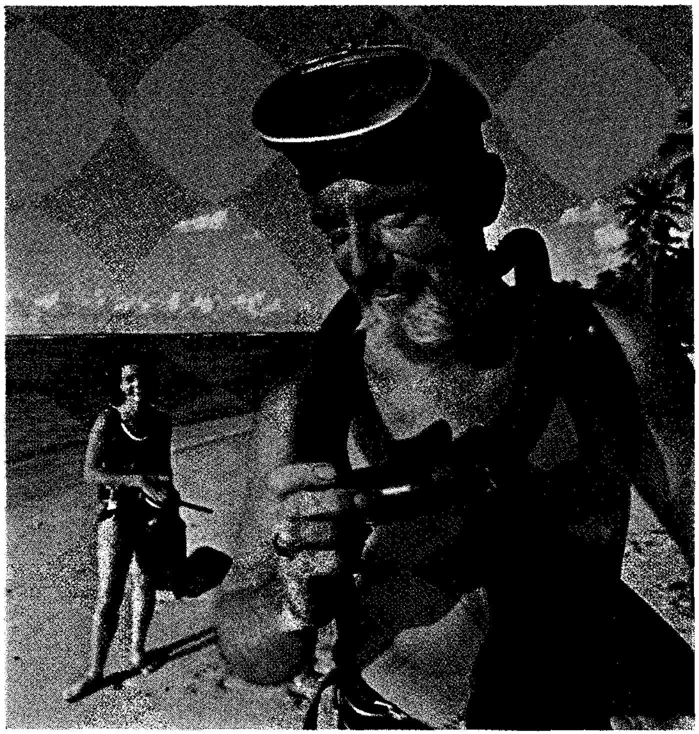
Also, huddle with your travel agent before you leave. He can tell you about reduced hotel rates and low jet fares. (Examples: from New York, $90; from Los Angeles, $312.50; from Chicago, $196. All round trip.)

Free Brochure: Write for a copy of a brand-new brochure on Puerto Rico's sports, sights, shops and shows. It has 24 pages, 34 color pictures.

For a free copy, write: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. TBA, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

thing or two in Puerto Rico this spring

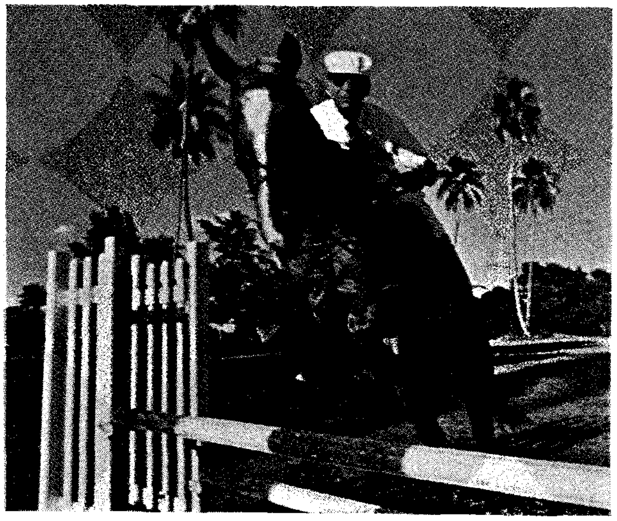
Luis Ayala has dazzled the crowds at Wimbledon, Forest Hills and on the professional circuit. Now you can learn his style at San Juan's Racquet Club. This superb, new hotel has *eight* courts—two of them floodlit. Nearby, the Caribe Hilton has another famous tennis coach—Welby Van Horn.



Walt Hendrick beaches near the El Conquistador, a clifftop hotel on Puerto Rico's dramatic east coast. He'll teach you to scuba-dive, sail you out to an uninhabited island, then take you exploring any of the *seven* coral reefs just offshore.

Juan "Chi-Chi" Rodriguez was one of golf's top ten money winners in 1965. To discover the famous Chi-Chi secret for longer drives, go to the Dorado Beach Hotel. You can also rent clubs and take lessons at three other courses: Dorado Hilton, Berwind Country Club and El Conquistador.

Colonel Cocío trained the team that thrilled New Yorkers at last year's National Horse Show. Here you see him take a fence at the Equestrian Club near San Juan. You can also ride thoroughbreds, including *paso finos*, on quiet mountain trails.



Vacation abroad without leaving the U.S.A.—come to Puerto Rico.

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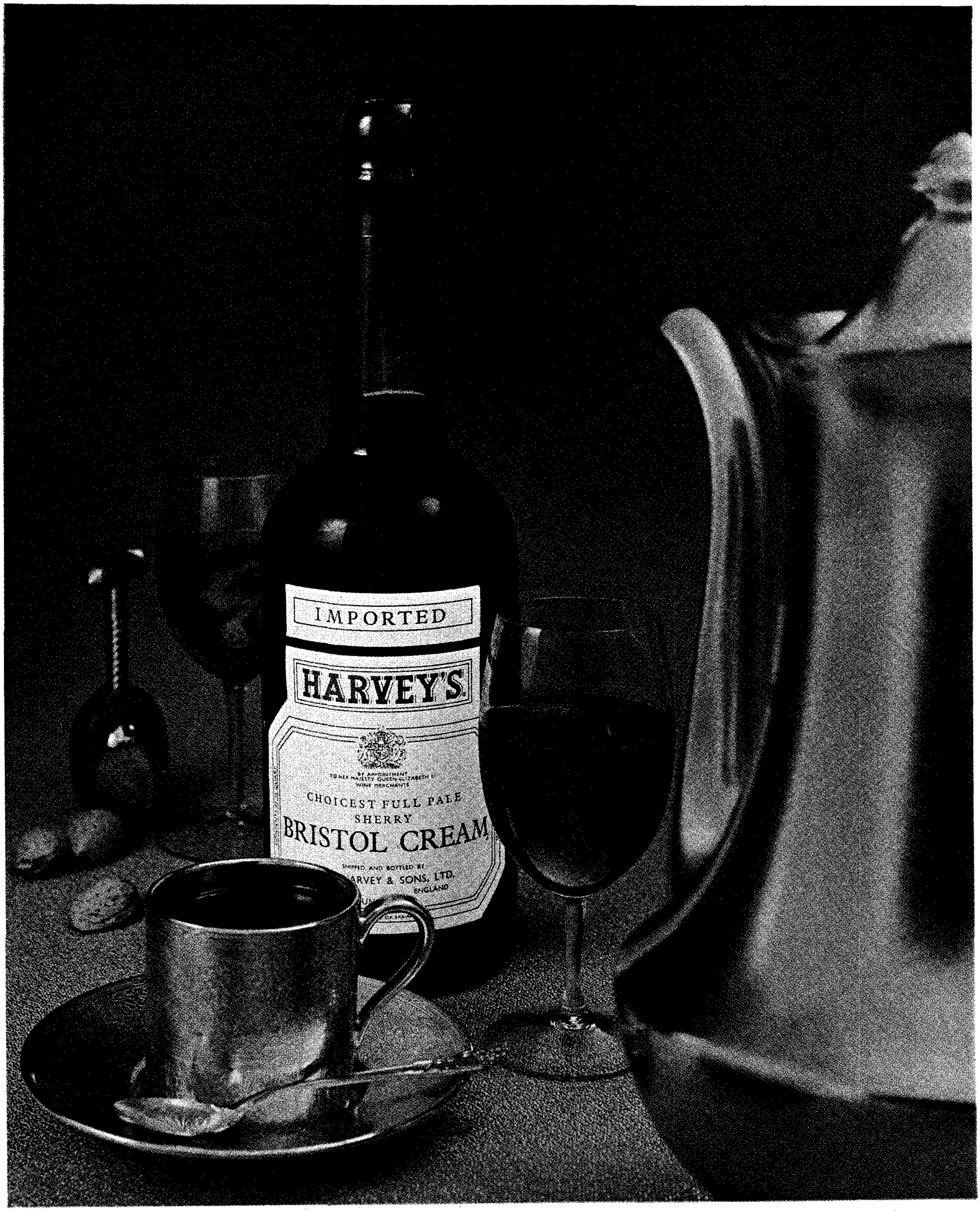
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Never serve the coffee
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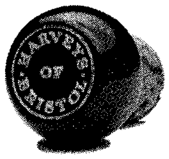
...Harvey's Bristol Cream®, that is.

Harvey's Bristol Cream is the elegant end. The perfect after-dinner drink. Subtle. Delightfully light. Thoroughly satisfying. Serve Harvey's Bristol Cream chilled. With dessert. As dessert. Even before dinner. On the rocks. But never, never serve the coffee without the cream.


HARVEY'S
OF
BRISTOL

Rockefeller-Catterson billboards but not so much as a poster for Pike or for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Frank O'Connor, until I pulled up on West Main Street across from the headquarters—a one-story aluminum storefront, with the usual bunting, placards, posters, and flags in the windows. Inside was a room about fifty feet square, with yellow walls covered with more bunting, placards, posters, and flags. Several women were seated at desks answering telephones, and a dozen or so men and women were clustered around a long table in the center, on which were a coffee urn, a couple of gallon jugs of cider, and some doughnuts.

Donner was there, and when he saw me he shouted, "I just learned our opponent fell all over himself! He crashed a Chamber of Commerce dinner in Smithtown the other night, and they asked him to leave and then sent him a formal letter of censure. Apparently, he doesn't understand the non-partisan niceties."

A dark-haired, bespectacled woman of around fifty came in, and Donner introduced her to me as Mrs. Alison Russell, of East Hampton, who had been Wainwright's secretary in Washington and had stayed on to work for Pike for five years. After explaining to me that she was currently in charge of coördinating the mailing of the brochures, he turned to her and said, "You can expect to receive the eighty thousand envelopes and brochures that weren't involved in the snafu. Half of them are for Democrats and independents, and the other half for Republicans. They're all for the towns east of Brookhaven."

"When?" she asked, taking off her coat.

"With luck, by Saturday," he said. "Can you line up enough volunteers by then?"

"Sure," she said calmly.

"Now, remember, I want them all mailed from friendly post offices, where Otis appointed the postmasters," he said. "If necessary, I have a couple of postmasters who will let us mail on Sunday."

Mrs. Russell shook her head, and he asked, "Why not? Religious reasons?" She nodded, and after a moment's thought he agreed.

"Well, we definitely don't want them to arrive on Saturday," he said. "People don't read their mail carefully on Saturday. Mondays and Tuesdays are the best. Oh, another thing. We're not rich, but we're not poor, either. I think you ought to give your volunteers

Tailored of a remarkable fabric... DACRON* and wool.

Suit shown: 55% Dacron* polyester/45% wool

You can't give your wife a nicer present than a Walter-Morton Litemate suit for yourself! It goes so well with her idea of your importance!

Feather-light, smartly styled, delightfully cool . . . that's Litemate!

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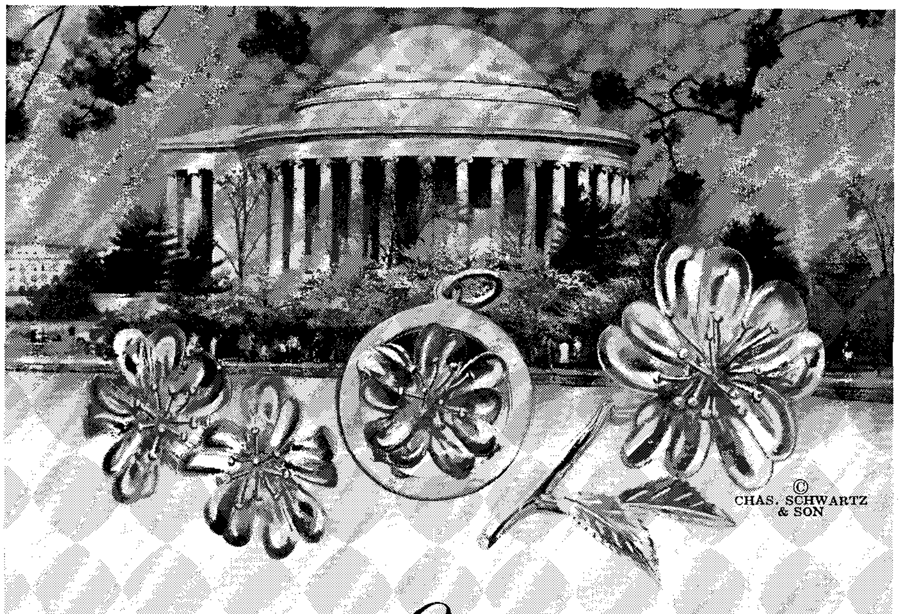

Honorable Cherry Blossom

Ours exclusively. 14k gold exquisitely crafted to make this lovely springtime flower come alive at her neckline, her ears, or on her suit. The brooch or earrings, $88. The charm, $44. Ah so.

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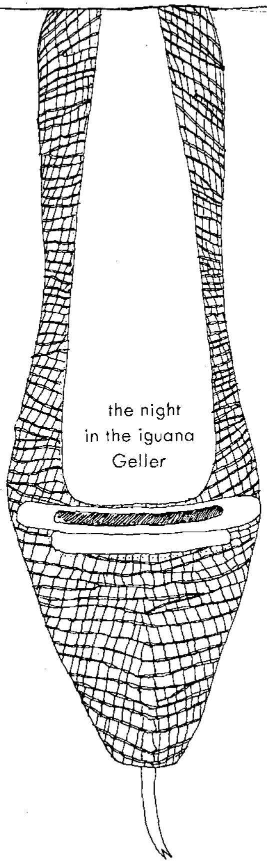

Looking for a captive creature that doesn't bite? Courage, my dear. This hunted shoe is worth the chase. For $35 you can sneak up on it in its reptile state. $28 in calf or patent. Its hiding place is under a rock at **Andrew Geller, 18 W 57.**

plenty of coffee and pastry. Would twenty-five dollars be enough?" She nodded again, and he added, "For God's sake, don't tell Otis."

At that moment, Pike came in, followed by his wife, a compact, attractive blonde with a turned-up nose and a friendly, capable manner. They went around the room greeting the people on hand. There were about fifty men and women in the room by this time, most of whom, Donner told me, were Party workers and volunteers and their relatives. He also pointed out a couple of reporters from local papers. Once the amenities were out of the way, Pike nodded to Donner, who stepped forward and asked for silence.

"I suppose you're wondering why I gathered you together here today," Donner said. Everyone laughed, and he went on, "Well, it seems that every two years, for some reason that escapes me, we find ourselves engaged in a political campaign. In the past, we have found that it helps to have a candidate. So this year, as in past years, we once again have a candidate. I give you Otis Pike."

Shaking his head over Donner's introduction, Pike stepped forward, thanked each person who was helping in the campaign, and said, "I'm told that this is going to be a particularly vicious campaign. I don't know whether it will be or not, and I don't especially care. I can take anything that my opponent can hand out. Right now he's talking about being an underdog. I hope he is, and I hope he stays that way right through Election Day. If he is an underdog, he's an underdog with all the money in the world. You've seen all those billboards and posters and newspaper ads, and heard all those radio spots. We just don't have the money to match him—nowhere near the money. It's going to mean work—hard work—for you and for me. I know that everyone is going to pitch in, and I know we're going to win."

After his pep talk, Pike took the two local newspaper reporters aside and gave them copies of Catterson's letter and résumé. They read the documents and then, in the classic Hollywood style of the nineteen-thirties, dived for the nearest telephones. I recalled that Pike had intended to save the letter until the last week of the campaign, and now I asked him why he had released it so early. "Things are too slow," he explained. "I've never seen it like this before. It's got me worried, so I thought I'd speed it up some."

A pugnacious-looking young man,

who turned out to be notably mild-mannered, came up to us, and Pike introduced him as Joseph Quinn, assistant principal of a junior high school in Centereach and Pike's permanent representative in the Smithtown area.

"How's it look?" Pike asked.

"I don't like it," Quinn answered. "I'm really concerned about the apathy. And it's not just the voters who are apathetic. Our area's Democratic organization is even worse. The other day, I went over to our headquarters, and it wasn't even open. It's like a Republican organization in Mississippi. The only time our people aren't apathetic is when they're dealing with each other. Over in Islip, it's so bad that if you put a dozen committeemen together at dinner someone is sure to throw a plate of soup at someone. But the Republicans have a great organization. They have a campaign bus just for Smithtown. It has loudspeakers on top and a little balcony in the rear so the candidate can come out and speak to the crowd. And they've got all those billboards. We could sure use some billboards."

"But you're not going to get them," Pike said.

"Then it would help if we had a candidate around full time," Quinn told him.

Pike smiled and replied, "You're not going to get that, either, until Congress adjourns. And the latest word is that we won't be out for another three weeks." Quinn winced, and Pike went on, "The problem is that if you go home early, as about a hundred members of the House already have, your opponent says you're not looking after your constituents' interests. And if you stay in Washington, as I have, he says you're afraid to come home and debate."

I recalled reading somewhere that many of the more seasoned members of Congress were publicly complaining about being unable to get home and campaign but were privately delighted at being tied down in Washington. As long as the House was in session, the explanation went, a candidate was able to assume the virtuous stance of hard-working congressman, but once he was back home on the campaign trail he was just another candidate. I asked Pike about this, and he smiled and turned to greet a woman who was passing by, and then wandered off. Donner was standing alone across the room, so I went over and put the same question to him. He roared with laughter. "The charming thing about politics is its purely amoral quality," he said. "There is

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Angel. She-devil. Idol of the world.

Sarah Bernhardt was the most talked-about, written-about, honored—and maligned—woman of her time.

Stories still circulate about her loves and lovers, her vast fortunes, eccentricities, whims and scandals; her acts of patriotism and tenderness, her explosive temper, and the hypnotic acting ability with which she conquered the world.

Today, Bernhardt's biography, *Madame Sarah,* is a runaway best seller. Thousands of people are buying it at their bookstores.

And this April millions of people will read it, condensed, in The Reader's Digest.

Digest editors spend thousands of hours each month reading books from all publishers, selecting those which seem best to them. And The Reader's Digest also commissions books. *Madame Sarah,* by Cornelia Otis Skinner, is only one of many distinguished, best-selling books which have been written with Digest sponsorship. Two other current examples: *The Last Battle,* by Cornelius Ryan; *Inside South America,* by John Gunther.

But the *Book Section* is just one of the reasons why more than 50 million Americans will be turning to The Digest this April.

Some other reasons:

Youthful shoplifting: an epidemic. "Everywhere throughout the country the under-21 group is on the greatest shoplifting spree in our history. Many of these youngsters have never been taught to think of it as a crime—or of themselves as criminals when they steal in stores. To them, it's more like a sport." A sobering look at a most dangerous "game," condensed from *Christian Herald.*

What about the new electric car? "Now it's official: Detroit will produce an electric car. Research models already are rolling. Within five to ten years the new cars could be in your local showroom." The exciting story of what may be one answer to the problem of our contaminated air, condensed from *Popular Science Monthly.*

LBJ's wondrous "war budget." "The President says his proposed income-tax hike will give our 'fighting men in Vietnam the help they need.' If that justification were sound, no American could oppose it. However, the budget for the 1968 fiscal year shows big domestic-spending increases which will more than drain off all this 'war' cash." Here are the shocking facts—facts that challenge every citizen to call for restraint.

The Negro and the American dream. Despite all the progress Negroes have made, much bitterness and turmoil still trouble our society. Carl T. Rowan explains what remains to be done if our nation is to meet the challenge of providing equal justice and opportunity for all its citizens. An exclusive Digest report by the man who has been both Ambassador to Finland and the Director of the U.S. Information Agency.

Does NATO have a future? At enormous cost and inconvenience to his allies, President Charles de Gaulle has forced NATO to leave France. What lies ahead now for Europe and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization? An authoritative and enlightening appraisal.

Laser—the light fantastic. "It shoots out the sharpest, purest, most intense light ever known. It can make lead run like water or, when focused at close range, it can vaporize any substance on earth. The purposes to which it may be put in the industrial and scientific world are many and varied—and some experts foresee the laser industry growing to somewhere between a half-billion and a billion dollars a year by 1970 in the United States alone." A report from the frontiers of science, condensed from *National Geographic.*

The unforgettable Bernard Gimbel. "He was the most ebullient, life-loving man I have ever known. Whether he was negotiating a multi-million-dollar deal, devouring a gargantuan platter of corned beef and cabbage, jogging five miles before breakfast or betting on a horse race, he did it with a verve and gusto that was pure joy to watch." An affectionate portrait by an old friend—former heavyweight boxing champion Gene Tunney.

Also in the April issue:

Our "Limited" War in the South China Sea
The Most Nerve-Shattering Word in the Language
How to Be Happy Though Incompatible
Expo '67: Canada's Billion-Dollar Birthday Party
Peter, Prince of Apostles
Now You Can Double Your Learning Power
Who Is Ronald Reagan?

All told, 31 major articles, plus a variety of departmental features, excerpts, anecdotes and humor.

Small wonder The Digest is the world's best seller. This month. Any month. (Over 28 million copies of every issue—printed in 14 languages—are bought in countries around the globe.)

Reader's Digest

WORLD'S BEST SELLER

Portrait by Georges Clairin, Petit Palais Museum, Paris. Photo: Agraci

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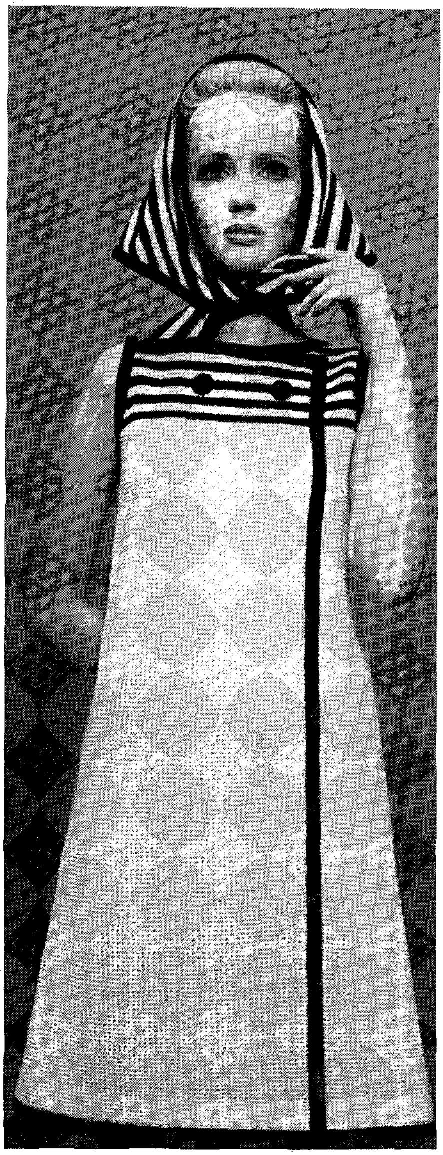
LOVES
EMERY



Emery Knits designed by Micia Jr.
of Rome. The dress that poses
the little-coat look. High yoke
with soldierly buttons and stripes.
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nothing to deal with but facts." Then he, too, wandered off.

Not long before the end of the festivities, I noticed a poster announcing that a testimonial dinner for Pike would be held that evening in Riverhead, with "many famous personalities." Donner happened by and told me that, apart from Pike, the famous personalities were a candidate for the State Supreme Court and one for the Assembly, neither of whom had a chance of winning. "Mostly, it gives Otis an opportunity to stir up the troops and provide them with a few arguments to use with their friends and co-workers," he said. "The rest will be the usual. You know—'the man who,' 'our fine slate,' 'victory in November,' and greasy roast beef."

Donner turned out to be quite right, I found—especially about the roast beef. After dinner, several local politicians got up to speak, and were followed by the two state candidates, who had little regard for the stuff of rhetoric and less for the passage of time. Fifty-odd people had paid seven dollars and fifty cents apiece for this experience, and they were beginning to look dangerous by the time Pike's turn came, an hour and a half later. Within a couple of minutes, though, they were sitting back in their chairs laughing as he told a slightly risqué story of which he was the butt. Once he had the audience with him, he moved on to the issues that Catterson had been talking about. Disposing quickly of the war, inflation, and racial unrest, Pike then brought up a few specific local issues—chiefly, I gathered, for the benefit of the troops. The first was a charge made by Catterson that Pike had done nothing about getting federal funds to stabilize the Moriches Inlet, on the South Shore, where the currents were so treacherous that several people had drowned in recent years and boating was almost impossible. Catterson had repeatedly stated that Pike hadn't even appeared before the Public Works Committee to testify on the problem. Pike said Catterson was quite right, and added, "If my opponent knew anything about Congress, he would know that the matter was pending before the Appropriations Committee, that I testified there, and that although the Administration's appropriations bill was cut by a hundred and fifty-six million dollars, I was able to get one hundred thousand dollars added to it for a study of the inlet. And every Republican on Long Island voted against that bill." Another issue was a second federal appropriation—forty-six million dollars to improve the nuclear

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accelerator at Brookhaven—which had also been passed over the opposition of the Long Island Republicans. (Actually, the votes Pike was referring to were cast against the omnibus appropriations bill, not against these specific parts of it.) Still another issue was a contest among six sites that were being considered by the government for a two-hundred-billion-electron-volt particle accelerator, which was to cost three hundred and seventy-five million dollars and was expected to create several thousand jobs. Catterson had been claiming that Pike hadn't done enough to persuade the government to build the accelerator at Brookhaven. "He's the only one who thinks so," Pike said. "*Newsday* reported that the Atomic Energy Commission stated that we had put on the best campaign in the country. I helped set up a meeting with the Atomic Energy Commission to discuss the advantages of Brookhaven. Both of New York's senators were there. Most of New York's representatives were there. People from the telephone company and the power company were there. Representatives of the Civil Rights Commission were there. Local business groups were there. And where was my opponent? I'll tell you where he was. He was at a dinner of Republican fat cats in New York City to honor two hundred and seven people who had contributed a thousand dollars apiece to the Republican Party." That was apparently as much in the way of issues as Pike wanted to rain on the heads of his audience, for he then launched into a peroration consisting of sentimental generalities and concluded, "I like human beings more than I like pieces of property or portfolios of stock or money in the bank. If I didn't like human beings, I wouldn't be in politics."

EARLY the following week, I drove over to Pike's headquarters again—this time to see how the campaign was conducted there on an average day. When I arrived, a harried but cheerful woman of about thirty with a plump, amiable face and brown curly hair, who I knew was Pike's Polish secretary, Mrs. Barbara Anderson, was talking on the telephone. I sat down nearby, and when she hung up she turned to me and sighed. "Awful—just awful," she said. "One of Mr. Pike's constituents, a soldier stationed in Japan, just called the Washington office. It seems that his wife died suddenly in Tokyo a few days ago. They sent her body back to this country on a cargo plane, and he followed on a com-

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mercial airliner. Now they can't find the casket. The poor man is frantic." Excusing herself, she picked up the telephone and called Kennedy Airport to see if there was any news of the casket, which was presumed to have got that far. There wasn't, so she asked the people at Kennedy to see if they could expedite the search and let her know as soon as they had any definite news.

Once she had finished jotting down the details of that call, I asked her about her part in the campaign, and she told me she directed most of the work of the volunteers, who would probably number around two hundred when things really got going, and that she also handled all the problems brought to the local office by Pike's constituents. She received an average of a hundred telephone calls a week from constituents, and took care of about half the problems on the spot, she said; the other half had to be referred to Washington for Pike or his secretaries there to handle. "Of course, dealing with constituents is one of the biggest parts of Mr. Pike's job," she went on. "And it's a vital part of his campaign over the long run." When I asked her how the constituents' difficulties figured in a political campaign, she explained that, in addition to the fifty-odd memoranda she forwarded to the Washington office every week, about three hundred letters from Pike's constituents went there direct, so that, all told, he and his staff dealt with roughly twenty thousand requests a year. I gathered that if Pike helped, or made a reasonable effort to help, most of the people who came to him, he thereby created an enormous fund of good will and publicity for himself—even if in some cases he accomplished nothing more than fixing his name in people's minds. The telephone rang again, and after Mrs. Anderson had answered it she told me that it had to do with an Italian alien who had been a stonecutter until the company employing him went bankrupt. "The government notified him that under the law he would be deported soon if he didn't find other work," she said. "He just got a job with a construction outfit, and that satisfied the Immigration people. Now it turns out that his salary is only forty dollars a week, which is below the minimum wage, so the Department of Labor objects to his staying." I asked what other kinds of calls she received, and, opening her notebook, she flipped back several pages and described the calls that had come in so far that day. There was one from a woman who asked for the address of the American

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Jul 28	Raffaello	20	9	741	977
Sep 28	Raffaello	21	10	624	840
Oct 7	Michelangelo	20	9	624	840
Oct 20	Raffaello	21	8	558	752
Dec 24*	Raffaello	23	9	558	752

*Also from Port Everglades on Dec. 26

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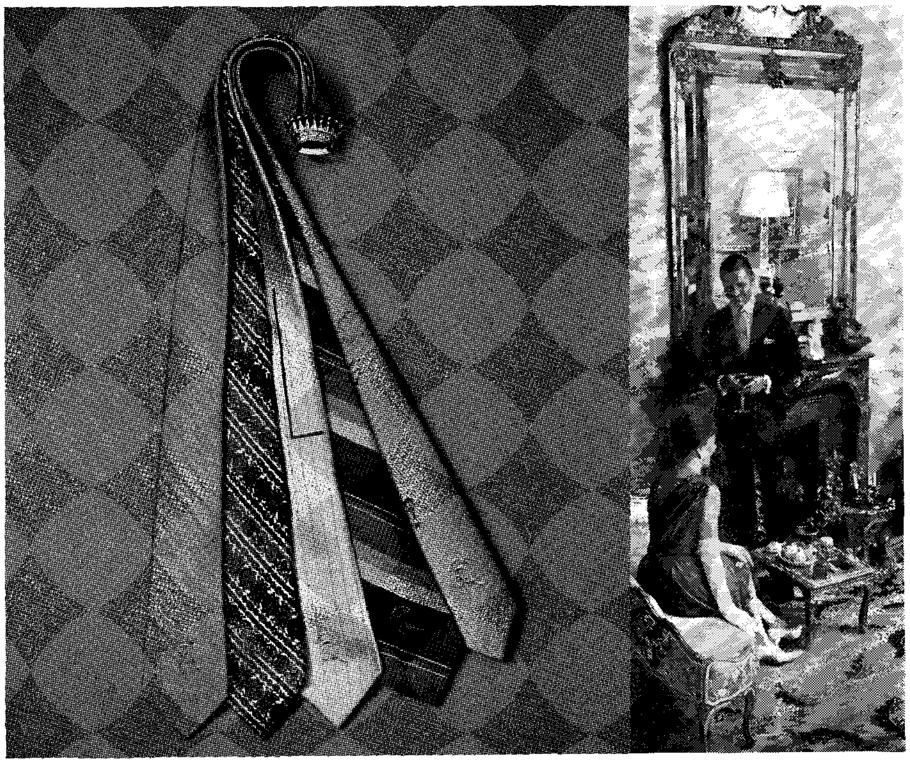

Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million"

As the season of fresh beginnings, Spring is a particularly appropriate time for announcing this new edition of Countess Mara ties. Never has the Countess' talent for tasteful innovation appeared to better advantage. It is as apparent in ties priced from $7.50 to $15 (such as those illustrated) as it is in her special creations at $100. Each tie, as always, is subtly embroidered with the famous CM coronet.

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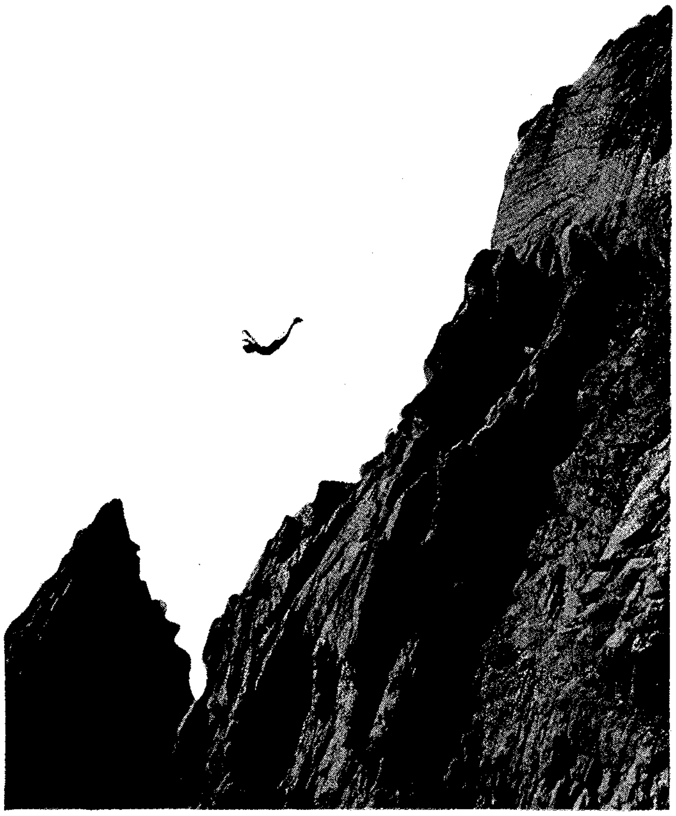
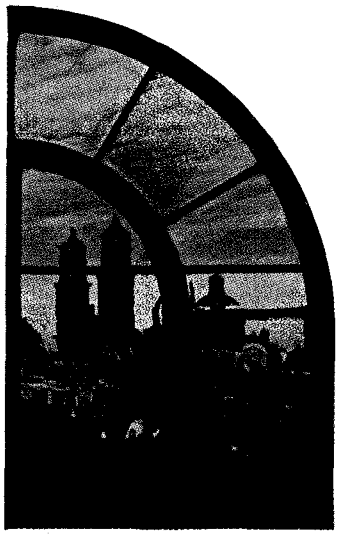
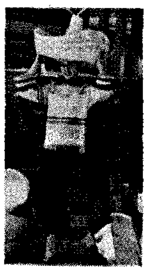
Hathaway® is a division of The Warner Bros. Co.







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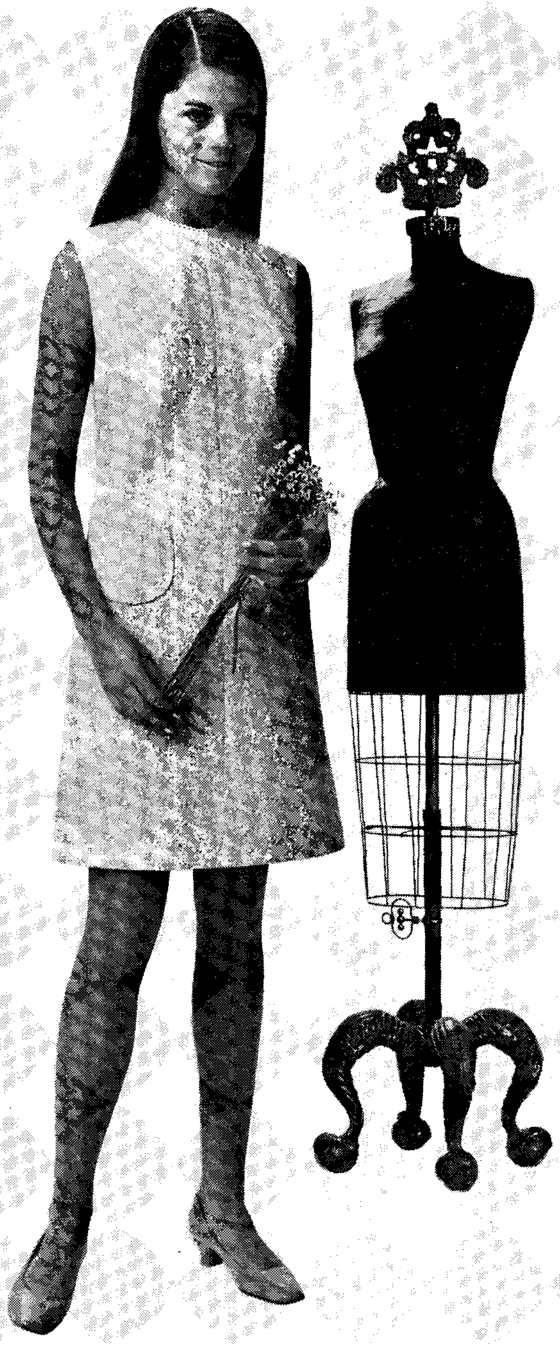
ambassador to Japan, so that she could write to him and complain about not being invited to an Embassy party during a visit to Tokyo; one from a man who wanted to make a campaign contribution; one from a woman who wanted to know how her nephew should go about applying for admission to the Merchant Marine Academy; one from a man who insisted that Pike get him a higher rating in his government job, even though Pike had gone to bat for him on this before and had failed; one from a man whose son had been rejected for Officer Candidate School in the Army and who now wanted to get the boy on the Navy's Officer Candidate list, apparently to keep him out of Vietnam; one from a man who had lost his Social Security check; one from a man who claimed that although his son had severe rheumatoid arthritis, he had been drafted, and asked if Pike could get him a medical discharge; one from a woman who had been denied admission to the practical-nurse training program under the Office of Economic Opportunity because her husband was employed, and said that since she had five children and her husband was an alcoholic, she should be made an exception, so she would have some means of support when her husband drank himself to death; one from a former naval officer who had rented his house to an active naval officer who had decamped leaving scores of unpaid bills and, the caller feared, a black mark against the Navy; one from a young woman who had become pregnant while her husband was away in the Army and wanted to put the child up for adoption before he came back; and several inquiries about state matters, which were referred to local legislators. "Oh, yes," Mrs. Anderson added, turning a page. "There was also a call from a woman whose little boy was bitten by a dog. I don't know what she expected Mr. Pike to do. I told her to call the police, but that wasn't good enough. She wanted Washington to act."

Donner came in just then, waving a red-white-and-blue poster bearing a picture of Catterson, his name, and below that the word "Congressman." Donner said, "Otis ought to kill him with this." Now he noticed, on the wall, a recently arrived two-and-a-half-by-three-foot poster with Pike's picture on it. "Speaking of posters, on that one, as Rocky would say, I goofed," he said. "Where are we going to put a thousand of those? After all, this isn't redwood country." I accompanied him over to the table for some



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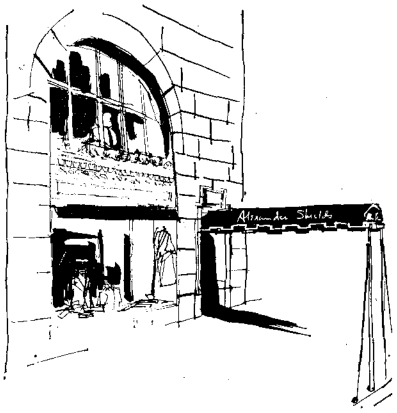

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coffee, and he asked if I had seen the *Press* article on Catterson's letter to Pike asking for a job. I said I hadn't, so he pulled out a clipping, with one sentence underlined: "[He] blew his top and accused Pike of 'brazenly falsifying' a patriotic offer to serve his country." Donner added, with a laugh, "At a salary several thousand dollars higher than he was making. I love high-priced patriots." He took another piece of paper out of his pocket—this one a press release from Catterson's office on the same subject. Again one sentence was underlined: "This letter was written because of my concern over the tactics being used in Vietnam and the headline-hunting of the incumbent congressman, sniping away at the Air Force Air-to-Ground Support System." Laughing, Donner explained, "Otis has given the Pentagon people, including Secretary McNamara, a hard time in hearings. The only way I can interpret Catterson's statement is that he intended to go to work for Otis and then sandbag him. I also heard that Catterson got sore because *Newsday* and the *Press* weren't using his releases, so he called them and complained. An astute political tactic—for our side. Nothing makes newspapers angrier than being told what to print."

A moment later, Mrs. Pike, wearing dungarees, sneakers, and a rumpled raincoat, hurried in. "I just got a call from Otis," she told Donner. "He can't make the public-school dinner in Commack Friday night, because the House will be in session. I'm going in his place." She gathered up some papers that Mrs. Anderson had prepared for her, waved to us, and left.

"Doris is a marvellous campaigner," Donner said to me. "She's in there fighting every minute. She was a high-school home-economics teacher before she married Otis, so this Commack thing will be just right for her."

A sandy-haired, blue-eyed man in his early forties walked in. Donner introduced him to me as Robert T. Waldbauer, the Mayor of Patchogue and Pike's year-round representative for the Town of Brookhaven, of which Patchogue is a part, and which contains a quarter of the voters in the First District.

"How's it look?" Waldbauer asked.

"Peculiar," Donner answered. "Apathy is ours."

"I need some more bumper stickers and posters," Waldbauer said.

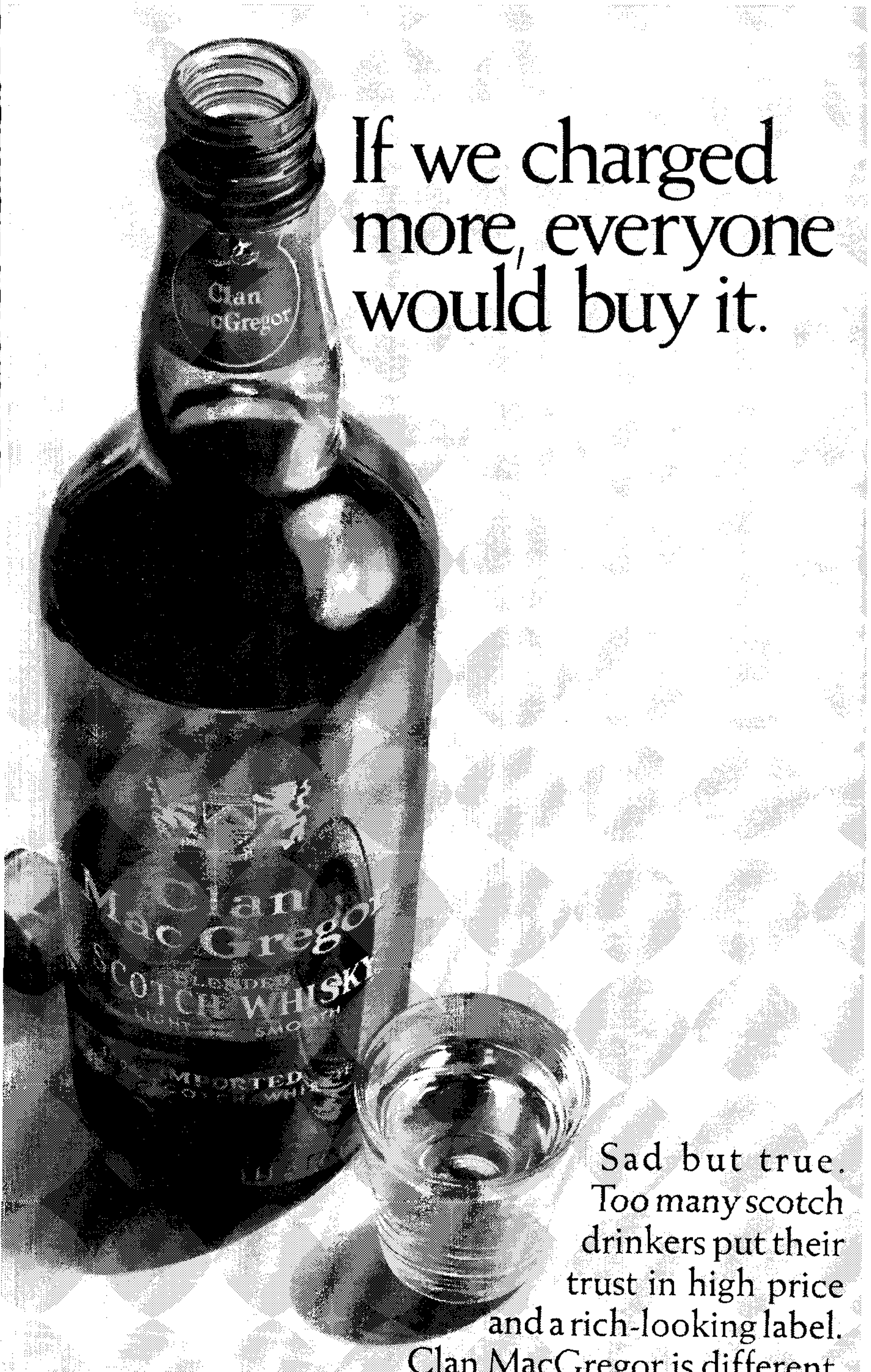
"Don't give out more than three or four stickers at a time," Donner told him. "People just throw them away. Now, if you want to get two or three hundred of Catterson's and make whatever use of them seems most appropriate, I can't see any objection."

"I could put them indiscriminately on empty parked cars," Waldbauer said, with a grin. "People always love to find them when they come back."

"The windshield might be best," Donner said.

I left a few minutes later, and on my way out I passed Mrs. Anderson, who had just finished talking on the telephone. She beamed at me and said, "They found the casket!"

DURING most of the next three weeks, Representative Pike was in Washington, caught in the pre-adjournment rush to dispose of the Administration's top-priority bills, so I followed Catterson's campaign, mostly by reading the local papers and his press releases. "The surprisingly leisurely pace of this year's campaign in Suffolk is finally beginning to pick up," the Long Island *Press* said around that time. "After a slow start, James M. Catterson Jr. has been making a vigorous run against Representative Otis G. Pike." Although the general tone of the newspaper coverage gave the impression that Catterson had a fair chance of unseating Pike, the purported new vigor of his campaign seemed to consist chiefly in his appearing in more places to say the same things about the war, inflation, and racial violence, and to charge that Pike was "afraid to run as the Administration Democrat he is," was afraid to debate, and was afraid to end the war in Vietnam by "bombing the North into submission." One of Catterson's press releases announced that because of the President's "no-win policy," Charles Staneck, Jr., of Islip, a plumber and former Marine, was "jumping on the Catterson bandwagon," in the belief that "a Republican Congress in general and Jim Catterson in particular will help develop solutions to these pressing problems." To dramatize the inflation issue, Catterson went to markets in Brentwood and Central Islip and gave each passing housewife eight pennies—the amount that the price of a loaf of bread had risen since the Democrats took over in 1961. And to dramatize himself, he passed out a costly-looking "Catterson Congressional Cookbook," with a cover photograph of him and his family having a cookout; among the favorite recipes of "noted Republicans" around the country were Iowa Cucumber Saccharine Pickles (Representative H. R. Gross), Kansas Space-Age Homemade Bread



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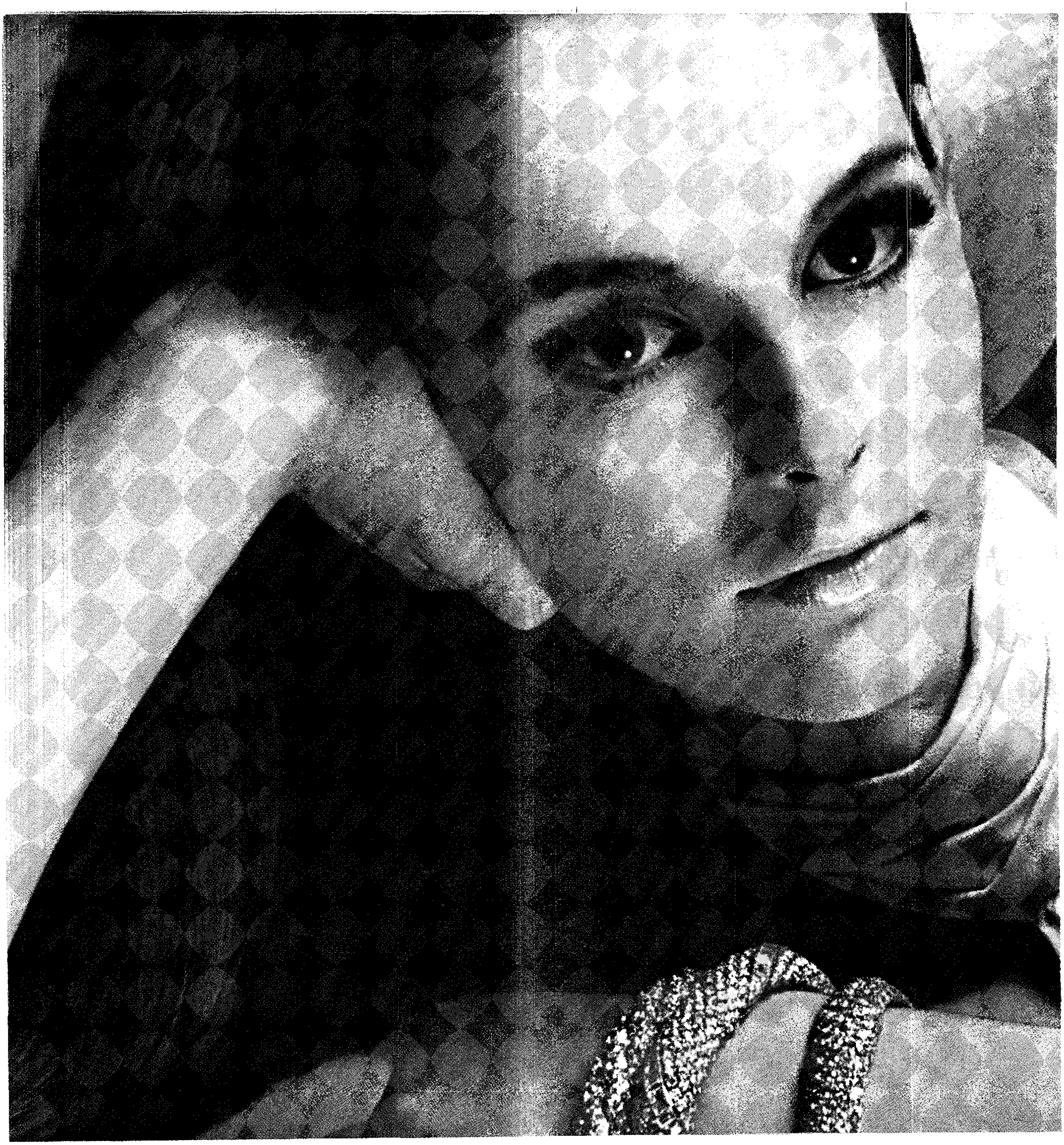

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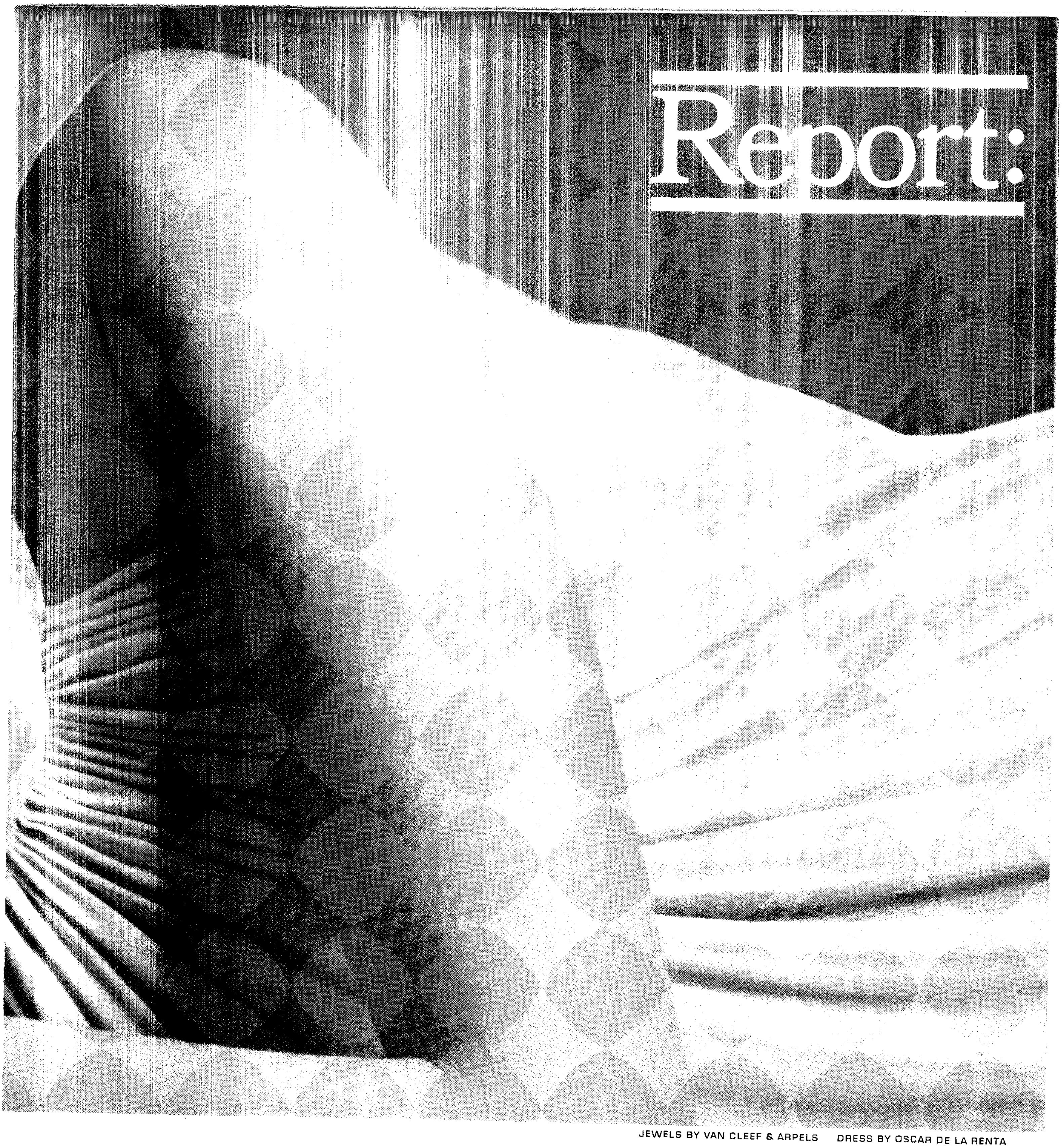

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The new 'Ultima' II Collection of Couture Cosmetics created by Revlon

'ULTIMA' II
Under Makeup Nutrient Creme
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ULTIMA II

(Representative Robert Ellsworth), and Oklahoma Peas, Pickle, and Peanut Salad (Representative Page Belcher). Catterson also sent out twenty thousand copies of a questionnaire asking the voters such things as "Do you think the United States should be involved in Vietnam?" and "Do you favor federal government subsidy of a birth-control program?" and "Should George Hamilton be deferred?"

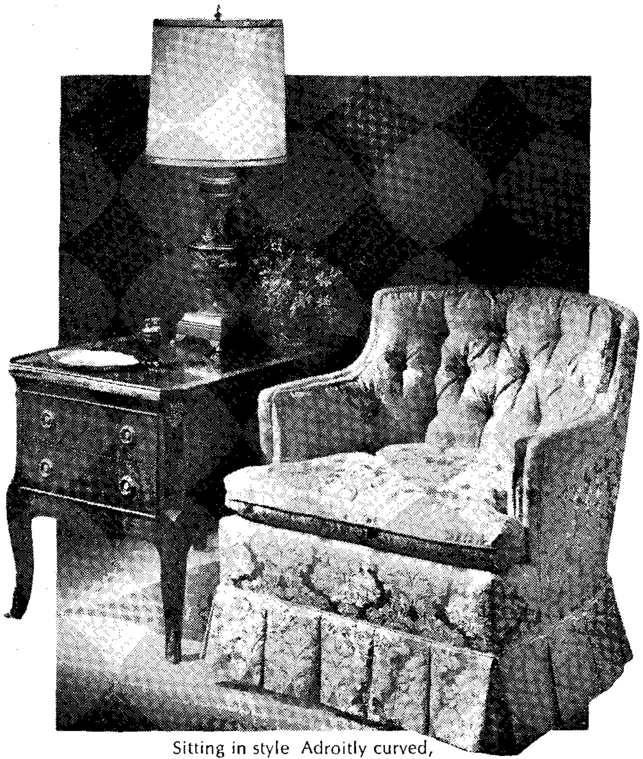
Since the beginning of October, I had been hearing both candidates' radio spot commercials, all of them more or less standard campaign fare. However, on the sixteenth, as I was waiting my turn in a barbershop, a commercial that I hadn't heard before came over the barber's radio. "Here's the latest official Vietnam casualty count from the Pentagon," a man's voice boomed out. "Five thousand five hundred twenty-eight American boys dead. Thirty thousand eight hundred twenty-three wounded." After asserting that President Johnson's recent trip to Manila had been a political "trick," the voice concluded, "And where will it all end? With the death of your son, brother, nephew, friend? . . . It'll take united action to win this one. Elect Jim Catterson to Congress on November 8th to help get it."

A man who was being shaved pushed the barber away and sat up. "Why, the son of a bitch!" he said.

Later, I called Donner to ask if he had heard the commercial, and he said he had. "This may be the big break of the campaign," he told me. "I understand the radio stations carrying the spots have got a lot of angry calls from listeners. Right now I'm busy organizing spontaneous calls from outraged wives and mothers."

A couple of days later, Pike struck back at Catterson through an interview in the *Press*. "It's a sick and cruel ad," he said. "If he wants to blame the war on me, that's his business. . . . I hope he keeps it up until Election Day, because I have confidence that most people will recognize it as nauseous, contemptible demagoguery."

Catterson retorted that he would stand by the commercial. "Distortions, innuendoes, and smears are conceived by candidates failing to camouflage their basic inadequacies," he told the press. "All this is a cover for a man who is frightened." Catterson soon had cause to be a lot more frightened, politically speaking, than Pike, for *Newsday* then ran an editorial entitled "Reprehensible!" in which the paper attacked Catterson for attempting to "make capital



Sitting in style Adroitly curved, tailored chair has luxuriously padded back and arms. Table in an understated French mood.
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There's a quality about a home with Henredon
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These vases, beautifully cut and classical in shape are replicas of originals circa 1820-1840 now in the BACCARAT Museum in Paris. Left $145; Right $185. Each 10 inches high.

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out of a war in which Americans are dying." This, Donner assured me, all but guaranteed Pike *Newsday's* endorsement—the most influential factor in the entire campaign. The following day, Pike got the endorsement of the weekly Suffolk County *News*, which stated, "He is the finest Congressman this district has had in many years." And the day after that the Long Island *Press*, which is the second most influential newspaper on the Island, came out for him, too, in a lengthy editorial. "His talent for persuasion and debate have won him respect and made his an effective voice for his district," the paper asserted, and added that Catterson was "simply not in the same league."

CONGRESS finally adjourned on Saturday, October 22nd, and the next day Pike began campaigning full time. That afternoon, I joined him and Mrs. Pike at the Terryville District Firehouse, near Port Jefferson, where an ambulance was being dedicated to the memory of a deceased volunteer fireman named Peter Seitz. Pike made his way through a crowd of perhaps fifty firemen and as many of their relatives and friends. He paused here and there to shake hands and chat for a moment, being careful not to make any partisan remarks. "I'm surprised they invited me to a non-political affair this close to election time, especially since Catterson lives near here," he told me. "This is the best kind of thing for me to attend—like the Polish dinner." At the dedication ceremony, Pike spoke briefly, and non-politically, about how men like Seitz contributed to their community instead of merely taking from it, and thanked the firemen for the kind of tribute they had chosen and for letting him join them in it. Then, after shaking some more hands, he left.

I went along with the Pikes on the ride to their next engagement—a rally of the Three Village Democratic Club, in East Setauket, a few miles away. During the ride, I mentioned the newspaper stories I had been reading, and Pike told me that when it came to endorsements, he expected to split the district's two dozen weekly newspapers with Catterson but to get the support of both *Newsday* and the New York *Times*. "I've been getting a better break with the weeklies than usual," he continued. "For instance, the Long Island *Advance*, which is an arch-Republican paper, always used to run five pictures of my opponent to every one of me. Last week, I was surprised to see that it had only one of Catterson along with one of me. In fact, I was so sur-

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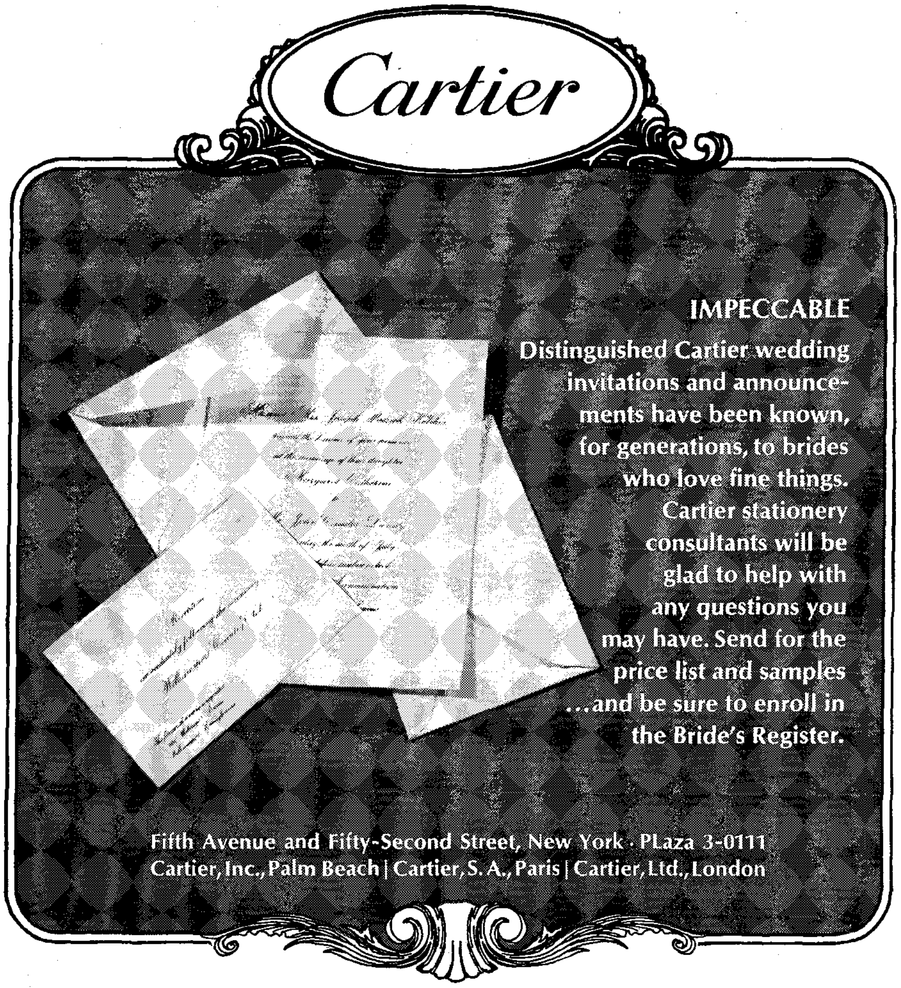
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prised that I wired the publisher and asked if the paper had been surreptitiously sold." He went on to tell me that Catterson's claim of having been chosen one of the "Outstanding Young Men in America" had appeared in both the New York *News* and the Riverhead *News-Review*, and in a couple of Catterson's brochures as well. "I'm not sure what I should do," Pike said. "If I attack him, I could just create sympathy for him. Does the public really care about a thing like a lie of that sort? I just don't know."

"Otis, I feel very confident about the east end of the Island," Mrs. Pike interjected. He nodded, and she said, "I think you'll do better there than last time. The only area I'm worried about is Smithtown."

At the rally—a cocktail party in the ballroom of a restaurant called the Country Corner—I saw Quinn, Pike's man in Smithtown, and went over to ask him about the prospects in his bailiwick. "I've been out knocking on doors and talking to people, and most of them have never heard of Catterson," he told me. "They know that Pike's their congressman. That's the big thing. And many of the people who *have* heard of Catterson don't care for the way he's blaming everything except cancer on Pike. They're particularly sore about that radio spot."

I asked Quinn what else he had been doing, and he said, "Well, we sealed, stamped, and mailed thirty-five thousand brochures for the Smithtown area in two days. That was one time my nine children came in handy. We had about twenty volunteers—maybe eight or nine of them other kids. Tomorrow night, we start with brochures for four thousand newly registered voters in our area."

Mrs. Pike came up to Quinn and asked, "Did that Cook girl who called headquarters get in touch with you?"

He nodded. "She's already typed up address labels for the new registrants in two election districts," he said.

"Good," she said. "How's it look?"

"I think we're there," he answered.

At noon the next day, Pike attended a luncheon meeting of the Port Jefferson Rotary Club, held at the Elk Hotel, and I dropped in at the end of the meal to see what was going on. Just after I sat down, Rotarian songbooks were passed around, and the hundred or so men on hand began singing to the accompaniment of a piano in the back of the room. I had never been to a Rotary meeting before, and was surprised when they batted out "It Had to

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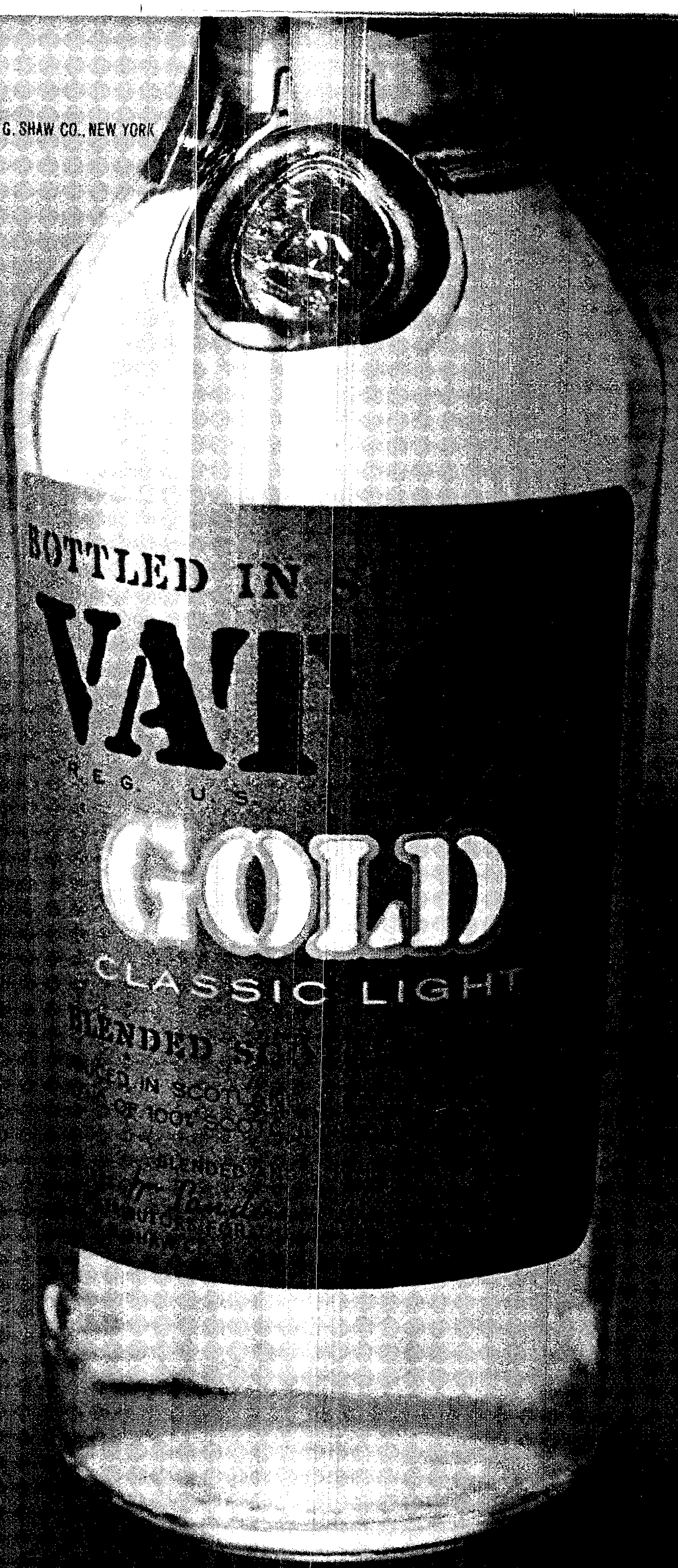

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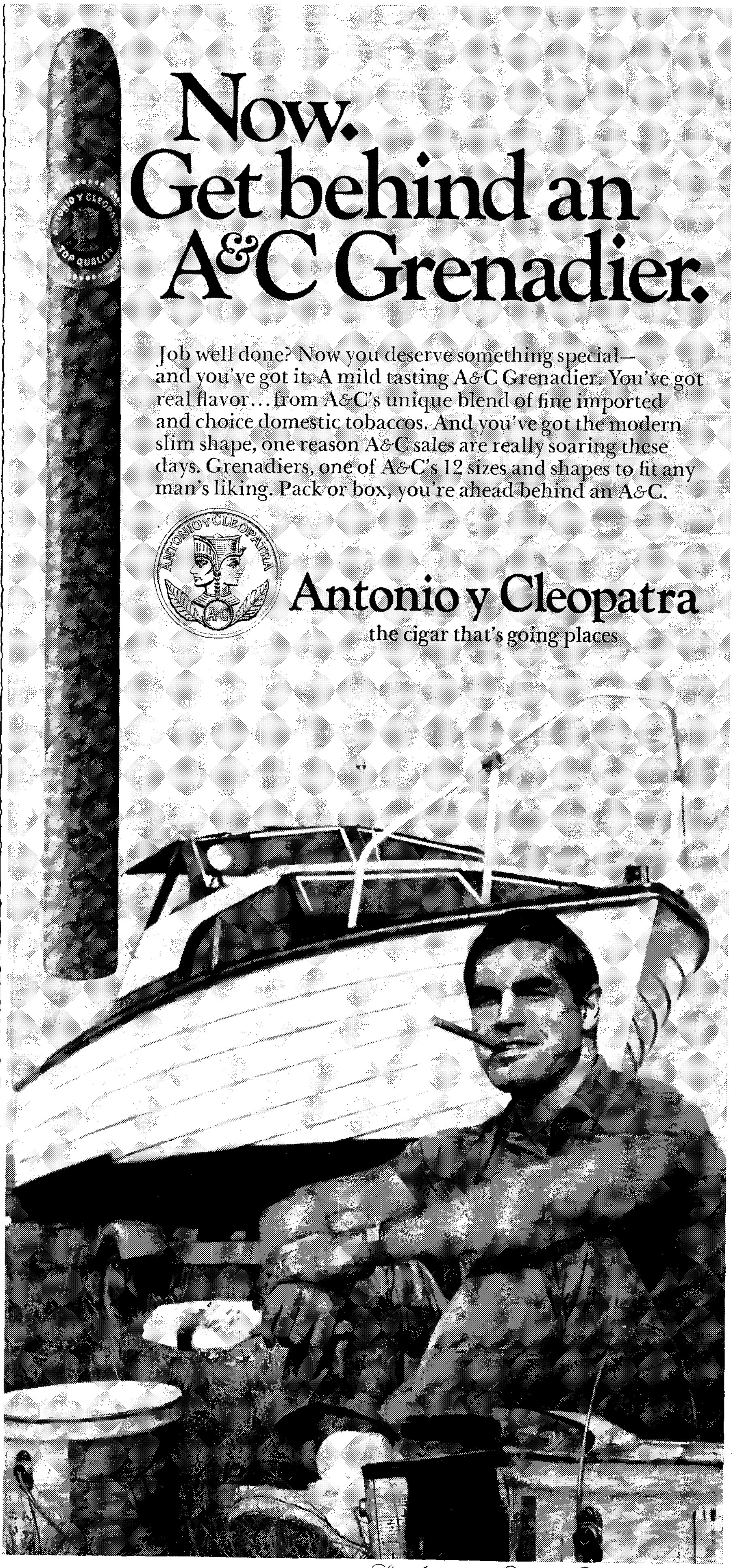
but always call for the Scotch with the Golden Light taste.

Be You" and "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," but Pike was obviously used to such occasions; he sang along with the rest, without using the songbook. Afterward, he got up to speak on what the master of ceremonies described as "a non-partisan subject that is expected to have a great effect on the elections this year"—the war in Vietnam. Pike started out by saying that he was aware he was in enemy territory, Port Jefferson being Catterson's home ground and generally a Republican area—facts that he said he had been reminded of when he entered the hotel through the bar and a man there had snarlingly identified himself as a Republican. "Then he bought me a drink," Pike said. "It's nice to see that things don't change." Having established his association with Republican voters, he went on to tell a joke that lumped President Johnson with Ho Chi Minh, and, having dissociated himself from the Democratic Administration, he said that he supported the President all the way in his conduct of the war. He talked for a few minutes about the purposes of the war—to preserve the freedom of the South Vietnamese, and to stop the growth of Asian Communism without escalation into a world war. Toward the end of his speech, he told about a woman from East Hampton whose son had had both legs blown off in Vietnam. She had called Pike's office for help in expediting a visa application so that she could fly to Manila, where the boy was in a hospital, and Pike had told her to get on the plane and promised that the visa would be waiting at the other end. "I've never met that woman, but I'm gonna meet her before I die," he said. "Do you know that, with all her grief, she took the time to write and thank me all the way from the Philippines? A letter like that makes up for all the draft-card burning and street demonstrations. Yes, the war comes home to you in all sorts of ways. The worst of them is when you're asked to expedite the burial of a soldier in the Arlington National Cemetery."

LIKE every political challenger who wants publicity, Catterson repeatedly called for a series of debates, and, like every incumbent who wants to keep the limelight to himself, Pike repeatedly ignored him. Finally, though, he agreed to participate in four debates during the final two weeks of the campaign—primarily, I gathered, because it would have been impolitic to avoid the challenge altogether, and because he was convinced that few voters



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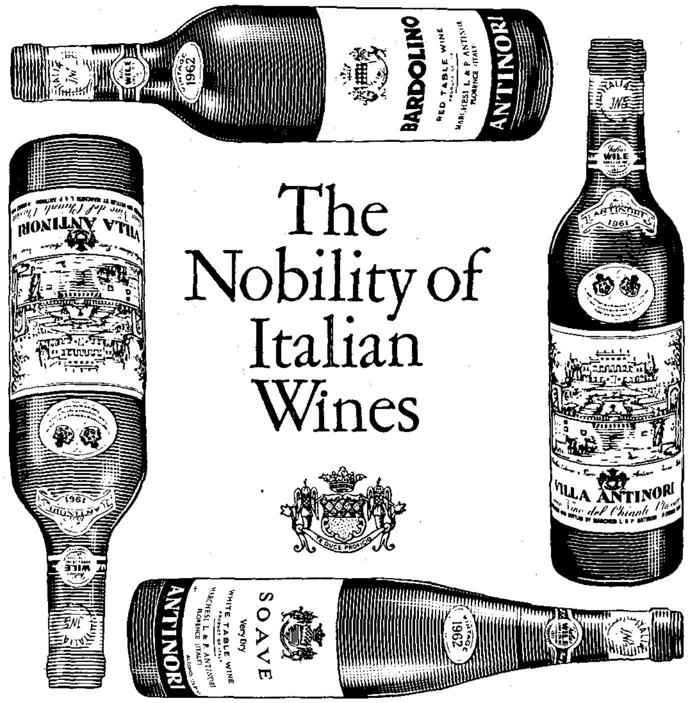

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changed their minds so late. The first debate was held on the afternoon of October 25th at the Connetquot High School, in Bohemia, before a student audience. I met Donner outside the school shortly before the time set for the debate, and we went into the still empty auditorium and took seats in the front row. Almost at once, the students—around a thousand of them—poured into the chamber. I was surprised that either candidate wanted to spend his time talking, let alone debating, before an audience of people who couldn't vote, and when I brought this up Donner said, "The audience has no importance at all. What counts is the press coverage." He seemed edgy. So did Pike when he came onstage and sat down at a table there; he fumbled through some papers and began licking his lips. "He always does that when he's nervous," Donner said, watching him. "Must be a wreck today. He looks like a lizard." I asked what sort of approach Pike intended to use, and Donner shrugged and said, "I advised him to use humor or schmalz, but he'll probably go his own way. He usually does." As soon as the auditorium was full, the moderator went to the lectern, even though Catterson had still not arrived, and began describing the backgrounds of the candidates, beginning with Pike. Just as he had finished introducing Pike and was saying, "The other candidate is James M. Catterson, Jr.," Catterson walked onstage. He received a big hand.

"Nice," Donner whispered. "Very nicely timed."

Although the debate turned out to be little more than a rehash of what the two men had been saying for the previous couple of months, it produced several surprises. For one thing, Pike, who spoke first, was neither humorous nor schmalzy; instead he was declamatory, drawing on a full range of arm-waving and table-thumping. Catterson, on the other hand, leaned casually against the lectern and spoke in a relaxed, conversational manner. For another thing, Pike immediately went on the defensive in his speech, describing the charges that Catterson had made against him and denying them one by one; Catterson, for his part, pressed the attack. And, finally, Pike allowed the debate to center on Vietnam—a topic that I had expected him to avoid, since the male half of the audience would soon be eligible for military service. Actually, he brought the subject up almost as soon as he rose to speak. Waving one of Catterson's recent press releases, he said, "See if you can figure out from this release whether he's a hawk or a dove: 'I feel peace should be achieved, and our boys safely brought home, but only by acting from strength and not adopting the peace-at-any-price tradition of the Democratic Party. A peace parley, by Asians, for Asians, should be sought, but not where it creates the impression of American weakness and confusion.' " Chopping the air with both forearms, Pike shouted, "What does he stand for? This is—this is mush!" He went on to read a statement in which Catterson called for increased bombing of North Vietnam, for a blockade of all ports in the North, and for the use of "more Asian troops, particularly from Nationalist China." Waving his arms again, Pike said, "He should've stuck with the mush! I can't conceive of anything more likely to escalate this war into a great big nuclear war, with the Red Chinese coming down from the north, than for us to bring in Nationalist Chinese from the south. The Vietnamese don't want them. The most militaristic members of the Army and the Navy don't want them. My opponent wants them. He can have them."

Catterson, when his turn came, responded, "I have called for a stepped-up war—not an escalation but an intensification—to convince Ho Chi Minh and the rest of the Communists that it's about time they came to the conference table. It was said better last week by General Eisenhower when he said, 'I would use whatever force is necessary to bring the Communists to the council tables.' And the only thing they understand is force. . . . *His* Administration"—he pointed at Pike, as he did whenever he referred to the President or the Democrats—"has done nothing. We have attempted to go forward and end the conflagration now, in a limited-war situation. He says he stands with the Administration. We all support our nation, but I reserve the right to criticize a no-win policy. If he wants to take the credit for what's going on in Vietnam, he's got to accept the responsibility." Pike had got a respectable round of applause when he sat down. Now Catterson got an ovation.

"Bad tactics—very bad," Donner said to me as the students began leaving the auditorium. "Otis not only put himself on the defensive but didn't act like a congressman at all. He should have played the seasoned legislator. You know—'I've voted on a thousand bills in the interests of the people of this

far away places with enchanting names

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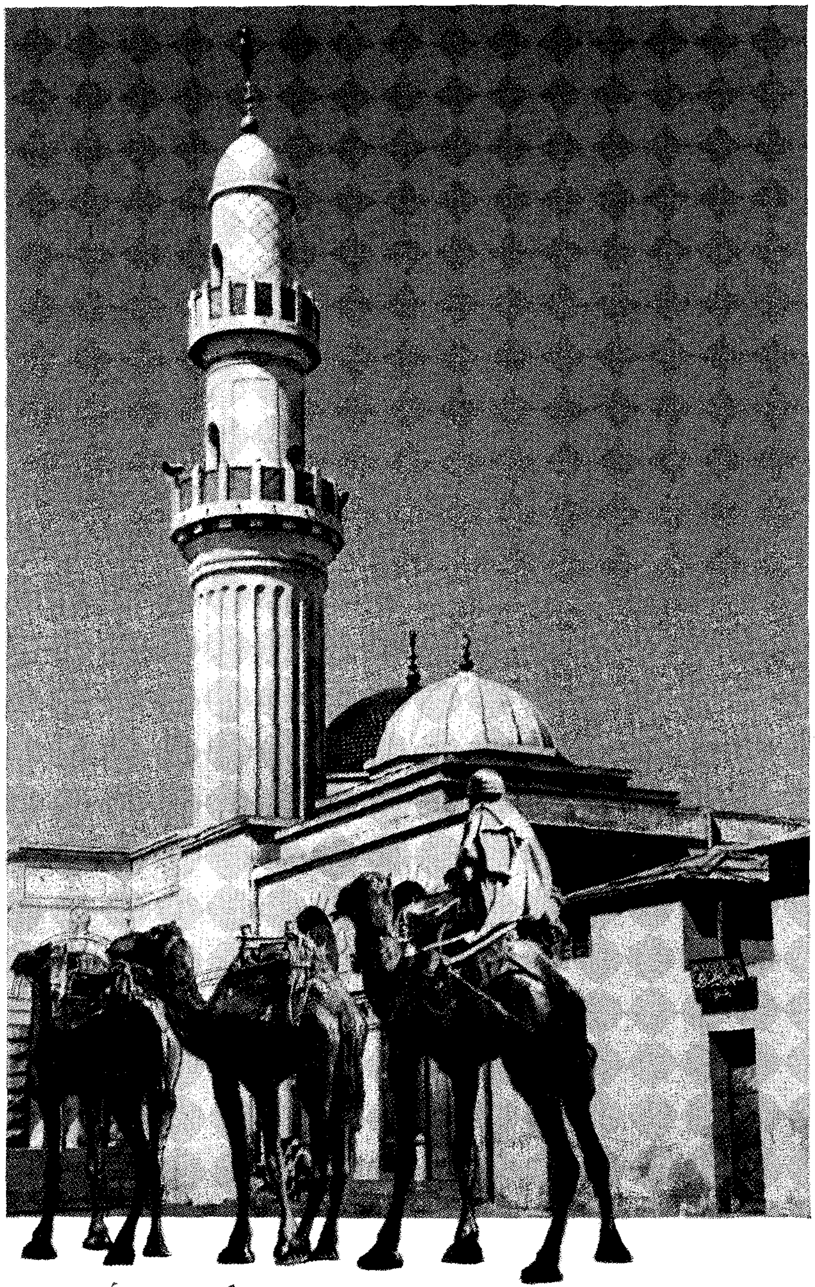

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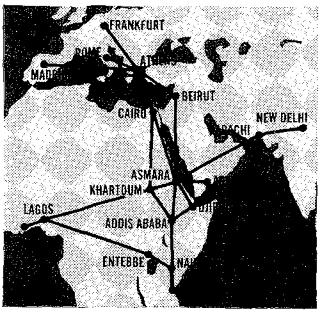

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[Leonardo Papers Found; Other Developments Analyzed]

1st International Paper Airplane Competition; A Last Backward Glance

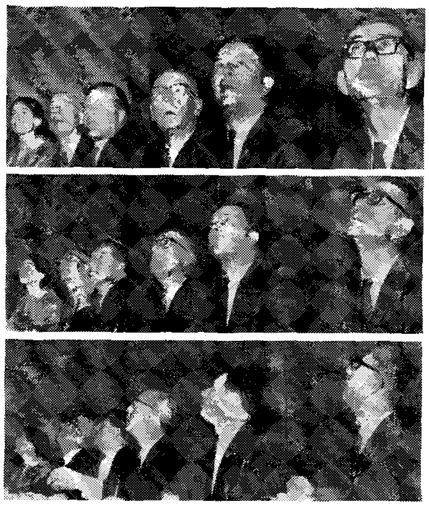

Fig. 1. Six members of the Panel of Jurors at the Scientific American 1st International Paper Airplane Competition shown during Final Flyoffs, observing one of 43 finalists launched for their study and the press. The particular entry they are watching was entered in the distance category, and flew some 87 feet before crashing into a CBS camera, at one foot three inches above ground. It was reflown.

By now, most of you are acquainted with the names, performances and other details of the Final Flyoffs held Washington's Birthday Eve at the New York Hall of Science. (As one news account put it, the event "drew international press coverage not seen since the visit of Pope Paul.")

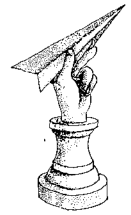

Fig. 2. The Leonardo. Proud possession of 7 winners whose paper planes were judged best of 11,851 entries.

For ready reference, however, we record the winners elsewhere on these pages together with performance data where applicable.

Our *primary* purpose now, is to review with you what we have learned from this experiment.

A Day in the Sky

This much *is* certain. At long last the hitherto uncelebrated and uncatalogued achievements of aircraft design's "underground" have had their day in the sky.

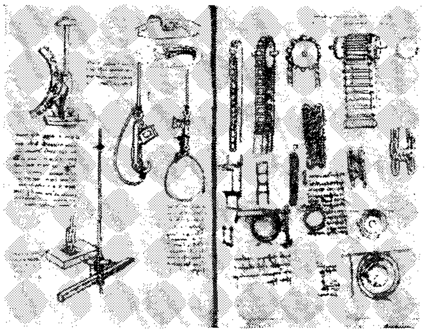

Fig. 3. Two pages of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Patron Saint of Paper Airplanes, discovered eight weeks after competition was announced. This development alone is said to have made the entire project worthwhile.

And, there's this: A mere eight weeks after our competition was formally announced the long lost notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, the Patron Saint of Paper Airplanes, whose name graces our winner's trophy (see Fig. 2 and Fig. 3), were suddenly discovered.

If no further benefit accrued to science during this project, would not this discovery be ample?

But, going on....

Berkeley Protest

One of our distinguished panel of jurors, Prof. David Hazen of Princeton's Aeronautics Dept., when asked if indeed we *had* found the key to the SST of the year 2000 flying about in a paper airplane, stated categorically, "No, we have learned nothing new at all."

Not wishing to excite controversy within academia, we must yet observe that another juror, Prof. Edmund Laitone of Berkeley protested, believing Prof. Hazen may have spoken hastily.

Several entries need further study, Prof. Laitone indicated, particularly one dart-like object distinguished by flight-perpendicular ring air foils (hoops) both forward and aft. (See Fig. 4.) Prof. Laitone felt "it raises important questions concerning an aspect of aerodynamics that has had virtually no study."

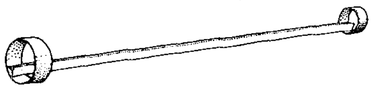

Fig. 4. Entry from Mr. P. W. Swift of Xerox Corp., considered by Prof. Edmund Laitone, Chairman of the Aeronautics Dept. at the Univ. of California, Berkeley, so interesting aerodynamically, as to warrant "serious additional study."

"I would like to know," he added, "exactly what the optimum diameter-length ratio for cylindrical lifting surfaces would be at various Mach and Reynolds numbers? We may find it demonstrates lift characteristics and stability potentials applicable to *both* supersonic and subsonic speeds."

An exciting prospect, to be sure.

And now on to the statistical data.

U. S. Government

In all, 5,144 people entered 11,851 airplanes. They came from 28 countries including Liberia and Switzerland, though the largest number of foreign entries were from Japan (some 750), mostly in origami categories. The U. S. Government, while not admitting that it considered the winning of this competition vital to national interests, was represented by entries from 18 of its agencies.

The smallest entry received measured .08 x .00003 inches (see Fig. 5) submitted by the Space Particles and Field Dept. of Aerospace Corp. The largest entry was 11 feet. Entered in the distance flown category, it flew two times its length.

Fig. 5. Actual size study of smallest entry. Submitted in the distance category with instructions to drop straight down from upstretched hand. It was decided however that distance would be judged on horizontal rather than downward vertical, as that measure would be limited by the inherent size of the individual dropping it. Furthermore, entry was discovered to be made from foil, not paper.

DR. SAKODA

The most interesting statistic, we believe, is that against an estimated 5,000 entries from children, the seven winners were all grownups and between them have devoted 314 years to paper airplane design and experimentation. All seven are engaged in science and engineering, even the origami winner, Dr. James Sakoda, a professor of anthropology who specializes in computer programming.

Frederick Hooven, of Ford, whose flying wing (see Fig. 6) won in duration aloft, learned his aerodynamics as a student of Orville Wright's, using Mr. Wright's own wind tunnel for early testing.

And Capt. R. S. Barnaby, an aerobatics winner, was founder of the N. Y. Model Aero Club back in 1909.

ENGLAND, 1934

Captain Barnaby presented us with the startling news that the very model that won him first place in our competition won him second place in a paper plane competition in England, 1934.

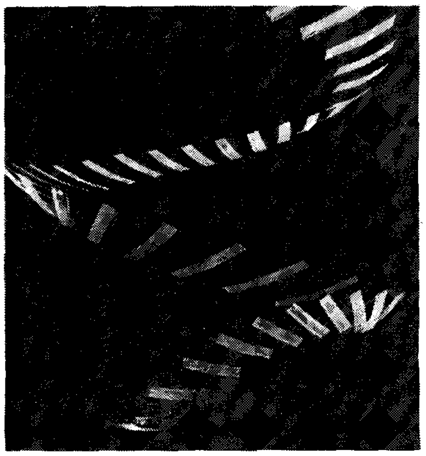

Fig. 6. Flying wing which won duration aloft category. It is shown here in stroboscopic illumination taken at 17 images per second.

Does this suggest that aerodynamics has retrogressed over the years? It is hard to say since who knows *what* won first place in '34?

You see, without continuingly available data, we have merely our imaginations to guide us, which brings us to this special good news:

2ND INTERNATIONAL

Commander Richard Schreder, another of our jury who is also national Soaring Champion, has suggested that the American Soaring Society will be pleased to keep our effort aloft, as it were, by sponsoring the 2nd International Paper Airplane Competition, a suggestion we heartily endorse.

For, even as a magazine whose readership is devoted to technological advance and for whom air travel is a way of daily life, we still remain convinced that there is a world of discovery, pleasure and satisfaction in all manner of subsonic activity, from the walking through forests to the flying of paper airplanes. Or as Capt. Lee Cermak, still another of our judges and pilot of the Goodyear blimp, Mayflower, put it:

"I don't care how much you fly, you won't ever see a jet stop just to take a better look at the sharks."

© SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 1967.

WINNERS OF THE LEONARDO

Duration aloft Nonprofessional*	Jerry A. Brinkman Assistant Sales Manager Globe Industries, Dayton, Ohio	9.9 seconds aloft
Duration aloft Professional**	Frederick Hooven, Special Consultant to the General Manager, Ford Motor Co., Detroit	10.2 seconds aloft
Distance flown Nonprofessional	Louis W. Schultz, Engineering Group Manager, Stewart Warner Corp., Oak Brook, Illinois	58 feet, 2 inches
Distance flown Professional	Robert B. Meuser, Lawrence Radiation Lab., Univ. of California, Berkeley	91 feet, 6 inches (At this point, while still aloft, entry hit rear wall of Hall of Science.)
Aerobatics Nonprofessional	Edward L. Ralston, University of Illinois, (and Clark, Dietz & Associates, Consulting Engineers) Urbana, Ill.	
Aerobatics Professional	Capt. R. S. Barnaby, USN (Ret.), Exhibits Consultant to the Director, Science Museum, Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Penn.	
Origami Nonprofessional	Prof. James Sakoda, Professor of Sociology and Anthropology, Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island	
Origami Professional	The judges did not consider that any entry in this category was worthy of The Leonardo.	

NOTE: All entries were pre-tested by students of the NASA Goddard Inst. of Space Studies who reported that entries performed considerably better in preliminary testing than in the finals. The reason for this was not nervousness before the judges, but rather that the TV lights created severe thermals, invariably hazardous to paper plane flight.

*"Nonprofessionals" were defined in our rules as those not involved professionally in air travel.

**"Professionals" were defined as "people employed in the air travel business, people who build non-paper airplanes, and people who subscribe to Scientific American, because they fly so much."

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district. What would you have done differently? Tell us of one vote affecting Vietnam on which you would have voted differently from me. And I've voted on dozens of them. If my opponent wants to challenge my record, let him tell us what *he* would have done.' Then you wind up with the there-are-no-easy-answers-to-hard-questions routine."

Pike, looking drawn and tight-lipped, joined us, and we walked out into the main corridor, where the principal, a bespectacled young man named Charles Adams, was waiting to invite us into his office for coffee. Pike apparently wanted to keep busy, for, once inside the office, he said he would do the honors, and poured the coffee and served it to us. We sat around a long, narrow conference table in silence, until Donner, trying to soothe Pike, said, "It's difficult for the incumbent in a situation like this. He can't brag. He can't say he did this or he did that for his constituents, or that he's worked for them for six years, and worked like hell."

Everyone waited for Pike to reply. He sipped at his coffee moodily for a long time, then looked around at each of us and said, "Do you suppose it's really a gut issue—that we should drop the bomb? Do you suppose that's what the people really want?"

"I can't believe so," Adams answered. "You've got to remember that a lot of these students come from conservative homes—very conservative homes, in many cases. And, of course, the boys will be facing the draft soon."

"Maybe that's what they really want," Pike said, unheeding. "Maybe we're just fooling ourselves."

He lapsed into silence again, and a minute or two later an assistant came in and told the principal that Catterson was outside, waiting to say goodbye. Adams went out, and returned with Catterson and an aide. Pike looked discomfited, but he got up and shook hands with both men and then poured them some coffee. He gave the first cup to the aide and the second, without a saucer, to Catterson, who said, with a smile, "Don't I even get a saucer, Otis?"

"If there were any left, you would," Pike said peevishly.

Continuing to smile, Catterson slouched casually in his chair and said, "It's refreshing how alert and interested these kids are. Much more so than their parents. Don't you think so, Otis?"

Pike nodded gloomily and began

drumming on the table with his fingertips.

"But don't forget," Adams said, "most of these youngsters are from Republican families."

Catterson smiled, without replying, and after another brief silence Adams said, "As difficult as it is to get at the truth in anything as short and confusing as a debate, the people usually decide correctly in the end."

"Yes, they do," Catterson said, with a nod.

"They have so far, anyway," Pike said.

Everyone laughed, and Pike, smiling for the first time, got up to leave, saying he had an appointment in Southampton in an hour.

"I'll see you tonight at the Smithtown League of Women Voters, won't I, Otis?" Catterson asked.

Pike frowned and shook his head. "That's not on my schedule," he said. "We told them weeks ago that we had something else planned for tonight."

"Should I give them your apologies, Otis?" Catterson asked.

Before Pike could answer, Donner hurriedly said, "Do that—but nothing more."

"You mean I might say something like 'I debated with Mr. Pike today, and I guess he was afraid to show up tonight'?" Catterson asked, grinning. "Now, that would be too childish, wouldn't it?"

I left with Pike, and on the way to his car he shrugged his shoulders and sighed. "He won that round—no question about it," he said.

Strictly on the basis of debating points, I felt that Pike had won, but when I said as much he shook his head sharply. "He got most of the applause," he said. "In a debate, it's not who wins but who appeals most to the audience." When I brought up what the principal had said about most of the students' being Republicans, Pike replied, "So is the whole district. If I can't win with the kids, I won't win with their parents." When we reached his car, he stood gazing abstractedly into the distance. Then, turning back to me, he said, "He's a tough little guy—by far the smartest opponent I've ever had. I could be in trouble."

"PIKE, CATTERSON MEET WITH DEBATABLE RESULT," said a headline in *Newsday* the following morning. This was the general press reaction, but, as I learned when I dropped in at Pike's headquarters that afternoon, it did not change Pike's opinion; he was still convinced that he had lost decisively. His chance to recoup came that

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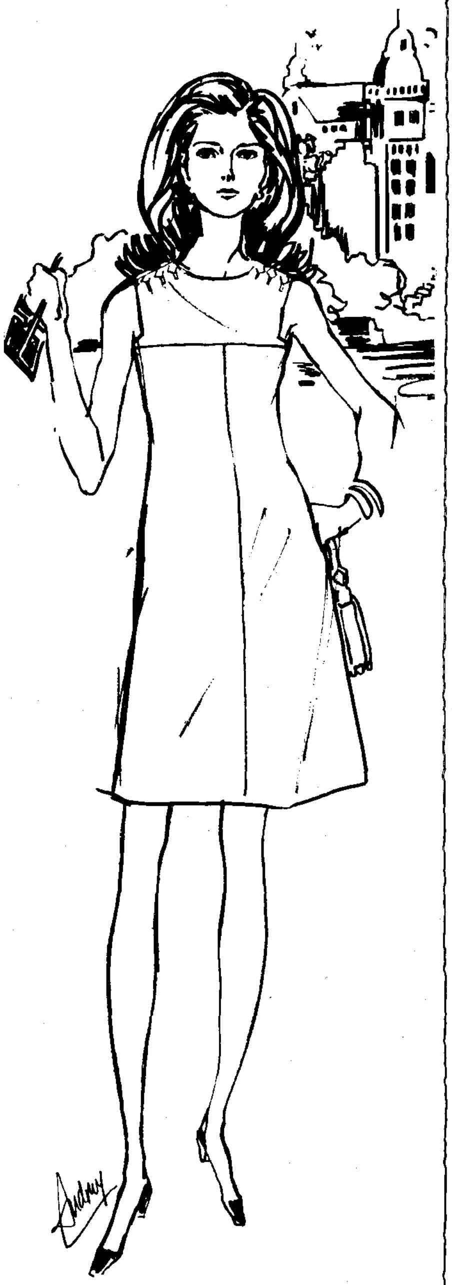
evening, when he and Catterson had another encounter—before a meeting of the Bellport League of Women Voters, in the auditorium of the Bellport Junior High School.

This time, there were only adults in the audience, and the event was not in the strict sense a debate but a session in which members of the audience addressed questions to one candidate or the other and then each man had two minutes to answer. Although more or less the same topics were covered, the results were quite different. Pike was calm and aggressive, Catterson uneasy and defensive. Pike put his opponent off his footing at the outset by refusing the offer of a microphone and speaking directly to the audience, of seventy or so; Catterson did the same, but his voice was rather thin, and it tended to rise and crack when he tried to reach the people in the rear of the hall.

There was more discussion of domestic issues than there had been the day before. A curly-haired woman in the audience asked Catterson what he would do about inflation, and he replied that he would cut back on Great Society spending, and not impose wage-and-price controls, as Pike recommended. Pike, who had never recommended anything of the sort, got up and said so. Then he went on, in a way that showed that he had taken Donner's advice, "As far as domestic programs are concerned, my opponent talks about wasteful government spending. I have yet to hear any candidate anywhere take a firm stand in favor of wasteful government spending. Where are you going to draw the line? I think some parts of the poverty program are good and some parts bad. We have a vote in Congress called 'Yea' and a vote called 'Nay.' We have no vote called 'Maybe.' He spends a lot of time running against Lyndon Johnson and his Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, but he hasn't really talked about how he would have voted differently on all the votes I have had this year. There have been two hundred and thirty-two roll-call votes this year, and I have not heard him criticize one. I think you are entitled to specific answers about specific programs."

A lanky man with glasses rose to ask Catterson if he favored Brookhaven as the site for the new nuclear accelerator, and Catterson answered that he did. Then he used the question as a catchall and took the rest of his two minutes to discuss various other views he held. The man got up and objected, saying that his question had been answered, where-



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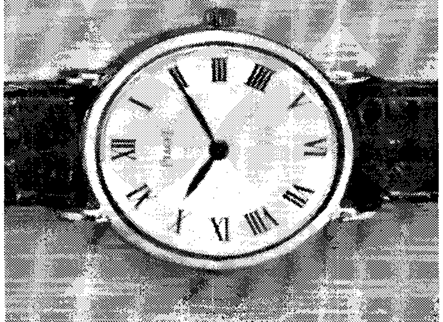

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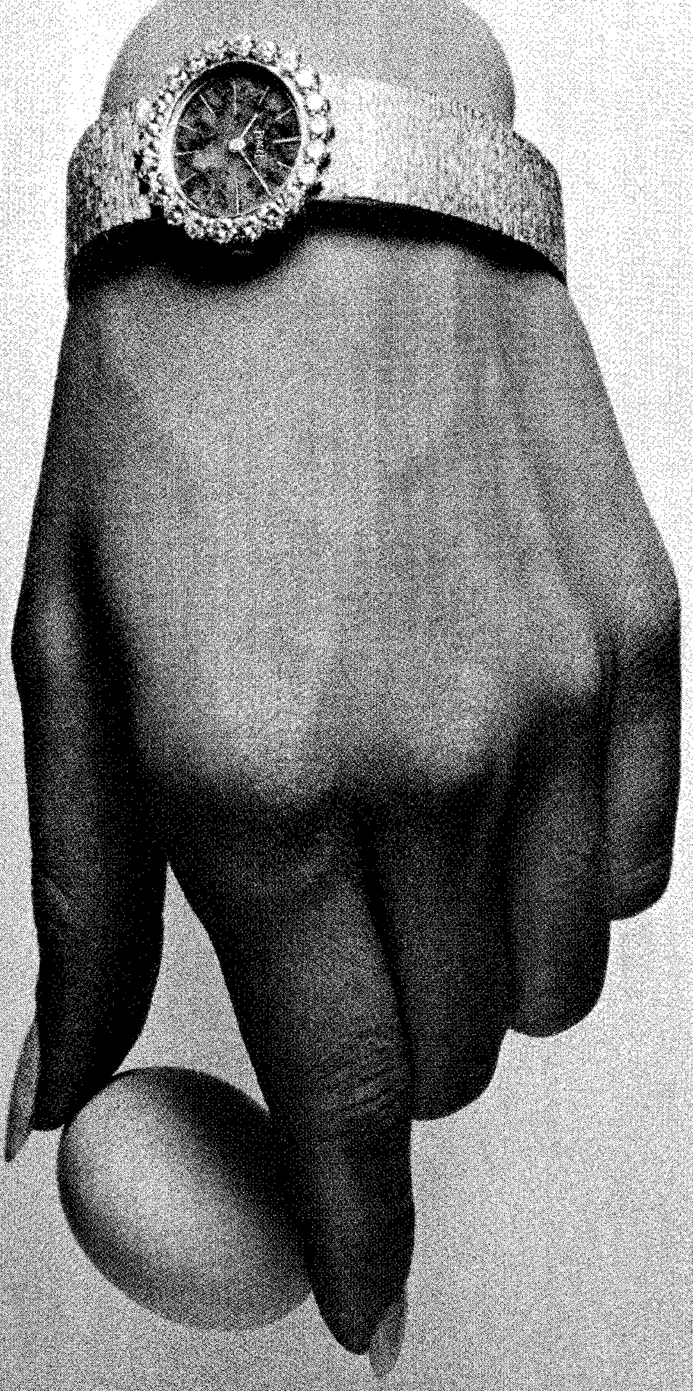

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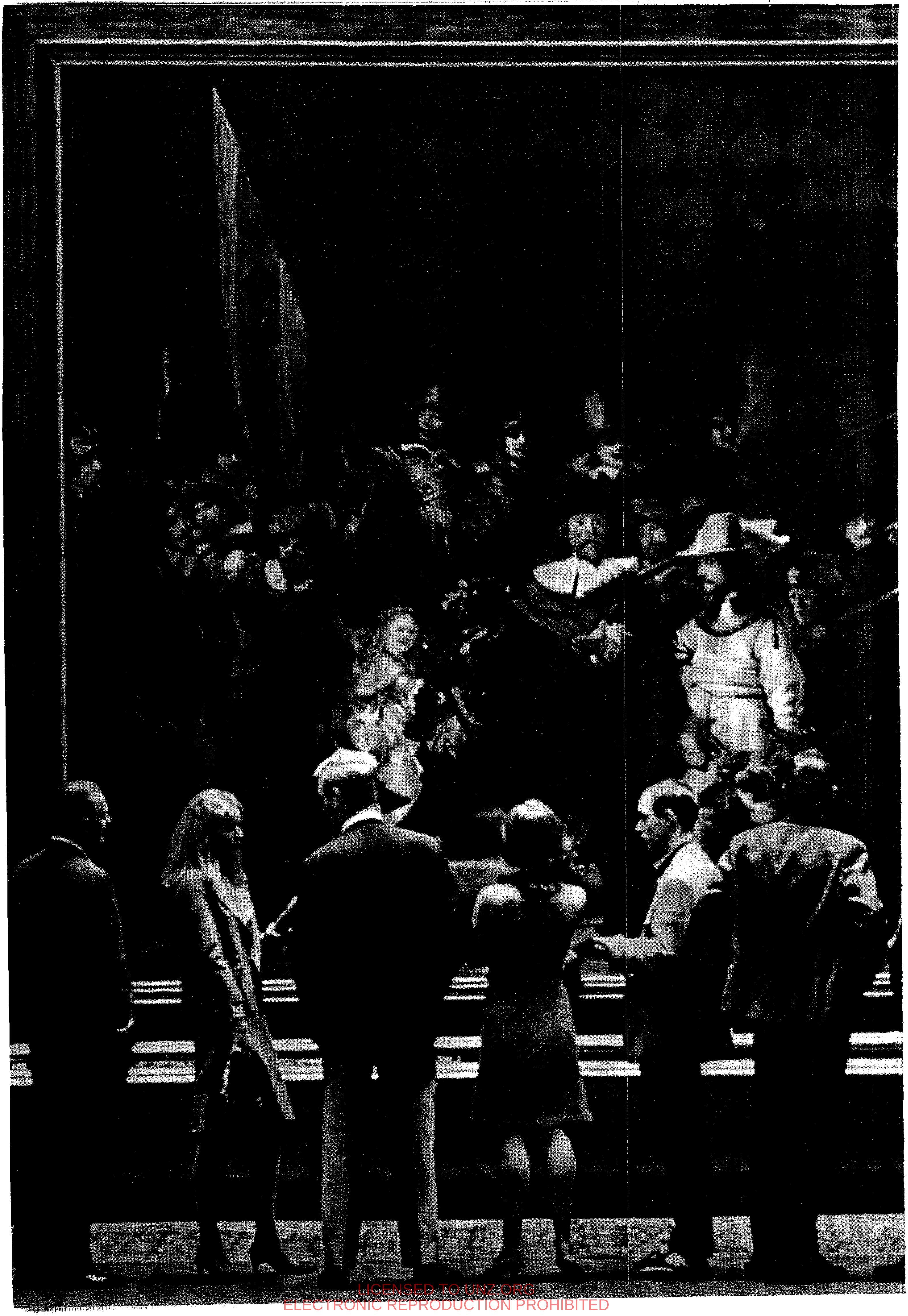

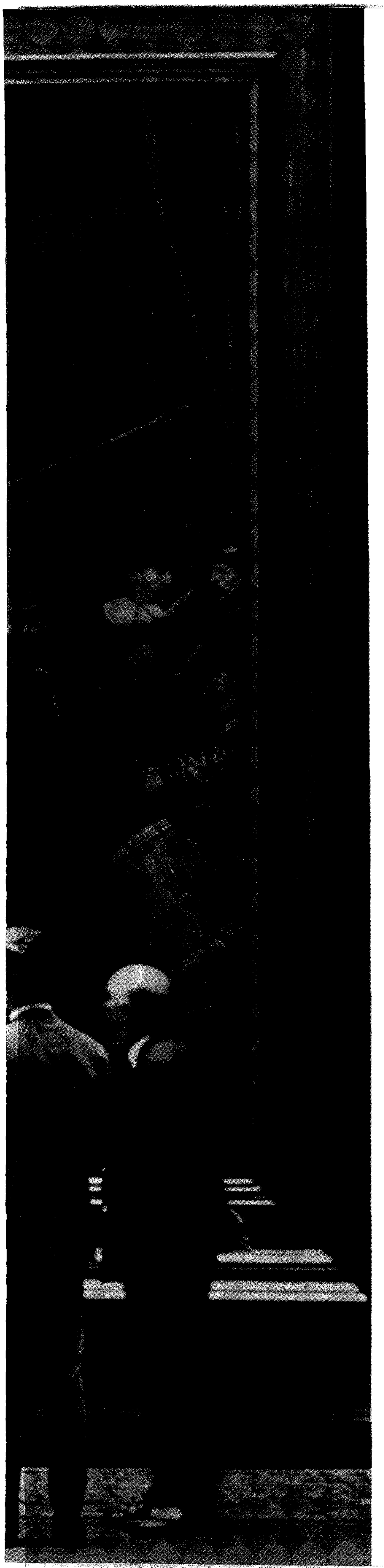

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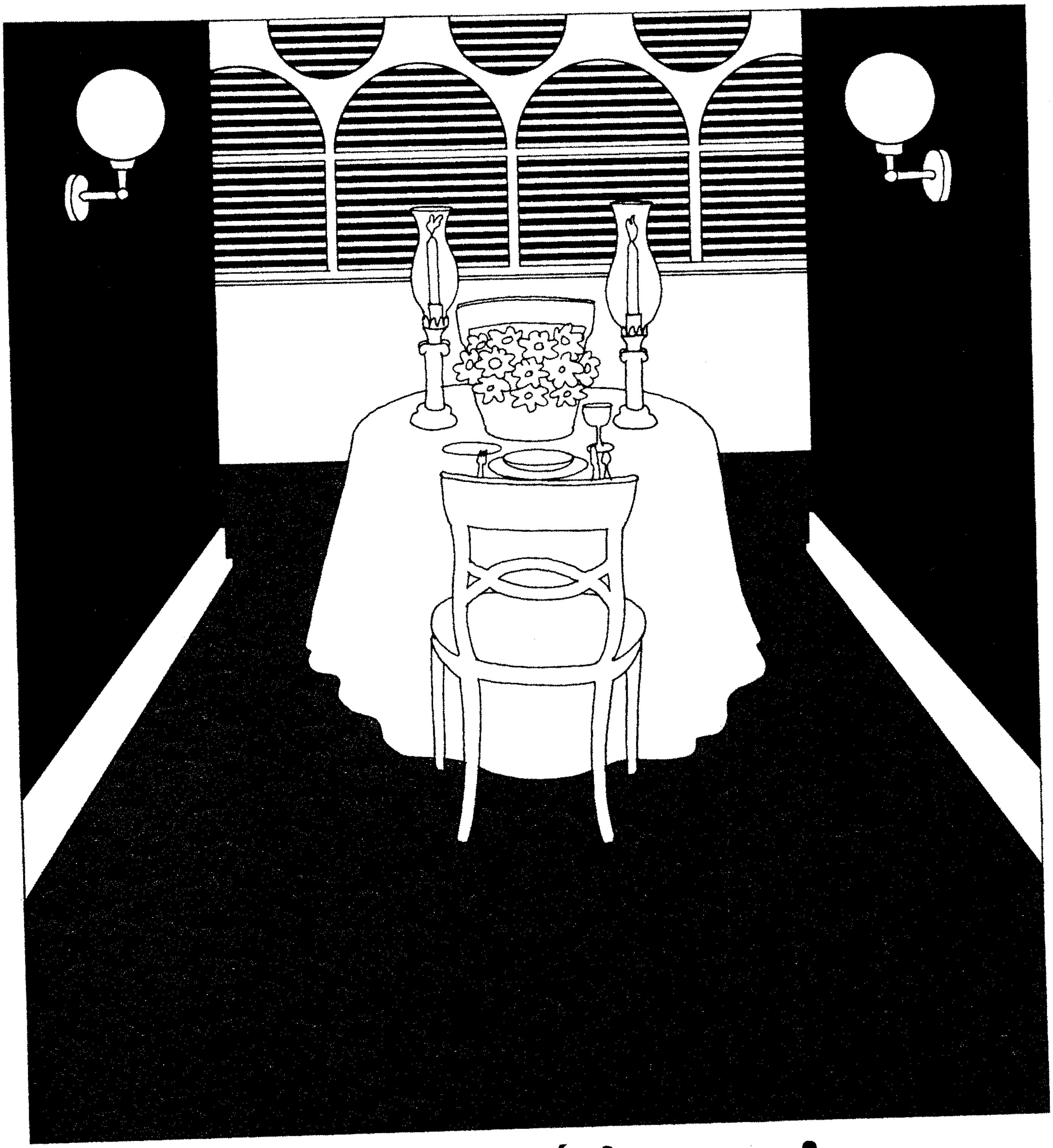

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upon Catterson called him a "plant," received a scattering of derisive laughter, and sat down, red-faced. When Pike's turn came, he pointed out that the Republican representatives from Long Island had voted against the appropriation to improve the existing accelerator, and asked, "How can they say that they would support a new one when they wouldn't even vote for the old one?"

Aside from a few exchanges of this sort, most of the time was again devoted to the subject of Vietnam. The same woman who had asked about inflation rose to ask Pike how he would approach world problems in general. "The answer to the problems which confront us in the continuing struggle between ideologies is not an answer which we are going to impose by bigger bombs or by fear," Pike replied. "A man who is hungry, a man who has no food today and no hope for tomorrow, doesn't really much care what is happening to his government, or even what his government consists of. I believe that we have got to win the struggle for man's mind not by fear but with hope."

That got a big hand, and when Pike sat down Donner whispered to me, "That's it—the old H.I.P.D." I gave him a puzzled look, and he explained, "You know—war, clashing ideologies are not the enemies. The enemies are man's oldest enemies—hunger, ignorance, poverty, and disease."

A man at the front of the room asked Pike whether he advocated dropping a nuclear bomb on North Vietnam, and Pike got up, said loudly, "No, I do not," and sat down—to resounding applause.

Catterson rose slowly and looked at the audience for a long time. "This is a ticklish subject," he said finally. "The whole campaign in 1964 was won and lost by a picture of a little girl in a field of daisies and a nuclear bomb going off. Americans get nervous when we talk about nuclear weapons. I can see no reason to go into non-conventional or nuclear weapons. However, I do know that an army is made for the primary purpose of killing people, and to do that in the most efficient way possible to get to its objective. I don't think anyone could advise a nation to take such a drastic step. But if need be, if the nation's welfare was at stake, then I would support the President if he decided that it could be handled only by nuclear retaliation." He paused, stared out at the audience again for a time, and then continued haltingly, "It depends on too many factors. This is a major vote as far as I am concerned, whether they have it in the House or not." He stopped once more, and with a shrug added, "This may not satisfy you. You may not feel I'm answering your question. But I'm giving it to you as I feel." His voice trailed off, and the meeting ended.

Donner turned to me and nodded once, and his face broke into a wide smile. "Otis certainly left him with his mouth hanging open," he said.

I had the impression that Pike had been ready for a number of the questions, and I asked Donner whether any of them had been planted. "Most of them," he answered without hesitation. "That tall fellow is a high official at Brookhaven and a good friend of Otis's, and the curly-haired woman is one of our volunteers from Southold. Otis reacted so badly to that unfriendly audience yesterday that I decided I had better get some friends here tonight. Catterson has his claque and we have ours."

I asked how many people were there because they were interested, and he answered, "Oh, maybe five to ten per cent. As I said yesterday, it's all for the newspapers."

Out in the corridor, I saw Mrs. Pike stop Catterson as he was leaving. "You told me that night at the *Press* award dinner that you weren't going to run a dirty campaign," she said.

"I haven't," Catterson answered, giving her an angry look.

"How about those posters you have on every telephone pole?"

"What posters?"

"You know very well what posters. The ones that say you're a congressman."

"They don't say that."

"That's exactly what they say, and you know it."

A man standing beside Catterson took his arm and led him away. Pike had come out into the corridor in time to overhear the last of the conversation, and he chided his wife for personally attacking Catterson.

The posters had struck me as being deceptive, and I asked Pike why he had not objected to them publicly. "I guess I've lost my instinct for the jugular," he replied. "Besides, I'm not sure the public would care."

The members of his claque gathered around to congratulate him on what was clearly a victory. "I must say I feel a lot better than I did yesterday," he told them. "But just remember one thing—I was down then and I'm up

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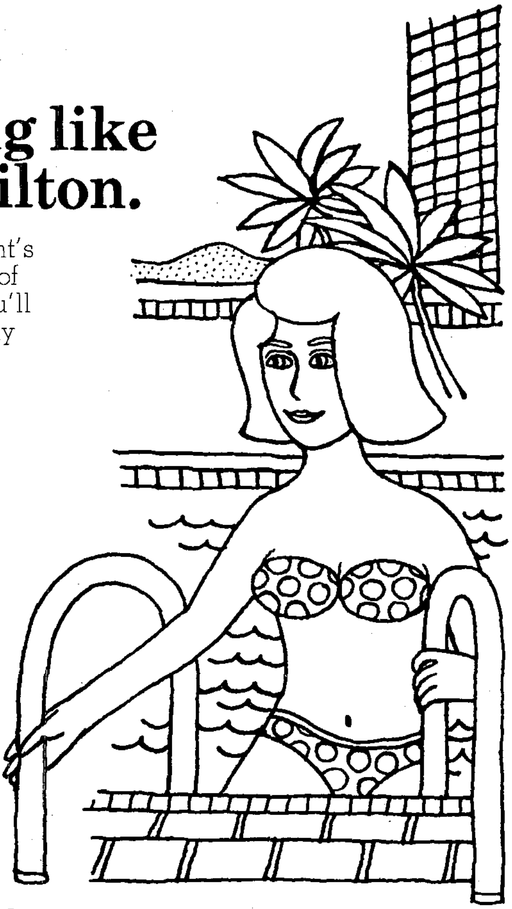

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now, but at least when I was down I knew it."

Donner peered at him solemnly for a moment. "Worthy of Lincoln," he said, and burst into a wild laugh.

The theory that it was the newspapers and not the audiences that counted was verified in the next day's *Press*, by way of a long article on the meeting that ran under the three-column headline "ADVOCATES NUCLEAR WARFARE IN VIET NAM IF NECESSARY." Catterson immediately called a press conference to deny that he had said anything of the sort, but no one paid much attention—not even the *Press*. A couple of days later, its political columnist, John Maher, wrote that among Catterson's supporters his statement had raised the spectre of a trigger-happy Goldwater, and added, "They fear that this incident may have turned a respectably close race into a rout."

The next meeting between Pike and Catterson took place the night after the Bellport meeting, in a debate held at the Port Jefferson High School and sponsored by the North Brookhaven League of Women Voters. Much the same material was covered once again, but the result was closer to a standoff. The only disturbance came at the end. Catterson's manager may have reacted to the largely pro-Pike audience at the second meeting of the candidates just as Donner had reacted to the audience at the first, for this time the audience included half a dozen noisy, tough-looking men who cheered almost every time Catterson completed a sentence.

Just as Donner remarked to me, "They look like guys he couldn't convict as head of the Rackets Bureau," one of them got up and said, "Mr. Catterson, thank God you don't play the ukulele!"

There were laughs and catcalls from the audience, and then Pike jumped up and shouted, "I learned to play the ukulele in the Pacific during World War II, when I was being shot at by experts, and if you think I'm going to stop now because of his puny political popgun, you just don't know me."

I was bewildered by the exchange, and asked Donner what it was all about. He told me that Pike occasionally played the ukulele, and that because of a recent incident this hobby had become a campaign issue—"one of those nonsense issues" Donner called it. A couple of weeks earlier, he explained, bad weather had shut down all the airports, and Pike was prevented from appearing as the main speaker at a testimonial dinner for Howard Lee Koch, the conductor of the South Shore

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Symphony Orchestra. "Howard is an old, old friend, and Otis really wanted to do something for him," Donner said. "Finally, I arranged for the telephone company to rig up a line so that he could speak to the crowd at the dinner over an amplified telephone—at a cost of around a hundred dollars. Just before he was due to go on, the special line to the place where the dinner was held was cut. When a telephone lineman told me that, I didn't believe him. I told Doris Pike, and she didn't believe me. She told Otis, and he didn't believe her. But the lineman said there was no doubt about it—the line had been cut. He finally fixed it, and Otis came on and played the ukulele for Howard. I presume that Catterson was aware of the incident. Anyway, he started making cracks about Pike's lolling around in Washington playing the ukulele instead of debating him. Otis is angry as hell about the whole business."

When I stopped in at Pike's headquarters the next day, I found that he was also angry about a story in *Newsday* on the previous night's debate. He showed me the article, which said that the audience in Port Jefferson had been harder on him than the one in Bellport, and that he had been hooted and jeered for playing the ukulele. I said my impression had been that the hoots and jeers were for the man who had asked the question, but Pike said he agreed with *Newsday* that they had been meant for him. Cheering up somewhat, he produced a copy of that morning's *Times*, which endorsed his candidacy, saying, "Although Representative Otis G. Pike . . . voted against several worthwhile programs, notably rent subsidies and foreign economic aid, we think that his energy and ability are sufficiently impressive to warrant his return for a fourth term." Pike remarked that the endorsement was less enthusiastic than he had hoped it would be and added, "It would help me with my constituents, though, since most of them are also against rent subsidies, but, unfortunately, those who are against them don't read the *Times* and those who read the *Times* are likely to be for them."

Glancing at his watch, Pike said he had to leave if he was going to be on time for the *Kaffeeklatsch* over in Blue Point, on the South Shore, and invited me to join him. On the way to his car, I asked whether he had made up his mind about using Catterson's claim that he had been named by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. He shook his head. "Donner is afraid

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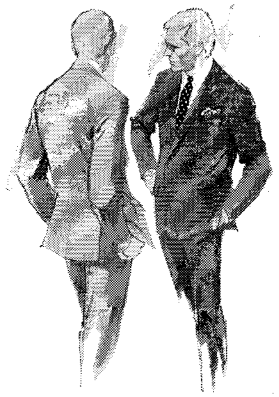

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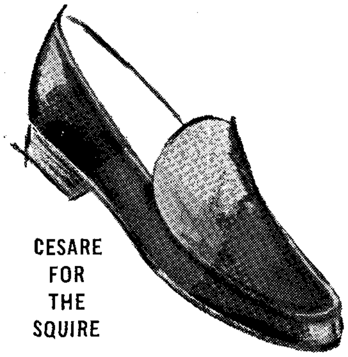

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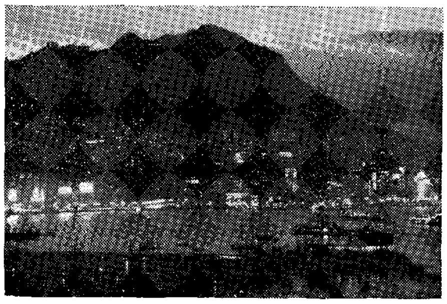

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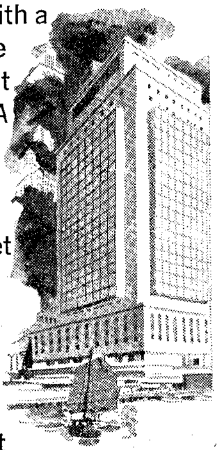

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it may backfire, and so am I," he said. "This morning at breakfast, I told my thirteen-year-old son, Robert, about it, and he said that maybe it was a lie but it didn't stir him up any. I'm afraid that's the way most people would react."

After we had passed through Riverhead and were on the Sunrise Highway, Pike took a battery-powered razor out of the glove compartment and began shaving as he drove. "We have a crisis," he said as he ran the razor over his scarred cheeks. "It's the same one that comes up every election year around this time—money. We have only three hundred dollars in our account. The Republicans for Pike Committee has about three thousand. We'll probably get another thousand in donations by Election Day, but we have four thousand dollars in debts, and I want to run ads in all the weekly papers during the last week. That would cost around two thousand. I could get the money easily, but I don't want to be obligated. Maybe I'll forget about the ads."

I asked if he felt that he was in danger of losing, and he said, "Not really. An incumbent who does his job has a hell of a leg up. That alone should make it safe. And then, the people I have working for me—Donner and Quinn and Waldbauer and Mrs. Anderson and the four girls in my Washington office—are all pros. I don't have a single political hack on my staff. In many areas, you have to make a lot of promises to get nominated—promises that you'll hire party workers if you're elected. I know some congressmen who can afford to have only two staff people in Washington because they have to pay the salaries of some hacks back home who do nothing but sit around in the local clubhouse."

Pike finished shaving, and we drove along in silence for a few miles, until I asked how he had first got interested in politics. "It began when I was fourteen," he answered at once, as if he had often asked himself the same question. "It was on a Sunday during the Depression. My sister Betty, who is ten years older than I am, came home from her job with the Suffolk County Welfare Department and told us about a family she had just visited. They had a big farm—around a hundred and fifty acres, as I remember—and she said that all they had for Sunday dinner was boiled potatoes. I was surprised that in a great country like America such a thing could happen. All my family had always been Republicans, but that kind of thing, and what Franklin Roosevelt tried to do about it, turned

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me into a Democrat." He fell silent for a time, and then went on, "I guess I wasn't really aware of how I felt that early, but it was there. And when I went to Princeton, I studied at the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, with the intention of going into the diplomatic service. The more I learned about history and world affairs, the more I came to believe in the Democratic Party and its awareness of the problems of our time. Then, not long after I turned twenty-one I got two letters. One was from a cousin, Edward Lupton, who was a Republican state assemblyman. As a kid, I had often talked about starting a weekly newspaper out here. He'd heard about that, and he wrote me that if I hoped to get anywhere with a paper in Suffolk County I would have to be a Republican. The other letter was from a woman lawyer named Syrena Stackpole, who was a Democrat and a justice of the peace in Riverhead. She told me that now that I was twenty-one I had to choose a political party. She said that being a Republican would bring me more economic rewards but that being a Democrat would be more fun. I was already a Democrat intellectually, and her letter made me realize that I was also one emotionally. I'd always been a maverick."

I asked why he had given up both diplomacy and publishing, and he explained that after his wartime experiences in the Marine Corps diplomacy had seemed too slow, and after he had finished at Princeton starting a newspaper had required more financial resources than he could summon. His parents had died when he was young, he said—his father when Otis was two and his mother when he was six—and though they had left enough money for his education and support, there hadn't been enough for any sizable business venture. "So I went to law school and then set up practice in Riverhead," he went on. "Doris and I moved into my family's old house in Riverhead the night Harry Truman was reëlected. I stayed up all night listening to the returns."

As we pulled up at our destination, a modest green-shingled house on a pleasant side street, Pike remarked that small meetings like the one coming up could be fairly helpful. "Aside from my working directly with constituents when they want a favor, this is about the closest contact with voters that I have," he explained. "I figure that each person present can be multiplied by ten votes. They go home and to work and to parties and they talk about

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meeting their congressman and tell what he said."

Pike's host, a hulking, amiable man named John Foley, introduced him to the people who were waiting—fifteen men and women, ranging in age from around thirty to around seventy. Pike shook hands with each, saying, "Hi, I'm Otis Pike. I'm delighted to meet you." As soon as he had completed the circuit, a woman with reddish hair and harlequin glasses came over to him and said that her son had applied for admission to the Merchant Marine Academy, at Kings Point, and had written him asking for a recommendation. "I wondered if you could help him," she said. Telling her that he didn't recall the circumstances of the case but would find out, Pike went over to a telephone near the stairs and called his Washington office. He asked his secretary to get the boy's file, and, after waiting for a minute, inquired what the young man's standing was. He listened, said, "Fine, thanks," hung up, and came back to the woman. "I can tell you that he is one of three boys that I am seriously considering for a recommendation," he said. She beamed and thanked him several times.

With this detail out of the way, Pike pulled a chair into the center of the room and sat down. "I'm ready for questions," he said. In the course of the next hour, he casually fielded questions about how he answered his mail, what sorts of problems he spent most of his time on, how he felt about our relations with the United Nations, what his standing on the Armed Services Committee was, what the chances were of getting the nuclear accelerator located in Brookhaven, how he felt about a proposal to build a bridge connecting Long Island with Connecticut, whether the white backlash was an issue on the Island, how a high-school student who wanted to be a dentist in the Army *should choose a college*—and, naturally, what should be done about the war in Vietnam.

A blond woman of about forty who was wearing an aquamarine silk dress and large coral earrings brought up the last subject by asking, "What would happen if we dropped the atomic bomb on North Vietnam?"

Pike swivelled around in his chair to face her. "Where on North Vietnam?" he asked. "If you dropped it on Hanoi, you would kill two million civilians."

"But they're killing our boys," she said.

"That's true," Pike said. "They

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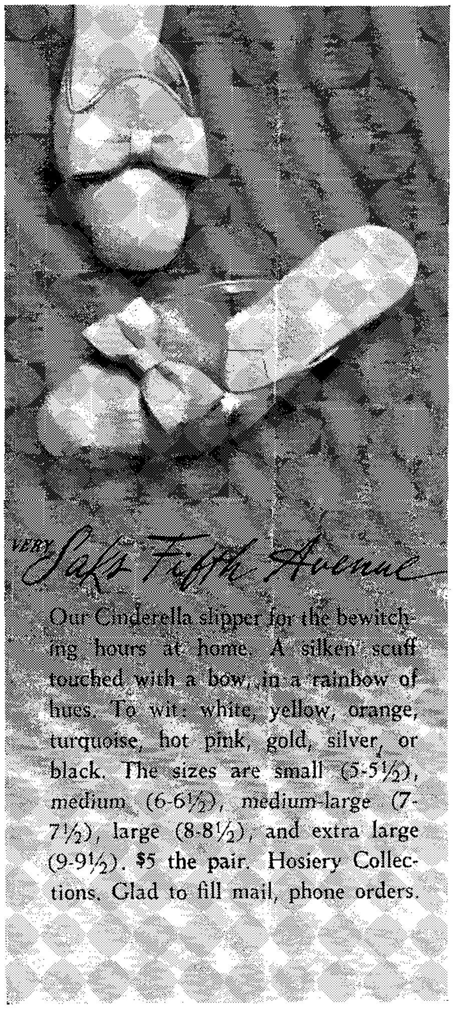

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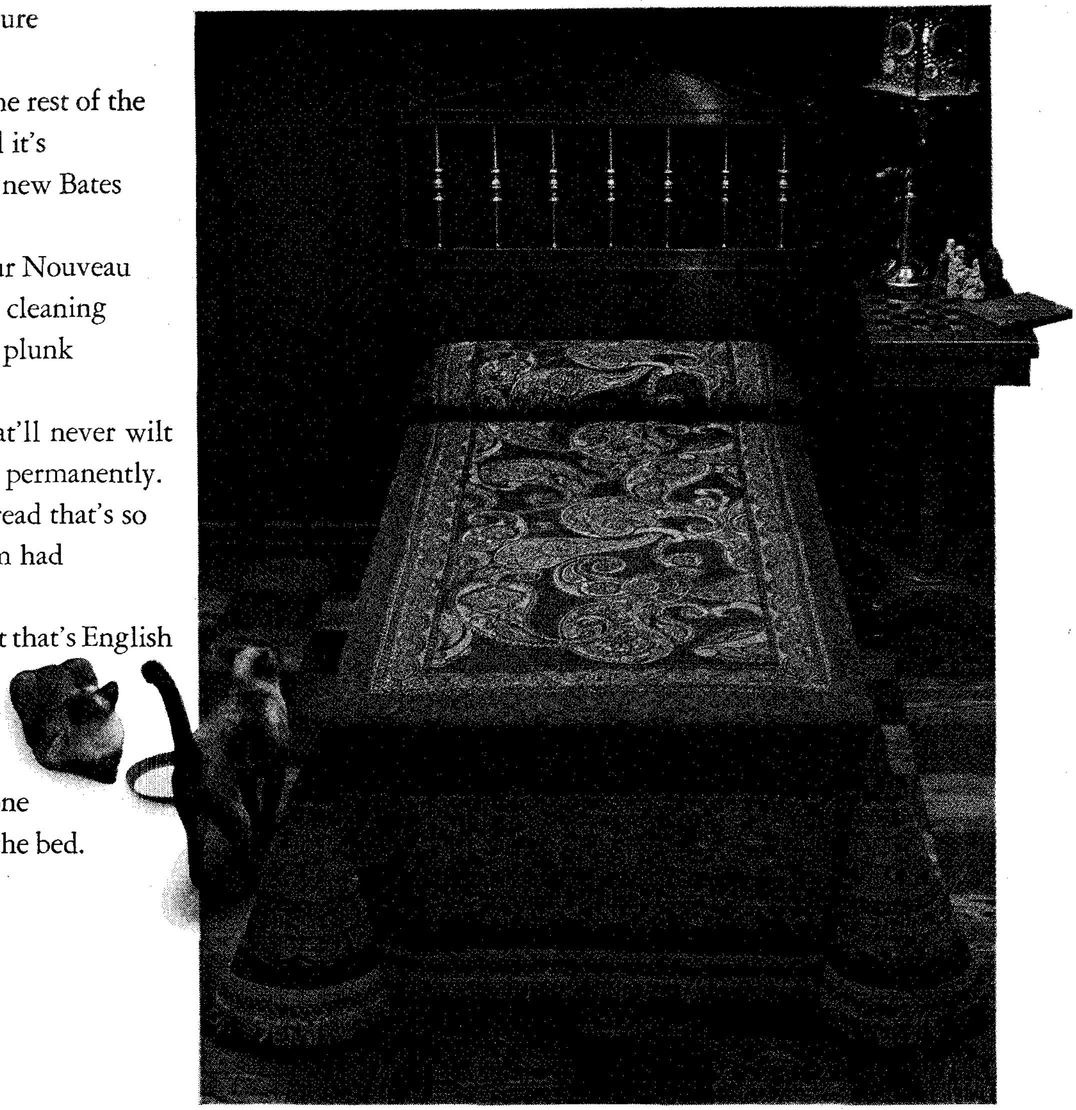

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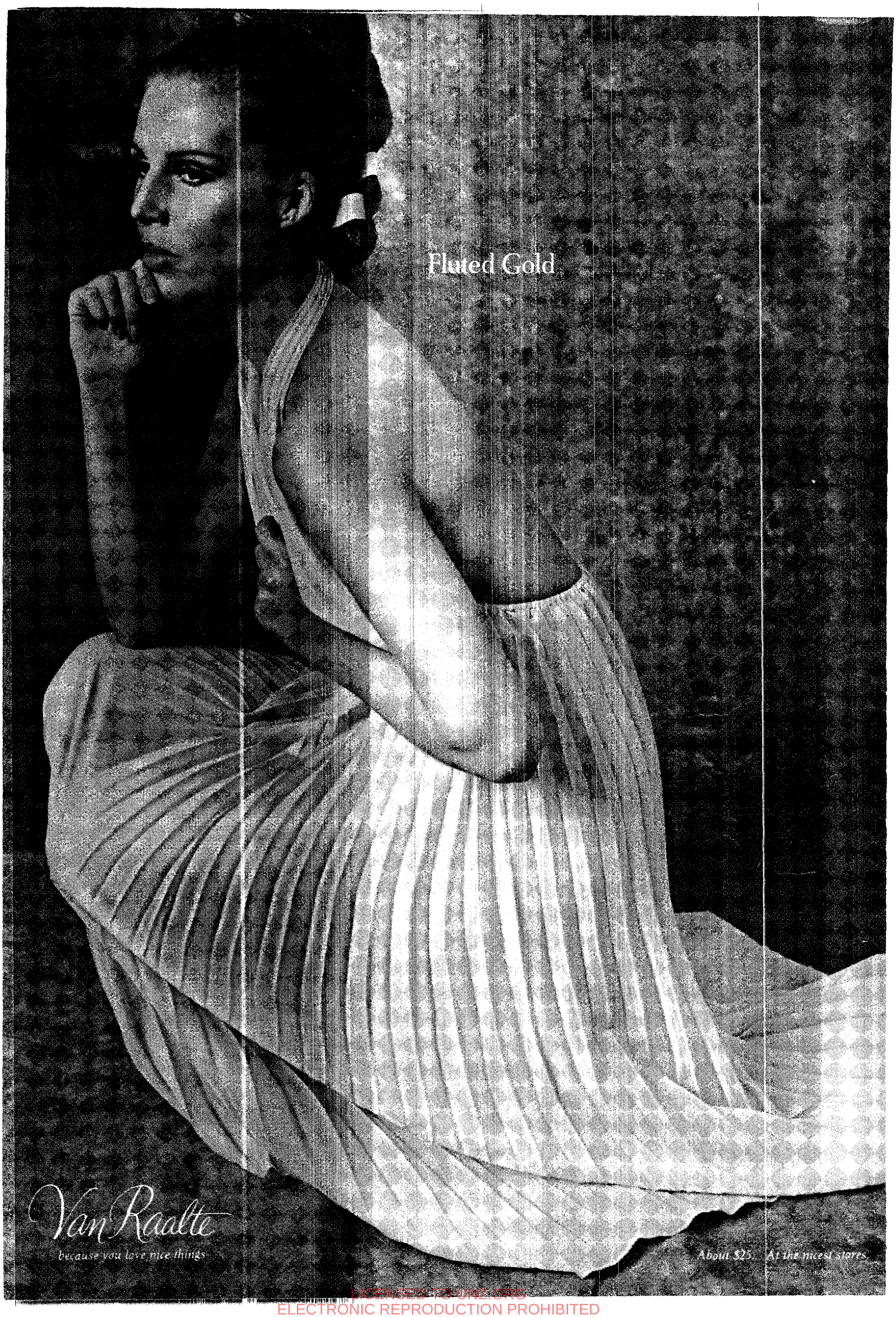
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have killed five thousand Americans."

Another woman, sitting across the room, leaned forward and said, "The entire world would hate us."

"But it would end the war," the blonde retorted.

"I don't think so," Pike put in. "At worst, you would have a nuclear war. At best, you'd find that millions of people from all over the world would volunteer to go and fight for North Vietnam."

"I just think we ought to get it over with," she said. "Why not bomb the harbor?"

"And hit neutral or Russian ships?" the other woman demanded, her voice rising.

The blonde dismissed the question with a wiggle of her shoulders and went on, "Nostradamus said that the yellow race is going to defeat the white race in 1977 and that the white race will come back and defeat the yellow race in 1999. Then we'll have a thousand years of peace."

Pike looked at her levelly. "Did you come on a pogo stick?" he asked.

That ended the discussion, and after drinking a cup of coffee Pike said goodbye all around and got ready to go. Out on the front porch, Foley asked him if he had time to stop off and greet the nuns at an Ursuline convent a few blocks away. Pike replied that he would be happy to, and drove Foley and me over to the convent, a large, dun-colored building set in a grove of pines. A severe-looking nun with gold-rimmed glasses met us at the door, and Foley introduced her as Sister Joseph. She took us into a small reception room, and a moment later we were joined by the mother superior, a square-faced Irishwoman named Sister Philomena, who gave Pike a sly look and said, "I don't know you, Mr. Pike, but Sister Joseph here has given me her word that you're a good man, so I'm going to vote for you."

"I hope I'm as good as her word," Pike said.

"I'm a registered Republican, so you can believe my word," Sister Joseph broke in, and her dour look was replaced by a broad smile.

"Goodness!" Pike said. "I thought I was in a hotbed of Irish Democrats."

Sister Philomena replied that she wouldn't be surprised if he got the votes of all twenty-four sisters in the convent, whereupon Pike asked her if she would like to be his campaign manager on a full-time basis. "I have sin enough to deal with, surely," she said, smiling.

A moment later, Pike got up to

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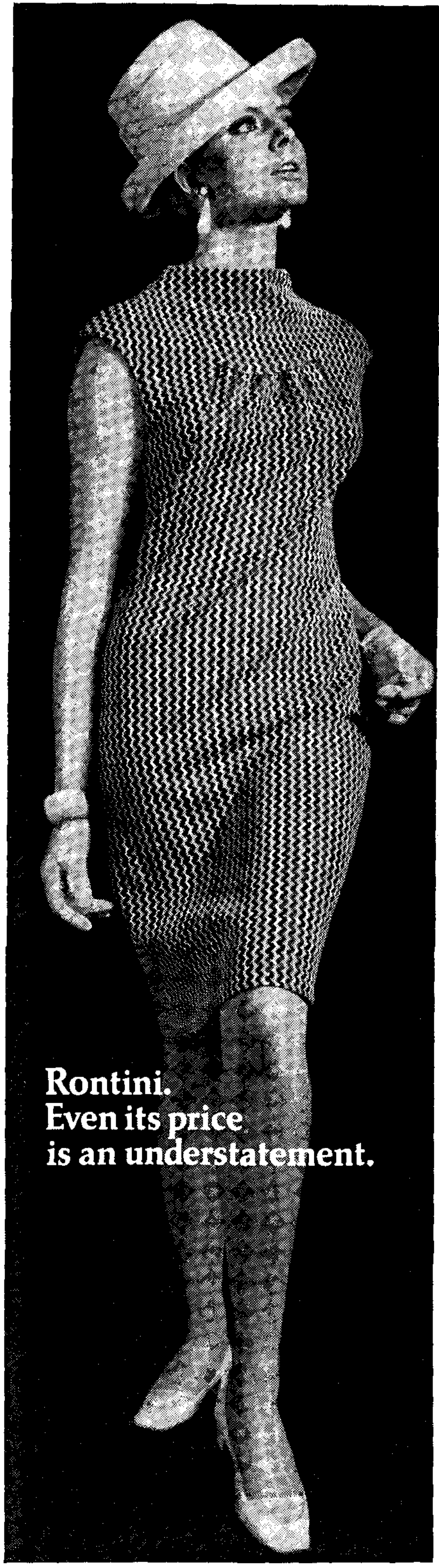

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leave, and the two nuns accompanied him to the door. "God bless you, Mr. Pike," Sister Philomena said, giving him another sly look. "We'll vote for you." With a sudden peal of laughter, she added, "And we'll pray for you."

That evening, there was a fifty-dollar-a-plate dinner given by, and for, the Islip Town Democratic Committee, at a restaurant called Land's End, in Sayville. Pike, who was to be the main speaker, wasn't there when I arrived. Donner was, though. He explained that Islip was a part of the area that he was personally responsible for. "Besides," he said, "I have the uneasy feeling that something is up."

Something was up, we both learned as soon as Pike and his wife came in. Once they were seated at the main table, Pike waved to Donner, who went over and chatted with him for a minute. He returned holding a couple of sheets of yellow legal paper. "God help us all," he said. "Otis has written a song about 'the outstanding young man of the year.' It's called 'Ballad for a Bad Boy.' " He sat down and bent over the paper, wincing from time to time and then glancing over at Pike, who laughed each time. Finally, he returned to Pike's table and talked again for a couple of minutes. Afterward, Donner slumped into his chair beside me and said, "I told him it was a mistake. I can't imagine a more unsuitable occasion. But he has that determined look."

After dinner, the master of ceremonies, a local politician, introduced Pike as "the man who has installed vim and vigor in each and every one of us," and Pike got up to make a couple of jokes and go through what had by now become his standard campaign repertoire concerning the "issues." Then he asked the audience of around two hundred people to write down on whatever paper might be handy the words "But they never, never ever, no they never, never ever heard of his name." A few minutes later, after some more jokes and some more talk about the campaign, he described Catterson's claim of being chosen one of the "Outstanding Young Men in America" by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, explained what the actual situation was, and, reaching under the table, brought out his ukulele. "What has got under my opponent's skin is my love of music," he went on. "I've written a song just for him. If you'll look at the words I asked you to write, I think you'll understand them. And I hope you will

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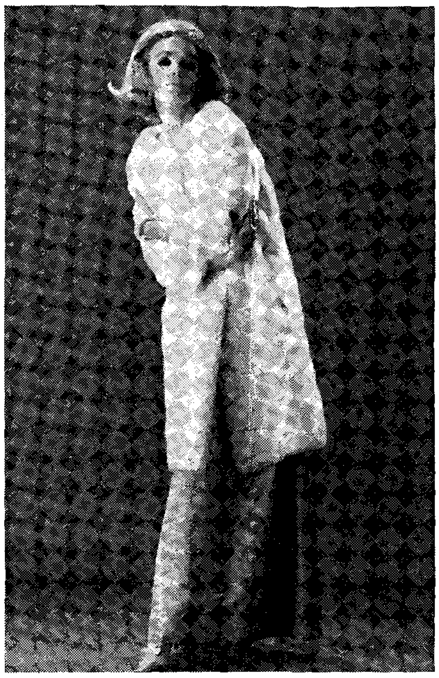

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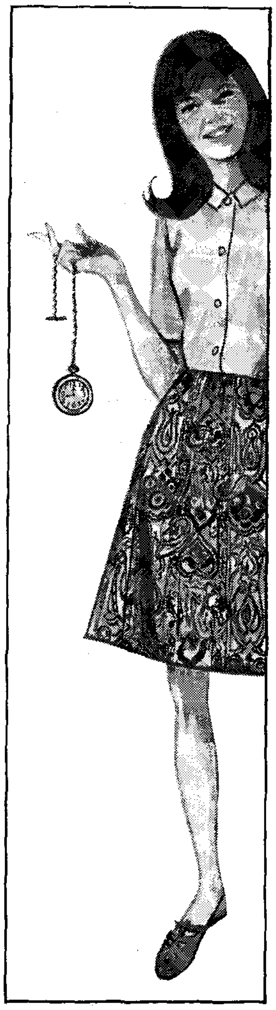

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join me in singing them as the chorus." The song, which Pike played to the tune of a raucous old Army marching song, had six stanzas, plus the chorus. The first stanza went:

> Oh, he claimed that he was one
> Of the big men in the sun
> That the U.S. Junior Chamber
> gave him his fame.

At the end of each stanza, the audience joined in, at first halfheartedly and then with more enthusiasm, to sing the chorus. When Pike finished and sat down—to laughter and applause—I went over and asked him why he had chosen that occasion and that method to refute Catterson's claim.

"First of all, it's a friendly crowd, so I don't have to worry about any backfire before I make my point," he answered. "And, second, the lie really isn't a very big one. I want to use it without seeming to make a big fuss. This seemed just right to me—light and mocking." With a smile, he added, "And, most important of all, done with the ukulele."

SHOPPING centers may have disfigured the American countryside and ruined downtown merchants, but they have proved a boon to anyone running for public office, since they provide ready-made gatherings of voters and easy access to them. The following morning, a Saturday, Pike was scheduled to make a tour of half a dozen shopping centers in the Islip area in a motorcade, so at nine o'clock I arrived at the assembly point—a large parking lot in front of Gimbels, on the Montauk Highway just east of Bay Shore. When I drove up, Donner, who had organized the tour, was busy taping poster pictures of Pike onto his brown Buick convertible. "And I could be home raking leaves," he said when I joined him. The motorcade was scheduled to leave at nine-thirty, but it was almost ten before all the vehicles had assembled: half a dozen cars with posters on their sides or signs on their roofs; an ancient bus carrying two dozen uniformed adolescents, who made up the East Brentwood Fire Department Raiders Band; and a gleaming aluminum Greyhound-sized bus. When the Raiders piled out and began tooting and banging away, Donner winced. "Three notes and you know it's a Democratic affair," he remarked.

I asked about the aluminum bus, and he said, "Some character out in the Midwest had it built, at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. It sleeps four and has a kitchenette and a bathroom.

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The guy didn't know what to do with it, so he sold it for thirty thousand dollars to some character here. He didn't know what to do with it, either, so he lent it to Charlie Melton, our local assemblyman. He and Otis are campaigning together today. It's pretty stylish for us—maybe a little too stylish."

I asked Donner how the motorcade had been set up and how it would operate. "I spent a couple of weeks arranging it—an hour here and an hour there," he told me. "I called a few of our more zealous committeemen and asked them to get some cars and some helpers to distribute literature and shopping bags. I had to clear the route with town officials, arrange for the police escort, and hire the band. Altogether, it cost about a hundred dollars. The plan is for the Raiders to go to each shopping center fifteen minutes before we do. They stomp around and play whatever they call it. Then the sound truck—that mockup railroad engine over there—circles the center and announces, 'Your congressman, Otis Pike, is on the way, folks! Be sure to step up and say hello to your congressman!' After they have revived all the people who have fainted from anticipation, the bus pulls in. Otis makes his pitch over the loudspeaker, and then he gets out and mixes with the crowd."

A tall, sleepy-looking man in a houndstooth jacket came up to Donner and complained that they were already forty minutes late. Introducing him to me as Robert Smith, a local Democratic committeeman, Donner said to Smith, "Who do you think we are—Republicans? Anyway, Otis isn't here yet. We could go without him, of course. It's bad enough running a campaign, without having a candidate around."

Just then, a five-motorcycle police escort roared up, sirens howling, and stopped at the head of the motorcade. A moment later, Pike arrived, followed by Melton, a plump man of around fifty with yellowish gray hair.

"How's it look?" Melton asked Pike.

"Pretty good for both of us, Charlie," Pike replied, and followed him into the big bus. They sat down on an upholstered seat in the rear, beside a microphone and loudspeaker system.

If repetition is not the political campaigner's best friend, it is surely his closest companion. As the bus pulled into the first shopping center, the Bay Shore Farmers Market, Pike took the microphone and delivered a brief speech, which he repeated, with a few variations, at all the other stops. "Good

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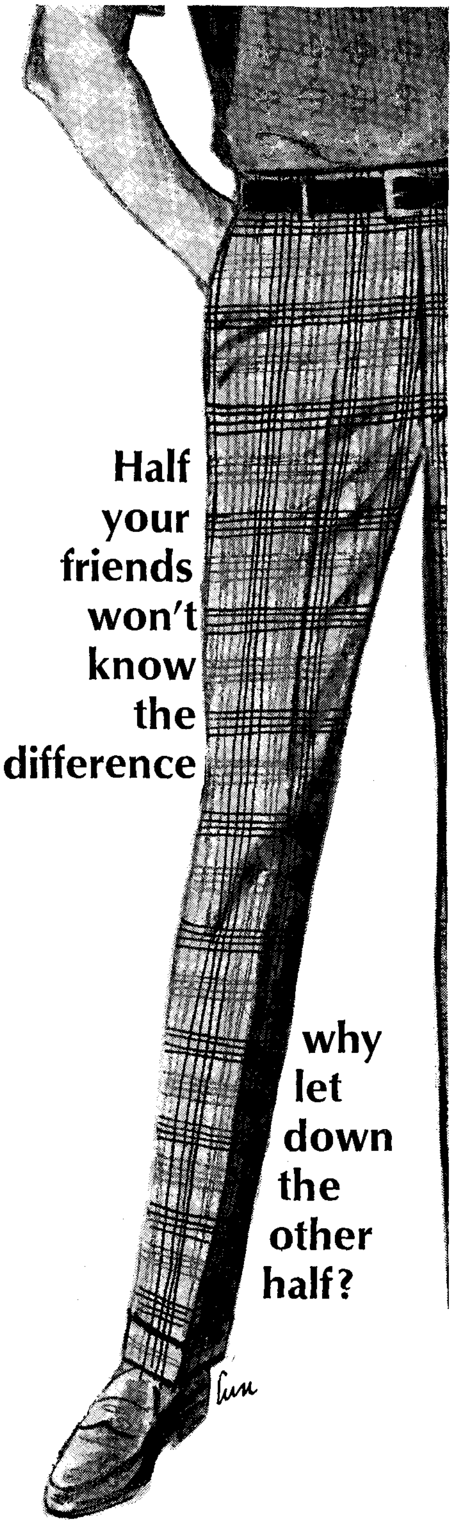

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morning, ladies and gentlemen, this is your congressman, Otis Pike, speaking," he began, and, to make it clear that the stylishness of his transportation was none of his doing, he added, "I'm here on Assemblyman Charlie Melton's beautiful bus. Charlie will do his best to answer any questions you may have about state matters, and I'll do my best to answer those on federal matters. I'm sorry that I wasn't able to get home earlier to campaign, as my opponent has been campaigning for the past six months, but Congress was in session until just two weeks ago. You hired me to do a job for you, and I had to stay down in Washington and do that job. I've been serving you in Washington for the past six years, and I'd like to go right on serving you. I like being your congressman, and I've done the very best I could for you. I won't pretend that I've got all the answers, as my opponent pretends to have. There are no easy answers to the great problems of our time. If there were, they wouldn't be great problems. I'd like to meet as many of you as I can. I'd like to talk to you, and hear your problems, and try to help. In the past six years, I've helped thousands of people in Suffolk County. Some of the problems I deal with are big problems, like defense contracts for Grumman and Republic. Some are as small as a lost Social Security card. But all of them concern human beings, and all of us are concerned about human beings. Now, I've been trying to talk about my record in this campaign. My opponent has been talking about everything except my record. I think that's pretty flattering. The newspapers have been pretty flattering, too. I've had the endorsement of every independent paper in the district. We need newspapers that don't accept slogans and scaremongering, newspapers that think for themselves. But we need more than that. We need people who think for themselves. Are you going to think for yourselves on Election Day? I hope you do. This is Otis Pike, your congressman."

As he circulated among the shoppers, Pike used many lines that also became increasingly familiar through repetition. To people carrying shopping bags with his name and picture on them he said, "I see you're carrying my shopping bag, and I hope you'll help carry me back to Congress." To women with infants *and* his shopping bags he said, "That's a precious package you've got there. Don't put *that* in my shopping bag." To men who had just made purchases and were putting their change in their wallets when he came up to shake

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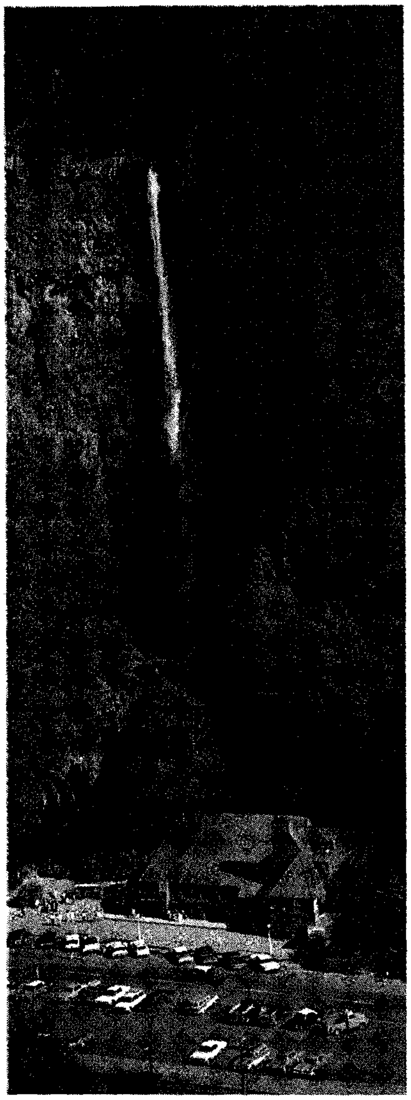

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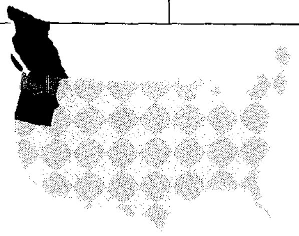

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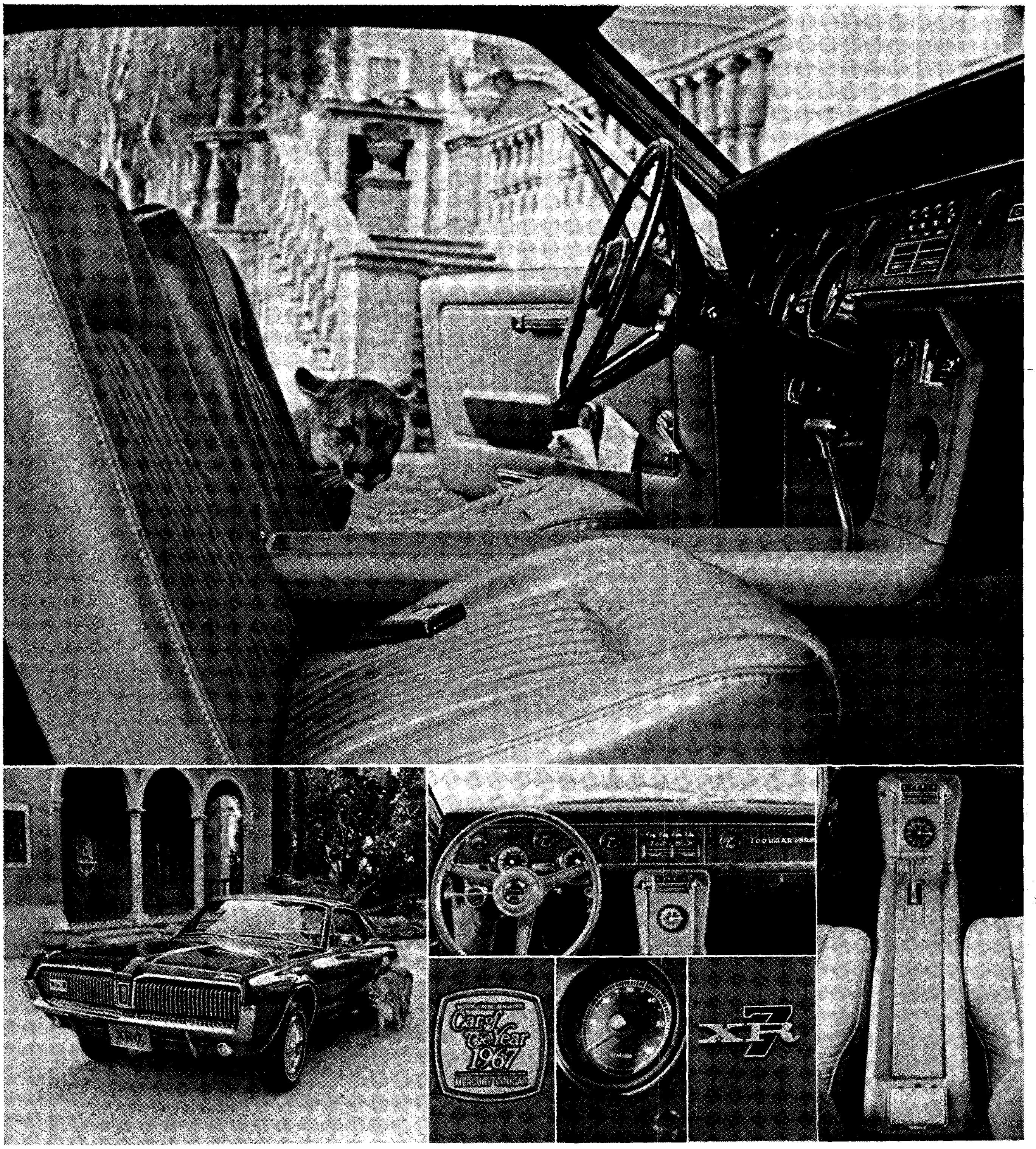

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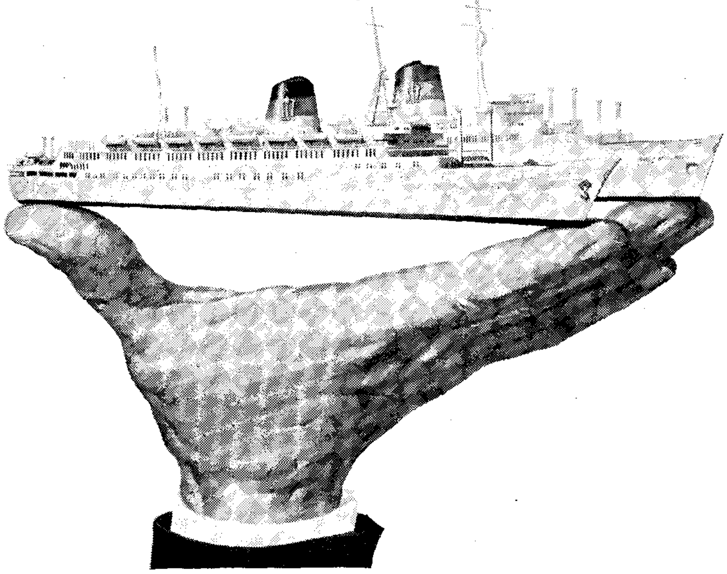
hands he said, "Always put your money away before you shake hands with a politician." To small children with their parents he said, "Do you know what a congressman is? A congressman is someone who goes down to Washington and spends all your old man's money."

During the time that I had been following Pike, I had heard him reiterate jokes, arguments, and replies many times, but never in such concentrated doses as on this morning. By the third stop, I had begun to wonder what this sort of repetition does to a man's sensibilities, and as soon as I got a chance I asked Pike if it had any effect on him. Giving me a slightly surprised look, he said, "I'm hardly aware that I'm doing it anymore. In the first campaign, it drove me crazy. I felt as if I were hearing a record of myself. But I soon got used to it."

That brought me to something else I had been wondering about—how much Pike actually enjoyed travelling around his district meeting different kinds of people and attending such diverse affairs as Polish dances and Rotary Club luncheons. "At the beginning, I got a terrific kick out of it, but now I'd rather stay home with my family," he told me. Just then, the bus pulled into another shopping center, and Pike looked out the window and shook his head wearily. "About five minutes of this kind of thing would last me a long, long time," he said. In the previous few days, I had noticed that Pike was beginning to show the strain of the exhausting schedule he was keeping, and when I asked him if he was tired he nodded. "It can be murderous—literally," he said. "More than once, I've fallen asleep at the wheel when I was driving home late at night after a long day of campaigning."

Donner had told me that Pike was uneasy about approaching people on his own, so Party workers in the motorcade had been instructed to bring shoppers up to him as he stood outside a store or walked along the sidewalk in front. Donner was apparently uneasy about approaching people himself, for at each stop he stood off to one side with an armful of shopping bags and chanted, "Take a shopping bag for Congressman Pike." Smith, on the other hand, went up to passersby, called out, "Come on, folks, don't be bashful! Come and meet your congressman," and dragged one couple after another over to shake hands. But a good many people came over on their own. Most of them, it turned out, had something on their



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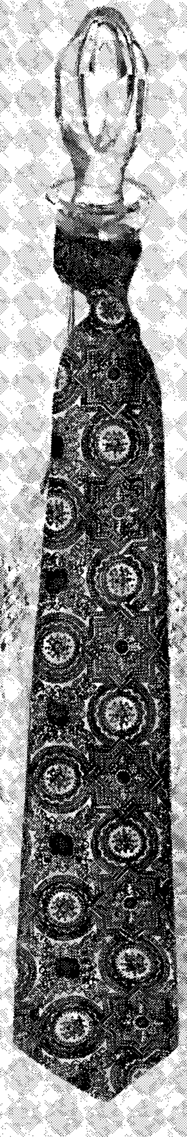

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minds. There was a man who argued that his military service should be added to his employment record for Social Security benefits, a man who rebuked Pike for not helping him in an income-tax dispute with the Internal Revenue Service, a woman who told him he was going to be President someday, and a man who asked what he should do about his wife's drinking. Pike told the first to write him a letter explaining his views, apologized to the second for being unable to help, thanked the third for making his day, and advised the fourth, "Join her." There were some shoppers who refused to shake hands with him, or even to look his way, and at each refusal of this sort he flushed slightly and hurried on.

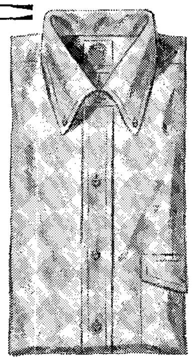
In front of one supermarket, Smith gave a brochure to a pinched-looking woman as she came out and urged her to "say hello to Congressman Pike."

Without breaking stride, she slapped the brochure into Pike's extended hand, said, "Hello, Congressman Pike," and stalked off.

"A good Republican face," Pike said, watching her go.

I mentioned the incident to Donner a little later, and he nodded. "It happens," he said. "But it's not important. The important thing is how many people know his name. It's never been like this before. We used to spend thousands of dollars to advertise him and then hand a shopping bag to someone and they'd say, 'Who?' That's what hurt—that 'Who?' But now they take the bag and say, 'Oh, yes, Congressman Pike.' It's taken years to get to that stage."

Donner had heard rumors that Catterson's supporters were going to picket Pike that day, but the hours wore on with no sign of them, and Donner concluded that they had probably failed to find the motorcade because it was so far behind schedule. "That's the advantage of being a Democrat," he said. "Your schedule is always so loused up that even you don't know where you are." At the next-to-last stop, four boys of about eighteen, with tight black pants, black jackets, and slicked-up pompadours, who looked as if they would like nothing better than to get into trouble, clustered around Pike in front of a market and began shaking hands with emerging shoppers, each introducing himself as Lyndon Johnson, Nelson Rockefeller, or Robert F. Kennedy. They were clearly acting on their own, but they struck me as being far more menacing than organized pickets would have been. Apparently, Pike felt



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BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Getting Oriented.

From now on, BUSINESS WEEK will be getting first-hand business information from Southeast Asia, Indonesia, Vietnam, and all points oriental. The Hong Kong News Bureau, the *twelfth* overseas news bureau serving BW readers, opened its doors early in 1967. Staffed with top people, it's going to be one of the most reliable sources of business-oriented news in that often-inscrutable part of the world.

As you might gather, BUSINESS WEEK is dedicated to the idea that business news has to be *world* news. We're convinced that problems abroad affect profits at home. That's why we'll go from here to China to bring back the facts we think American management has to know. But don't worry. We're not neglecting the home front. BUSINESS WEEK still maintains 17 full-time news bureaus in the U.S. and Canada, and correspondents in 33 other cities.

We admit we're fascinated by the idea of a Hong Kong bureau, but we haven't gotten carried away. We're still just plain folks on West 42nd Street. If you don't believe it, come up and ring our gong.

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BUSINESS WEEK

the same way, for he eyed them nervously and moved on to another doorway. Donner watched them as they started off in the same direction. "You know," he said, "I'm not so sure I'm against police brutality."

Finally, at the last stop, the Catterson pickets showed up. There were three of them, all middle-aged women, and they were carrying signs reading, "SWEEP OUT THE MESS IN WASHINGTON," "SWEEP OUT THE BIG DEM SPENDERS," and "TRADE IN YOUR PRESENT CONGRESSMAN FOR A LESS EXPENSIVE MODEL."

Pike waved at them and shouted, "Welcome! Where have you been? We've missed you."

The crowd laughed, and as Pike went back to shaking hands the three women closed in and tried to cut him off from the shoppers.

One of the committeemen who were passing out Pike's brochures—a tall, heavyset man with a double chin—stopped the leader of the pickets, a small redhead. "You shouldn't behave like that," he told her. "The Democrats would never do that. If you want to follow the motorcade or picket farther away, that's fine. But you have no right to stop him from meeting the voters."

The woman glared at him, and then suddenly cried, "You fat rat!"

Pike heard her, and at once went over to the sound truck, which was parked nearby. Taking the microphone, he began telling the crowd about Catterson's Junior Chamber of Commerce claim. As Pike started to refute it, the redhead rushed up and swung her sign at him, missing his face by inches. "You're not a congressman!" she shrieked. "You're a maniac!" Flushing, Pike finished his account, and then he moved off toward a group of people who wanted him to autograph some posters. Just as he put the first of the posters down on the hood of a car and raised his pen, the redhead hurried over and tried to cover the poster with her sign. Smiling, Pike quickly autographed the sign. With a look of contempt, she jerked it back and moved away. Just then, a comely woman in her mid-thirties made her way up to Pike and shook hands with him. "I want to wish you every success," she said. "I went to law school with Catterson, and I'm certainly going to vote for you."

THE final encounter between the candidates took place on Tuesday evening, November 1st, a week before Election Day, at the Nassakeag School, in Setauket, under the sponsorship of the Three Village Junior Chamber of

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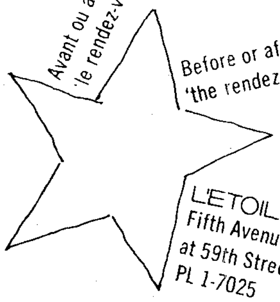

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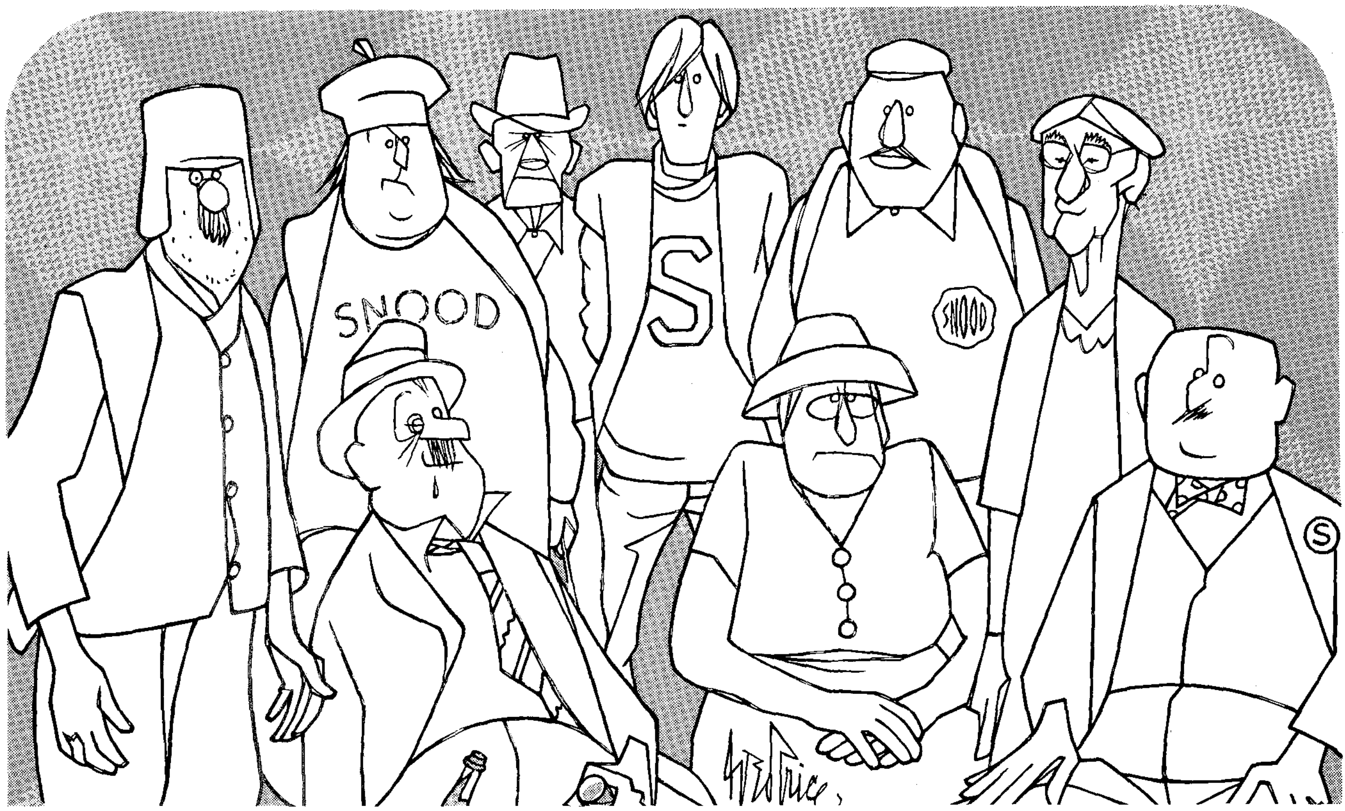

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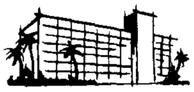
Commerce. I met Pike at the Three Village Inn, in Stony Brook, for dinner beforehand, and no sooner had we sat down than he said, "I hear Catterson is steaming about my song. I expect him to make a violent attack on me tonight." He went on to say that since the newspapers had failed to report his rendition of "Ballad for a Bad Boy," he had prepared his first, and probably his last, press release—consisting of Catterson's claim, his own refutation of it, and the text of the song—and had mailed it to the weekly papers in the district the day before. "On this, the timing is the big thing," he said. "The weeklies, which come out on Thursday, will call Catterson for a response to my charge. However, on Wednesday I'll send the dailies my documentation—Catterson's claim, the story of the Montgomery Junior Chamber's book, and a telegram from the United States Junior Chamber denying that they ever named him. That way, the dailies will print the hard evidence on the same day the weeklies come out with his explanation."

The day before, *Newsday* had endorsed Pike, stating that he was "able and industrious" and had "established a fine record of service to his district and to the nation." I assumed that he would be pleased by this, but he was more interested in the paper's assertion, in the same editorial, that Catterson, "the aggressive young chief of the Rackets Bureau . . . favors a more aggressive war policy." Reading the line to me, Pike said, "That all but wiped out their endorsement. That could hurt me badly, because most of the voters out here also favor a more aggressive war policy." I asked Pike about a report in the papers that Catterson had organized a group of a thousand housewives, who were planning to picket the final debate. "That won't hurt me at all," Pike said. "First of all, it will create some publicity. And, second, it will make the sponsors of the debate angry before things start. That may affect the way the program is run." He laughed and added, "I did consider planting a woman to throw a tomato at me. That would be worth ten thousand votes."

When we arrived at the school, we found not a thousand women picketing but twenty-two. They were marching in two circles side by side—one circle of fourteen women and the other of eight. At first, I assumed they were all Catterson supporters, but then I saw that the larger group carried pro-Democratic posters. The others had signs reading, "WE WANT BREAD AND BUT-



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TER, NOT JOKES AND BALONEY," "HAD ENOUGH? VOTE FOR CATTERSON," "PIKE'S NO PIKER WITH OUR TAX DOLLARS," and "WE CAN'T AFFORD LBJ AND OGP." Pike strode up to this group, joined it for one circuit, and proceeded to the front door of the school, where he paused to let some newspaper photographers take his picture. When they had finished, a reporter asked him what he thought about the pickets. "What pickets?" Pike retorted, and went inside.

I noticed Mrs. Donner among the Pike supporters, carrying a sign emblazoned "BEAT ROCKY," and then I saw her husband over at one side. I joined him, and we watched the women parading for a minute or two. "This certainly is the silly season," he said finally, with a roar of laughter.

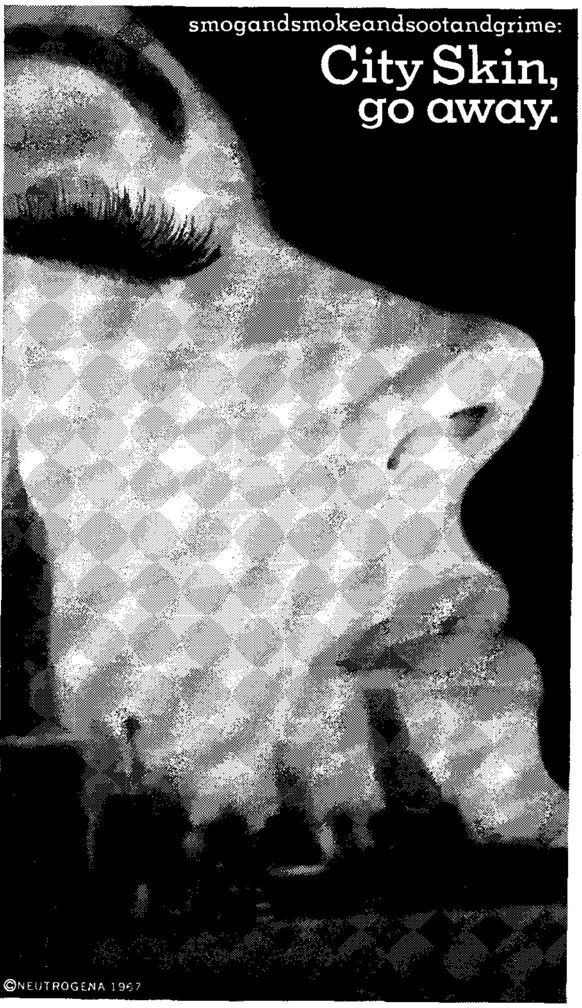
I asked about the pro-Pike pickets. "Well, these women just happened to hear about the pickets against Pike, and they gathered here spontaneously from all over Long Island," he said.

There were perhaps thirty other people on hand, in small clusters near the school entrance. I wandered around to see if I recognized anyone, and saw in one group six men who had been the noisiest members of Catterson's claque during the previous debate. "I'll tell you what I'd like to do to Pike," one of them, a burly man in a plaid jacket, said as I passed. "I'd like to kick his brains out." A man beside him hissed, "Sh-h-h!" and the group fell silent. I went back to Donner and told him what I had overheard. He glanced at the men with a look of indulgent dismay, then nodded to himself and turned away. "Peculiarism is a definite trend in America today," he said.

Once again, the same ground was gone over during the debate, and, once again, the only unexpected incident came at the end. "We don't want slogans like the ones my opponent slings around," Pike said in winding up his final rebuttal. "We need constructive thought, and we need action."

Catterson jumped to his feet. "He doesn't want slogans, doesn't he?" he demanded, his voice rising shrilly. Grabbing one of Pike's brochures from the table, he shook it in the air and shouted, "He doesn't like slogans? Well, listen to this slogan from his own brochure, taken from a local newspaper! It says, 'Otis Pike is the finest congressman Suffolk County ever had'!" With that, he sat down, and after a moment of stunned silence the audience burst into laughter and applause, with Pike leading both.

Out in the corridor afterward, Cat-



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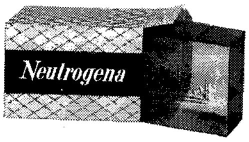

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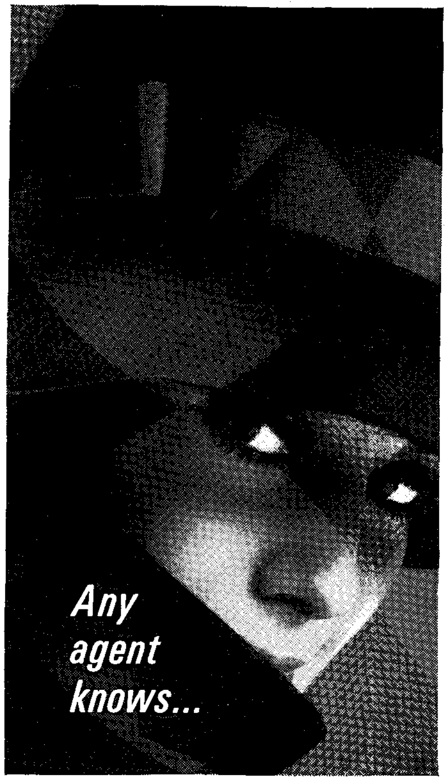
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terson went by alone, muttering to himself, and then Pike came along, smiling broadly. Donner congratulated him on Catterson's "ringing endorsement," and Pike congratulated him on the "spontaneous demonstration" by the pickets outside.

As we left the school, I asked Pike why he thought Catterson hadn't attacked, as he had expected. "He did it before we started," Pike replied. "When we shook hands at the start, off microphone, I said, 'Hello, Jimmy, how are you?' And he said, 'Fine, Otis. How's the acne?' "

As far as Pike was concerned, that debate ended the campaign. "I'm convinced that very, very few people change their minds during the last week," he told me. Despite this conviction, he still wanted to put advertisements in the weekly newspapers, but he still didn't have the money, so he reluctantly gave up the plan. Also, despite this conviction, he went on campaigning—speaking before high-school groups, attending a meeting of retired people, visiting a hospital, touring industrial plants and business offices, and then, on Election Eve, winding things up with a fifteen-minute live television broadcast. Before he went on the air, I asked him how it looked, and he answered, "So good that I can hardly believe it." When he made his broadcast, he gave every appearance of believing it, speaking calmly and incisively, with a greater air of confidence than I had seen him display before. He dealt first with his job as a congressman and his record over the years. Then he said he wanted to discuss the various ways of conducting a campaign—which turned out to mean the way Catterson had conducted his, with the use of, by Pike's account, "generalities," "deception," and "complete invention." The last, of course, referred to Catterson's Junior Chamber of Commerce claim. Pike described the actual facts, telling about the book published by the Montgomery Junior Chamber of Commerce, and continued, "On page 100, where his name is, they have just finished the 'A's and 'B's and are starting the 'C's. His name is there, though, right between those other great Americans, Richard Caton and Harold Catz. What, you never heard of them? Well, one of them teaches school in the Woodbury High School, Woodbury, New Jersey, and the other one sells real estate in Doylestown, Pennsylvania." Then he made a brief appeal to "the people who think

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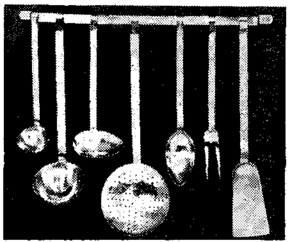

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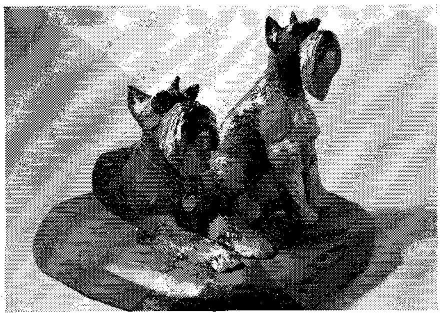

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for themselves" and concluded, "I hope you'll be one of them on Election Day."

On Election Day, Pike voted in Riverhead at ten o'clock in the morning and then went back to his headquarters, laced a cup of black coffee with bourbon, and began practicing what he called his "defeat song"—"So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh"—on his ukulele. The Pikes had invited me to join them for a buffet dinner that evening, and I arrived at their house, a large Victorian structure a block from Riverhead's Main Street, at around seven o'clock. We had cocktails and chatted about Pike's prospects, and then we had dinner and chatted about his prospects some more. He finally said that they looked good enough to give him a margin of thirty-five thousand votes. The polls in some states had already closed, and he switched on a large television set in a corner. The first face to appear was that of Lester Maddox, who at that point was believed to have won the race for governor of Georgia. "I went into this race as a segregationist and I came out of it as a segregationist, and I want you to know that I mean to run the State of Georgia for the people, regardless of race, creed, or color," Maddox said. Pike laughed and said, "That guy's becoming a politician." He kept switching channels to follow the races of various friends in the House, and then, at nine o'clock, when the New York State polls closed, he and his wife and their sons, Robert and seventeen-year-old Douglas, and I got into the family car and drove to Regula's Corner, an elderly saloon and banquet hall in the Polish section of Riverhead, where the Democrats were to tabulate the local election returns.

There were only about a dozen people at Regula's when we arrived, and after greeting them the Pikes sat down at a table in the front of the banquet room, facing a blackboard on which were listed Riverhead's nine election districts, with a square beside each to show the results. Pike sat nervously drumming his fingers on the table for a while, then he turned to me and said, "Districts three, six, seven, and nine are the key districts here. When the returns from them come in, I'll have a good idea of how the election is going to turn out." Slipping a hand into his pocket, he jingled some change and began licking his lips feverishly.

Soon the rear door opened and a man hurried in. "The third district," Pike said. "How's it look, John?"

Hurrying across the room, the man

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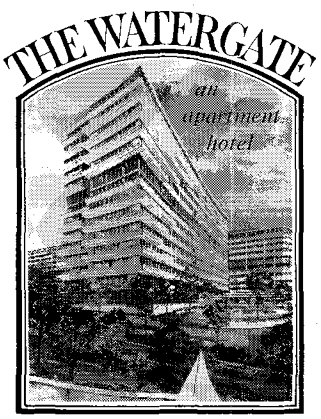

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grinned and answered, "It looks good for you, Mr. Pike."

Pike took a piece of paper out of his coat pocket and unfolded it. "This gives the vote in each district last time," he told me. "By comparing it with this year's results, I'll get a quick idea of the trend."

Now one man read out the third district's votes for governor, and another wrote them on the blackboard: 131 for Rockefeller, 105 for O'Connor, 19 for Roosevelt, 51 for Adams.

Pike whistled softly and turned around to the people behind him, who now numbered around fifty. "On the basis of my vote profile analysis, I'd say that O'Connor will win the election," he said.

The crowd laughed, and then grew quiet as the man registered the vote for congressman: 206 for Pike, 83 for Catterson. Everyone applauded, and Pike looked at the record of the 1964 election. "As I expected," he said. "Better than '62, worse than '64."

In rapid succession, returns came in—from the seventh district, which gave Pike 669 votes to Catterson's 204; from the ninth, which gave Pike 173 to Catterson's 40; and from the sixth, which gave Pike 185 to Catterson's 66. Pike jotted down the figures and nodded to himself. "With our four worst districts in, it's three to one in my favor," he told me.

I asked if that was relaxing news, and he shook his head sharply. "I took Riverhead in '58, when I lost the election," he answered.

Mrs. Pike went off to telephone Pike's campaign headquarters, and when she came back she said, "Nothing from Islip yet."

"How about Smithtown?"

"Nothing there, either. But you carried Shelter Island."

"Call Donner and find out about Islip."

She hurried away, and when she came back she said quietly, "You're not doing too well in Islip."

Pike jerked back in his seat and licked his lips. "Really? How badly?"

"Three to two."

"For whom?"

"For you, of course."

"God, don't scare me like that!" he said, sinking back in his chair.

By ten o'clock, it was clear that Pike had won Riverhead easily, so we drove over to his headquarters, where some thirty people were milling about, answering telephones, jotting figures on slips of paper, and totting up the results on a blackboard that was divided into sections bearing the names of the

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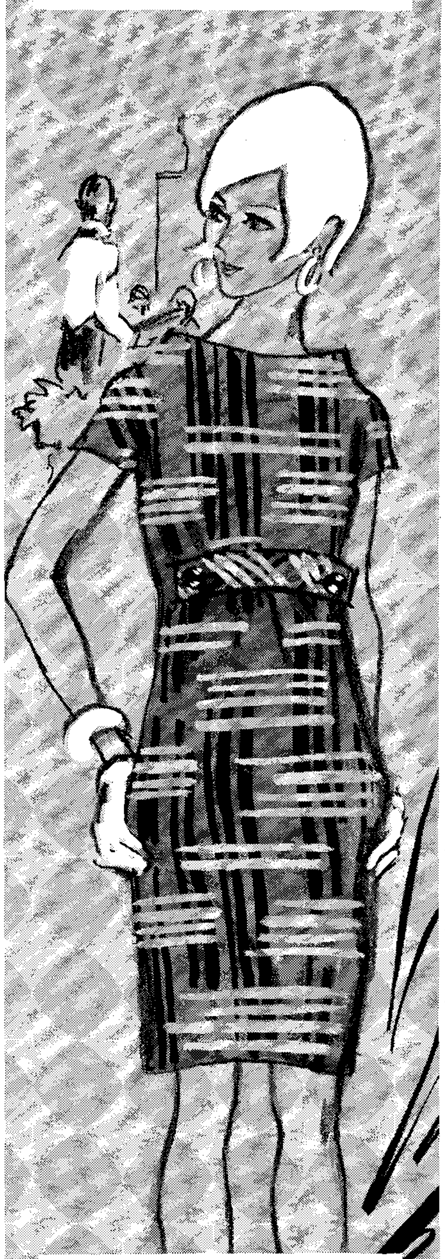

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district's eight townships. Pike was ahead—by a little over four thousand votes for him to a little under twelve hundred for Catterson—with about three per cent of the votes counted. Pike pointed to the Islip returns approvingly, and I saw that he now had a two-to-one lead there. Smithtown still hadn't come in, so he called the headquarters there, but got no news.

While he was on the phone, I went over to stand with Donner. An awesomely pretty girl with long blond hair hurried up to him and cried, "We're way ahead in Huntington!"

Donner patted her on the shoulder. "That's wonderful news, Alice," he said. "Except Huntington isn't in our district."

At eleven o'clock, there were still no returns from Smithtown, so Pike decided to drive over to the Democratic headquarters there. He and his family and I again piled into the car and sped off. On the way, Pike kept nervously switching the radio dial from station to station to get the returns from other races—particularly the one in the Third Congressional District of New York, which he expected to be close. The Smithtown headquarters for the evening turned out to be the Villa Pace, a large, glossy restaurant that was crammed with people with drinks in their hands and cigarettes and cigars in their mouths. As soon as we came in, Pike peered through the smoke, spotted Quinn, and hurried over to him. "How's it look?" he asked.

"They haven't put it on the board yet, but it's about thirty-five thousand to twenty thousand," Quinn answered.

"That's not good enough," Pike said, licking his lips.

A moment later, Domenic Baranello, the Democratic Chairman of Suffolk County, whom I had seen at various Party functions, came up to Pike and pinned to his lapel a large button that read, "Otis Pike for United States Senate."

"No, no," Pike said quickly, taking it off. "You wear it."

Baranello put the button on, and a photographer posed the two men against the election-returns board. Afterward, several other people came by wearing identical buttons, and Pike stopped one of them, a middle-aged woman. "That looks awfully good," he said.

Within an hour, it was clear that Pike had won handsomely, especially considering Rockefeller's victory in New York and other Republican victories around the country. Pike stood up on a chair and made a brief speech to console the local Democratic candi-

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dates who had lost and to thank everyone for helping him win, and then we left.

In the parking lot outside, his younger son pulled one of the Pike-for-Senate buttons out of his pocket, held it aloft, and cried, "I got one!"

Pike grinned at him. "Atta boy," he said.

When we got back to the house, at one-thirty, a couple of dozen people were there, waiting to congratulate Pike on his victory. Donner was sunk in a large easy chair in a corner holding a highball and gazing blearily at the milling crowd. I asked him how he felt now, with another victory behind him. "It's not much fun anymore," he answered. "Most of the fun is in being an amateur and figuring out how you're going to correct all the mistakes you've made. I've become too professional. *There aren't many mistakes anymore.*" Recalling the sudden appearance of the Pike-for-Senate buttons, I said that I assumed any move in that direction would mean challenging Senator Jacob Javits. Donner gave me a noncommittal smile, and I asked whether he and Pike meant to take on Javits, and if they did what strategy they might use. "We could leak it that he's Jewish," Donner said, with a shattering burst of laughter.

Although by this time Pike's margin was forty thousand votes out of a total of a hundred and seventy thousand, he was told that Catterson still hadn't conceded—which, in fact, Catterson did not do until around two o'clock, when his secretary called Pike and read a brief statement wishing him luck in the Ninetieth Congress. Pike shook hands all around and then undid his bow tie and opened his collar. "I didn't think I could get so tired," he said, and slumped down on a couch in the living room. Resting his head against the cushion, he closed his eyes and folded his hands on his lap. After a few minutes, I thought he had fallen asleep, but suddenly he opened his eyes and sat up. He looked around wearily, then rose and went over to the television set and switched channels. "I wonder how it looks in the Third," he said.

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

DEAR MR. L——:

We don't want you to send this letter to the NEW YORKER magazine for their "Letter We Never Finished Reading" department, so we'll just skip the clever opening sentence and go right on to the second paragraph.—*Letter received by a man in Beverly Hills.*

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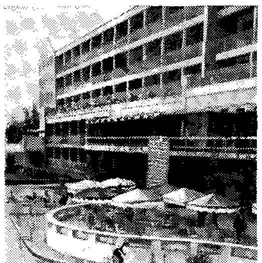
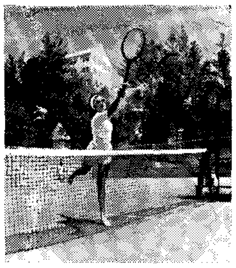
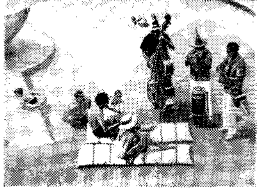
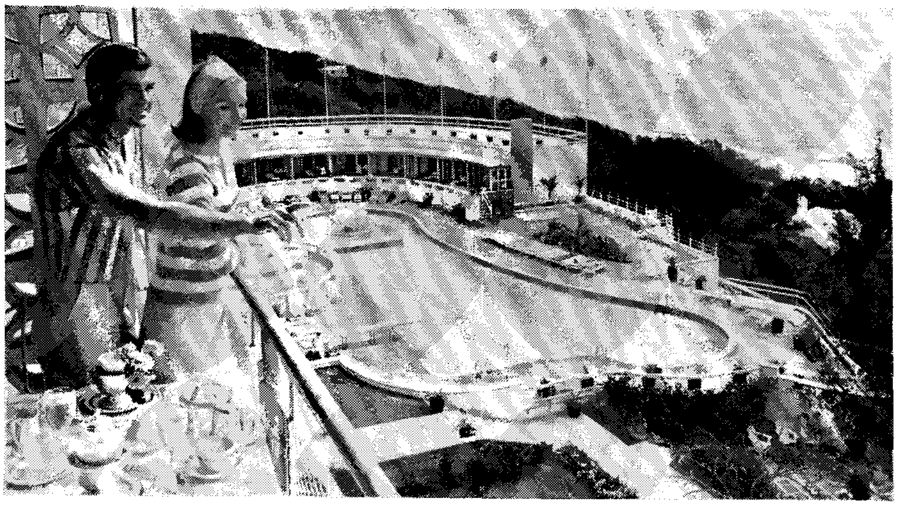

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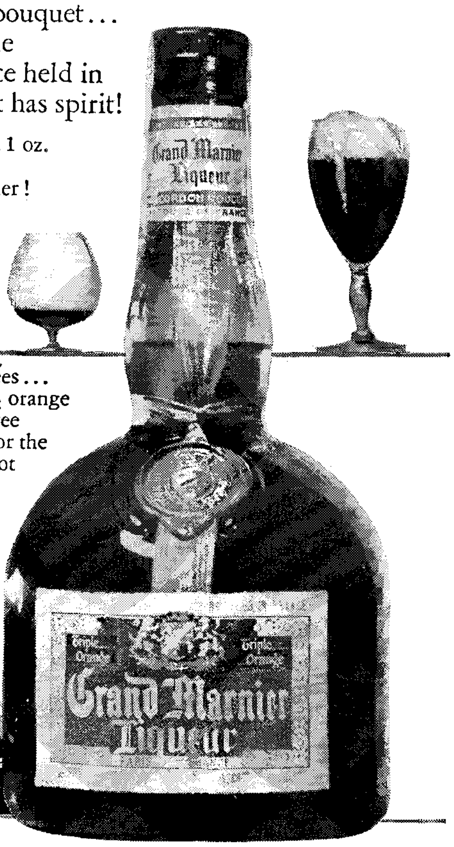

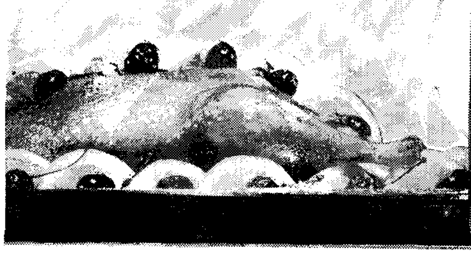

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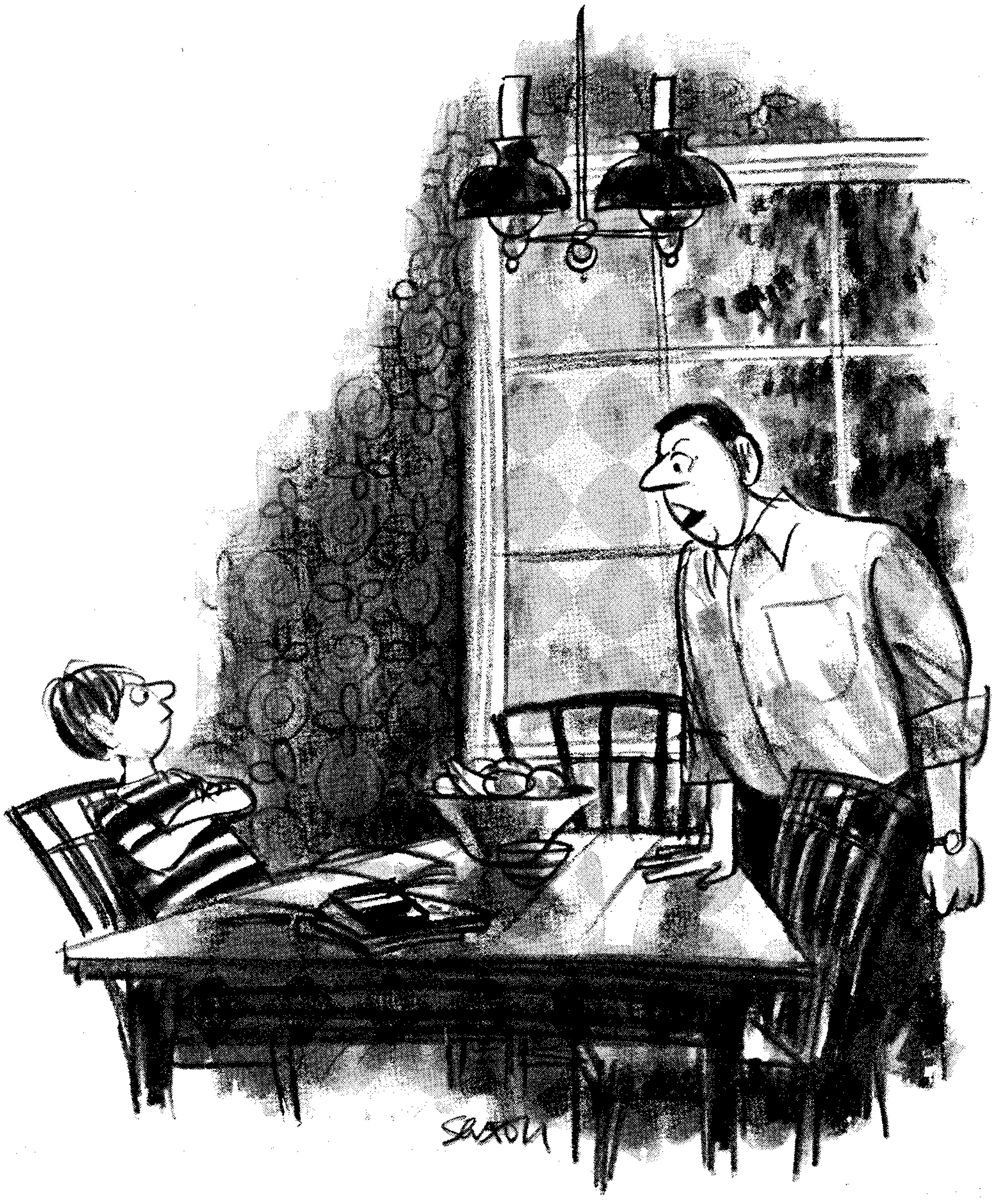
THE THEATRE

ORTS

"SHERRY!," at the Alvin, is a musical adaptation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which was smart stuff back in the nineteen-thirties but which, as resurrected here by James Lipton (book and lyrics), to the accompaniment of tunes by Laurence Rosenthal, is a terrible bore. The original comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, was, as you may remember, a gambol about the works, pomps, and pretensions of Alexander Woollcott, who used to cut quite a figure in the literary, lecture, and radio world with his discussions of subjects that, as he often pointed out, warmed the cockles of his foolish old heart. In the original play, there was an awareness that Woollcott and his chums, for all their waspish wit, had sense enough to realize that they were just a little ridiculous in their fierce preoccupation with intramural jokes and comic by-play. In "Sherry!," Clive Revill plays Woollcott as if the man were nothing more than one of those so-called insult comedians who so often make night clubs intolerable and television shows tedious, and although his supporting cast, which includes Dolores Gray and Elizabeth Allen, is not without merit, the musical never gives its participants much in the way of lively material. In his book, Mr. Lipton has followed Kaufman and Hart quite faithfully, and, indeed, reiterated a good deal of their dialogue; unfortunately, this old dialogue has lost its sparkle with the passage of the years, and the new notes that Mr. Lipton strikes are flat. Mr. Rosenthal, Mr. Lipton's companion in this effort, is similarly uninspired, and the staging and direction, by Joe Layton, are frantic and largely purposeless. Except for a number called "The Fred Astaire Affair," the dance arrangements, by John Morris, didn't seem very diverting, and when the actors stopped dancing to line out such guff as "I'll get the ants out of those moonlit pants," my gorge rose precipitously.

When Mr. Revill, as the freewheeling Sheridan Whiteside (Woollcott), injures his hip in a sprawl on the ice in front of the house of a hidebound burgher of Mesalia, Ohio, and takes up residence with the burgher and his family at Christmastime, some humorous possibilities should be evident. But even though Mr. Revill rants and raves, and such incidental diversions as octopuses, cockroaches encased in glass, and penguins (all get-well gifts to the hero) are introduced, nothing much comes of it. I suppose "The Man Who Came to Dinner" is too young to be quaint and too old to be sprightly. Yet in the midst of what I thought was a calamity Dolores Gray showed up as one of Whiteside's tumultuous acquaintances and really put a charge into the proceedings, and for that let us be thankful. —JOHN McCARTEN



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OFF BROADWAY

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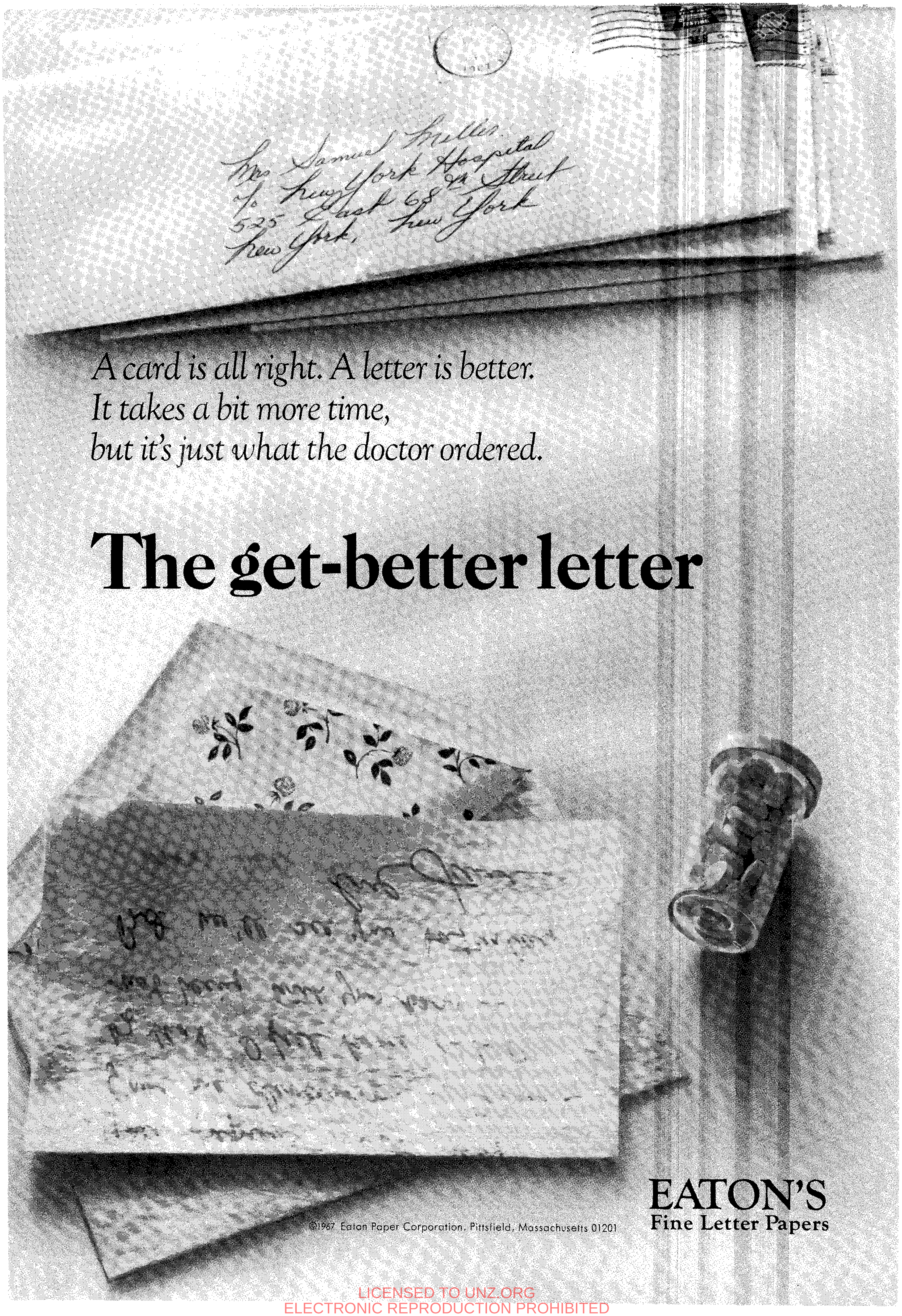
"CARRICKNABAUNA," at the Greenwich Mews, is an arrangement of poems by Padraic Colum (mildly dramatized by Mr. Colum and Basil Burwell) that takes the form of a sentimental journey back to the poet's own youth, when he himself made a sentimental journey, knapsack on his back, around the roads of Ireland. At the opening of the evening, Neil Fitzgerald, as the old poet, steps onto the stage to reminisce briefly and to introduce his young self (Mark Jenkins), who shortly thereafter leaves his girl to set out on his travels and, incidentally, to make a pilgrimage to a mountain sacred to St. Patrick, on the chance that



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he has a vocation for the priesthood. He hasn't. The other characters are the people he runs into along the way. Some of the poems are recited, others are sung, and there is no denying that things get awfully ethnic and shimmery and kind of dedicated. I would like to be able to recommend the show, simply because of the pleasure that Mr. Colum's stories and verses have given me for as far back as I can remember, but I just can't. There are some lively moments, though—a scene at a country fair, for example, and one inside a Galway pub—each of them made especially so by Martyn Green, an old hand and a capable hand at words and music. The high point of the evening is a simple, eloquent recitation by Mr. Fitzgerald of a lovely poem about Blind Raftery. Actually, all the poems would have been much more effective if they had been read quietly—by Mr. Colum himself, perhaps, who was present on opening night and, for all his eighty-five years, looked better than anyone else in the house.

ODD thing: "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," which is based on a comic strip, turned out to be entirely free of whimsey, whereas the recently demised musical "Dynamite Tonite," a try at satire on the horrors of war, was so swamped with it—so prankish and gleefully complacent—that it worked against itself every step of the way. In spite of the evidence of some talent on the part of almost everyone concerned, its effect was next to nil—at best mildly amusing and at worst downright annoying. That talent cannot just be dismissed, though. Roguish or not, Arnold Weinstein, who was responsible for the words, knows how to use them. William Bolcom's teasing, tuneful music, deliberately imitative of any number of familiar styles, always sounded right and kind of original, too. All the performances were good, especially those of Gene Troobnick, Alvin Epstein, Bill Alton, and Allyn Ann McLerie, as a captain, sergeant, private, and lady guerrilla fighter, respectively, and of George Gaynes, who also sang very well in a made-up language, as an enemy prisoner. The show first appeared several years ago and ran for a night or so.

"NOT A WAY OF LIFE," by James Rush, which paused briefly at the Sheridan Square, was an awkward little domestic play about a young Catholic couple who are all upset and almost come apart on the issue of birth-control

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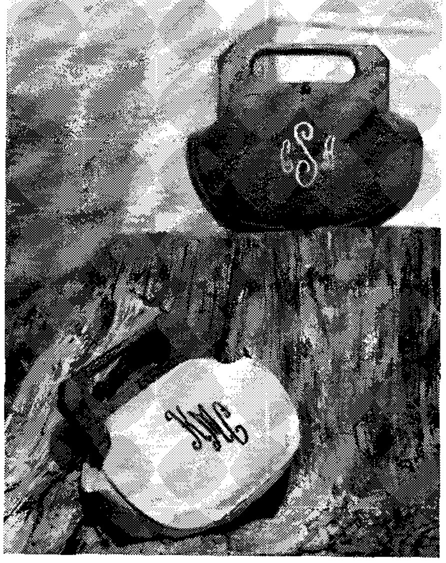

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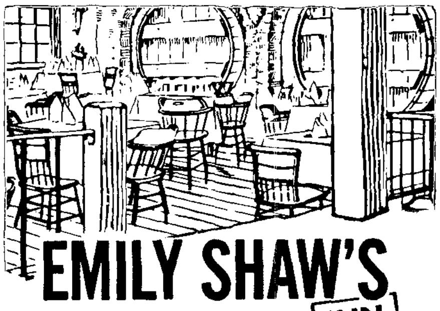

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pills. There were other characters, too, both lay and clerical, and their conversation, which rarely strayed from the subject at hand, was either gynecological or parochial, or both. These characters were simple and unpretentious; the play was earnest and unpretentious and, unfortunately, no good. There was one bright scene, though, in which the heroine's devoted Irish mother comes to call. Brimming with superstitious piety and ever ready with advice, she is a man-hater to her marrow. As shrewdly performed by Kate Harrington, Mama's frosty cracks about *them* and the righteous prune face she made when the heroine's husband entered gave great pleasure.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE POLITICAL LIFE

[*From the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*]

WASHINGTON, March 19 (UPI)—The dinner conversation hushed as Ronald Reagan walked up to George Romney's table.

"Have a jellybean, governor," said Reagan to Romney.

"Thank you, governor," replied Romney. And with a flick of his left hand, he popped a jellybean into the air and into his mouth.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Reagan as members of the Capitol Hill Club cheered.

Then Reagan flicked a jellybean into the air and caught it in his mouth.

"There you are, governor," Reagan said, flashing his famous Hollywood smile.

The photographers cried for a repeat performance.

It was obvious neither man was a novice at heart. They stood quietly discussing the relative difficulty of flicking large jellybeans as opposed to aspirin tablets.

•

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—*Directions accompanying a thermos jug made in Germany.*

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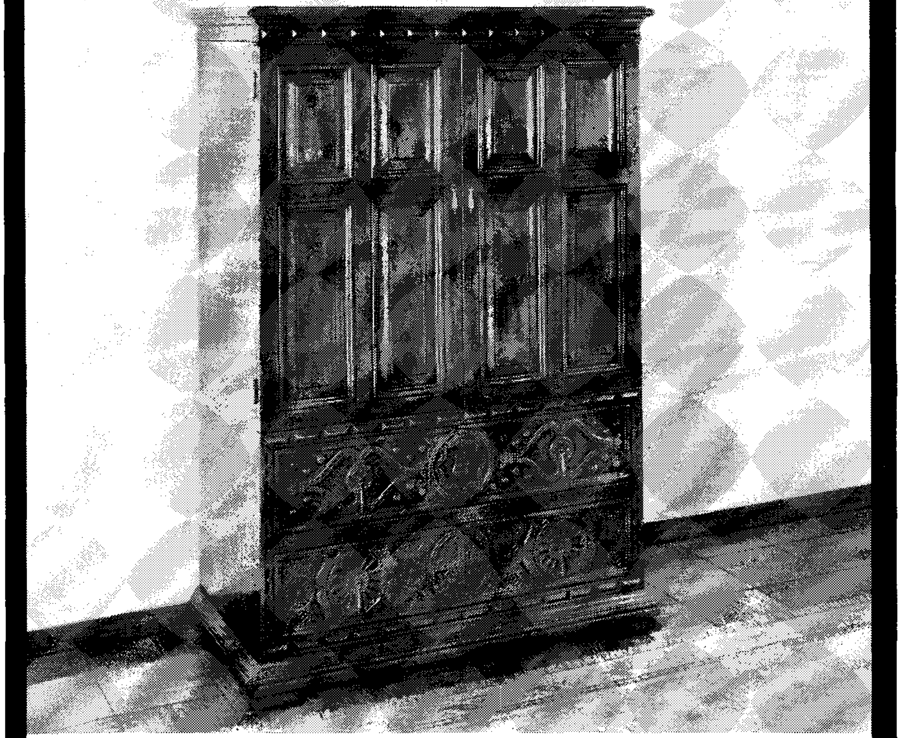

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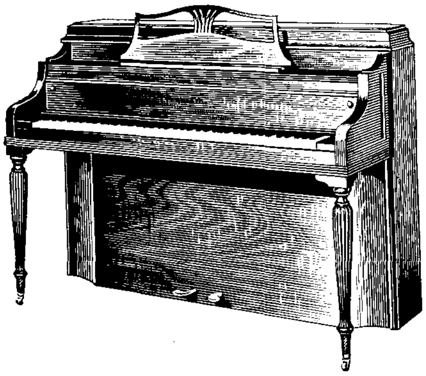

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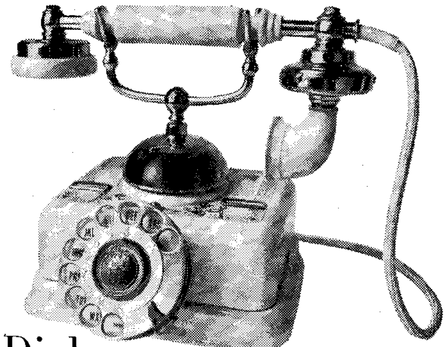

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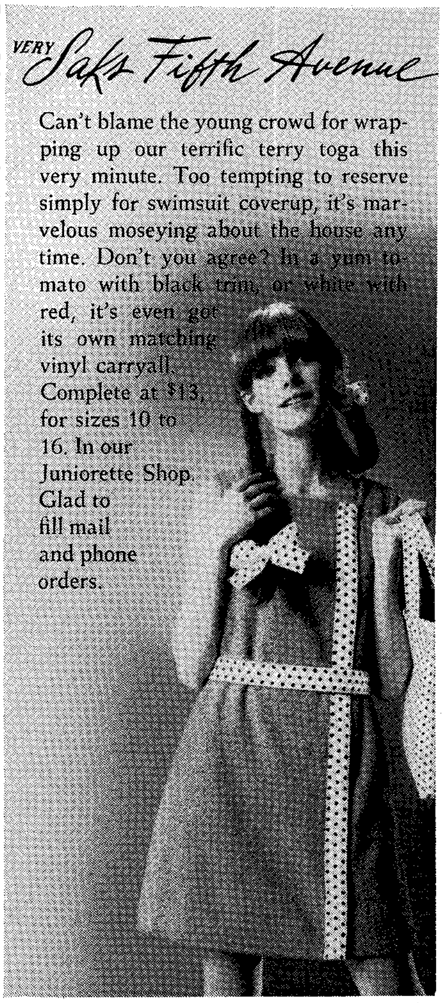
It seems that all the horses worth talking about these days run only on Saturdays. On other afternoons, the programs are made up for the most part of cheap claiming races, which the customers dote on, and gallops for maiden two-year-olds, of which the less said the better. The Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park led off our mad whirl of pleasure last weekend, and it complicated rather than clarified the outlook on the three-year-olds, for it was won comfortably by In Reality, with Biller and Reason to Hail a neck apart two and a half lengths behind him. Reflected Glory, who won the Flamingo and two lesser stakes at Hialeah, and until now had been the favorite in the future books on the Kentucky Derby, finished seventh.

I watched the race on television, and wasn't surprised to see Tumble Wind, making the old California try, take the lead from the ten other runners at the clubhouse turn and hold it for more than half of the mile and a furlong. Then he tired. A horseman who saw him in action last winter told me the other day that Tumble Wind was a nice colt but that his defeat by Ruken in the Santa Anita Derby seemed to take a lot out of him. In Reality, always going smoothly and in a good position, made his bid on the turn for home, and gave the impression that he'd do as well at a mile and a quarter as he did at a mile and a furlong. Though the track was fast, the time wasn't—1:50⅘ for the distance. In Reality, who was bred in Florida by his owner, Mrs. Frances Genter, is a bay colt by Intentionally out of My Dear Girl, and has an interesting record. The only time he has been out of the first three in his dozen starts was when he was fourth in the Garden State Stakes last autumn; in seven others he was first, and in four he was second. I daresay it would take several days for all the excuses on behalf of Reflected Glory to pass a given point. The chart shows him eighth most of the way. Velasquez, who rode him, said he might not have liked the track, which he'd never been on before. As a rule, horsemen on the eve of an important race give their charges at least one gallop over a racecourse that is new to them, so they can get the feel of the



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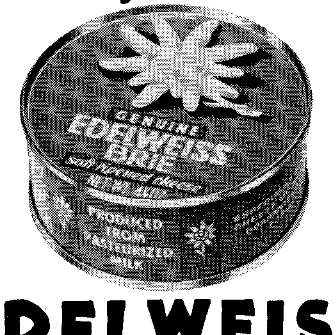

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footing. Hirsch Jacobs, who trains Reflected Glory, does not. He says that if a horse can run at all, he can run anywhere, any time.

AS for other candidates for the spring classics, Baltimore racegoers last weekend saw Disciplinarian easily win the Pimlico Stakes, at six furlongs, from Solo Landing, winner of the Swift at Aqueduct. Flying Tackle was third.

ADVOCATOR, a sometimes winner, made his opposition look like buggy horses in the Westchester Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. He was fifth for half of the mile, but when he made his move on the stretch turn it was so plain what would happen that anybody with a ticket on him could have headed straight for the cashier's window. Our Michael, who beat Advocator so easily in the Paumonok the previous Saturday, saved second place by inches from Model Fool. Thanks to a touch of spring weather, there was a crowd of more than fifty thousand in the stand, and the Big A had its first five-million-dollar day of the season.

ASTRAY in Belmont Park one morning last week, I stopped at Barn 17 to look at Buckpasser, whom I hadn't seen since November. He'd just come from a scale at the track, where his weight was shown to be a bit over twelve hundred pounds. From which you'd guess that Buckpasser is a big horse, and you'd be right. He looks to me to be 16.3 hands high. (Eddie Neloy, his trainer, thinks he might be a hair more.) Besides, he has grown into a really magnificent individual, having both substance and quality, and also great depth of body through both the girth and the loins. Altogether, he's hard to fault. His recovery from the quarter crack that put him on the shelf last winter is progressing so well that he's in light training. Successor has also recovered from what ailed him in the Swift Stakes, and may have a tuning-up gallop before he runs for the Gotham Stakes, at a mile, a week from Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara spent the Easter weekend skiing with his family at Sun Valley, Idaho, the Defense Department announced yesterday.

If the objective cannot be achieved, he asked, "what should be done instead?" He said answers had to be found soon or the chance would "pass us by."—*Washington Post.*

Meanwhile, watch out for that tree.

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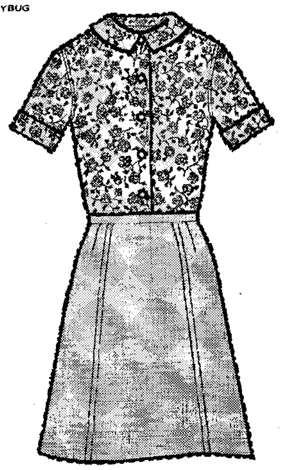

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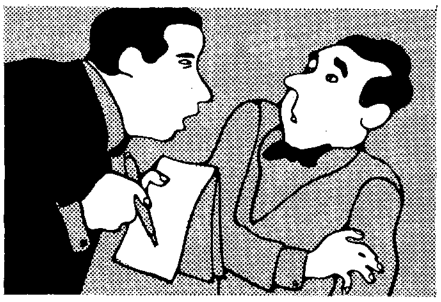
THE CURRENT CINEMA

How to Get Rich

PROUDHON'S famous aphorism "Property is theft" must find some softness of assent in even the flintiest capitalistic heart—otherwise, how is one to account for the fact that we capitalists not only take great pleasure in reading about pirates, highwaymen, cat-burglars, embezzlers, and robber barons but also, in most cases, identify ourselves with the criminals and not with those who seek to bring them to justice? We particularly dote upon daring crimes involving the theft of large sums of cash, and it is no accident that one of the first movies ever made, "The Great Train Robbery," proved a smash at the box office. Some sixty years later, here is another movie on the same general subject; its title bears but a single word more than that of its celebrated predecessor—it is called "The Great British Train Robbery"—and I wish it a like success. For it tells, in an appealing, no-nonsense documentary fashion, the story of the biggest event of its kind in history: the ingenious holding up, in the early morning of August 8, 1963, of a Royal Mail train running between Glasgow and London and the removal therefrom of mail sacks containing the equivalent of about seven million dollars in currency.

Despite its hard documentary edge, the story told in "The Great British Train Robbery" is only provisionally true. Of the thirteen men who are supposed to have been implicated in the crime, three have yet to be arrested, and one of the three is said to have been the mastermind of the affair; lacking his Hamlet, the author of the screenplay, Henry Kolarz, had to face the awkward task of making up a plot that, while complete as a fiction, would jibe with the known facts and leave room for the unknown ones. As far as I am concerned, he has performed this task convincingly. I accepted without question his notion of how the crime was planned, rehearsed, and carried out; how the gang quarrelled over the method of dividing the spoils; and how the majority of them were rounded up, tried, and sentenced to prison. The severity of their sentences (some of them were given thirty years) led to a public outcry—another clue to the comparatively high opinion of larceny that many of us secretly hold. Later, several



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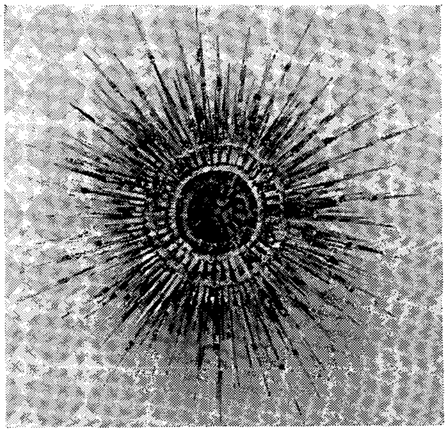

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members of the gang were sprung from prison by their former associates, in a *beau geste* implying that the standards of conduct maintained by Anglo-Saxon criminals are every bit as lofty as those of the Mafia. Well bowled, underworld!

"The Great British Train Robbery" was shot partly in England and partly in Germany, with a German cast, and one is always irritatedly aware that the voices have had to be dubbed into English; nevertheless, the actors have the advantage of being unfamiliar to us, and my disbelief was all the more readily suspended because the roles had not been conventionally parcelled out among Harry Andrews, John LeMesurier, Leo McKern, and other members of Her Majesty's First Team. The joint directors of the movie were John Olden and Claus Peter Witt, and the director of photography was Gerald Gibbs.

"AGE OF ILLUSIONS" is an agreeable importation from Hungary. It was written and directed by a young man-about-Budapest named Istvan Szabo, and it concerns itself with the personal and professional problems of half a dozen members of his generation. On the evidence presented here, they are precisely the problems that afflict young people in London, Paris, Rome, Stockholm, and Meriden, Connecticut. For this reason, the movie lacks novelty; at the same time, it provides the adventitious benefit of innumerable glimpses of the ordinary life of a city unknown to most Americans. The camera, by nearly always seeing more than it needs to, becomes an incomparable journalist.

OTTO PREMINGER'S "Hurry Sundown" is a terrible movie, and it is terrible in a way that Mr. Preminger has made his very own. Since nobody doubts his intelligence and skill, why does he fail? I think the reason may be that he refuses to distinguish between a good screenplay and a bad one. "Hurry Sundown" was written by Horton Foote and Thomas C. Ryan, and it is meretricious nonsense from start to finish, but Mr. Preminger seems not to have noticed; one must have a very great contempt for writers to practice a blindness so perverse.

—BRENDAN GILL

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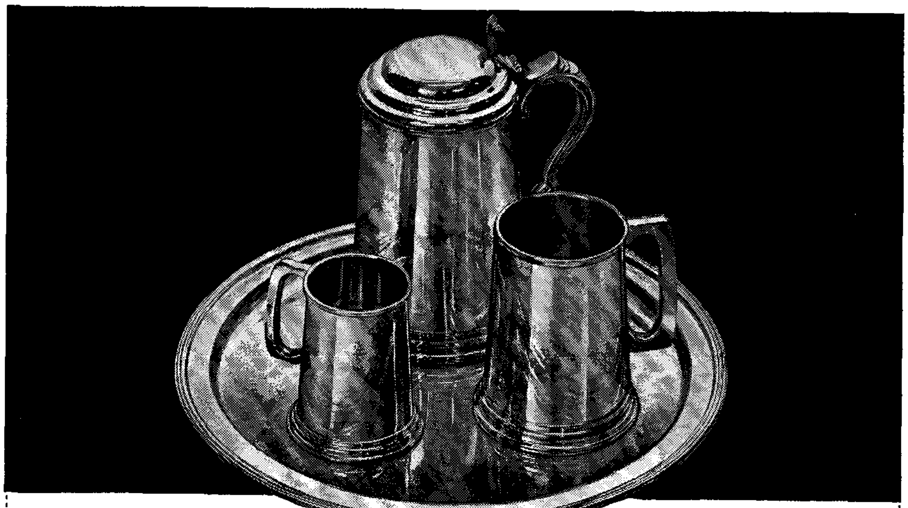
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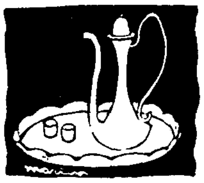
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

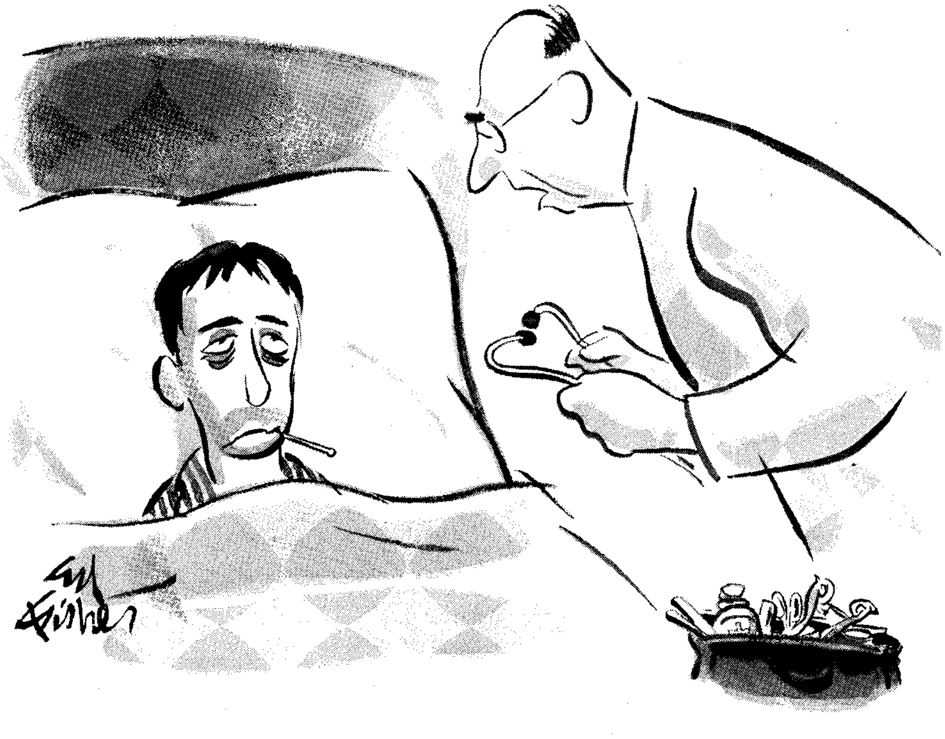
ABOUT THE HOUSE



AMONG the many advantages that residents of New York City enjoy over the inhabitants of the rest of the country is an imperviousness to foreign criticism. I mean the sort of sweeping attack on American life that says there are no spiritual values in this country, only mechanical efficiency and creature comforts, and that seems, in its carping hostility, to grudge Americans the very air they breathe. But surely no one can grudge us *our* air here in Manhattan, and efficiency is hardly the word for the Sisyphean struggle that most of us find ourselves making every morning and evening to get from one part of town to another. The level of creature comforts in this town is unexceptionably abysmal, and nowhere, perhaps, is the contrast between us and our materialistic country cousins more striking than in our kitchens, which are about as far removed from the American Dream Kitchen as the rich man is from the Kingdom of Heaven. They come in two basic varieties: (1) the kitchens in the older buildings, designed for people with servants (and servants who, one gathers, were loathed), and (2) the kitchens in the new buildings, designed for people who don't eat—probably on the assumption that anyone who can pay the high rent isn't likely to have any money left over for groceries. Lately, however, a line of enterprise has sprung up that is seriously undermining the moral superiority of the people who avail themselves of its benefits and that may, in time, spell the end of the New York kitchen as a hardship area. I refer to the kitchen specialist, whose business is to design new kitchens and install them in (among other places) apartments with inadequate or superannuated facilities. Recently, I made the acquaintance of the kitchen specialist Mr. Fred E. Drucker, whose offices are at 853 Lexington Avenue (64th), and went to see some kitchens he had designed and installed.

My first stop, on the ground floor of a brownstone, was a large kitchen that looked, as I stood on its threshold, like a cool, fragrant old-fashioned country kitchen. There were blue-and-white flowered tiles on the floor and parts of the wall, and slightly smaller white tiles on the counter tops. The wall and base cabinets were of hand-hewn oak panelling that had been stained white, and in the middle of the room stood an enormous scrubbed butcher-block table, six feet long, with heavy rounded legs. (Three large boxer dogs were sleeping under the table.) A handsome antique cupboard occupied one corner, and here and there upon the counters stood vases and pitchers of French Provincial pottery stuck with greens and dried flowers. A second glance revealed that the kitchen was also full of sleek, highly modern appliances—an eye-level double oven, a four-burner range, a stainless-steel sink, a huge refrigerator-freezer, a dishwasher, and, in an adjacent serving pantry, a smaller sink and an under-counter refrigerator. The counters and cabinets were continuous along three walls, and the appliances were deployed to form the classic "work triangle"—the path beaten by the cook as she moves between sink and stove and refrigerator—that university studies have shown to be the most efficient arrangement of fixtures. (Common sense might have shown this, too, but who would have believed it?) What pleased me about this kitchen was its being at once so efficient and so human. It didn't have the sterile look so many modern kitchens have. I said something of this sort to Mr. Drucker when I saw him a few days later, and he was glad I liked the kitchen (price: $8,500) but felt bound to point out that sterility isn't a bad thing to have in the kitchen when you don't have full-time help. (The kitchen under discussion was the domain of a full-time cook.) Those hand-hewn cabinets, for example, are much harder to keep clean than steel or Formica cabinets. Mr. Drucker is a very sensible man.

The next kitchen I inspected, in a coöperative apartment house on Sutton Place, was presided over by a lady who had no real use for it. She and her husband went out for dinner almost every night, she told me, and on the rare evenings they dined at home she called a catering service that sent over food all prepared in little casseroles. "I *loathe* cooking," she said, with feeling, and she had instructed Mr. Drucker to make her a plain, absolutely minimal kitchen. The result was as tidy and efficient an arrangement of white steel cabinets, blue Formica counter tops, double oven, range, refrigerator-freezer, and stainless-steel sink as anyone who loved to cook or had to cook could want, and I wondered whether Mr. Drucker hadn't exceeded the limits of his commission in providing this lady with this kitchen, but she assured me that she was perfectly delighted with everything. "He did a magnificent job," she said, looking about her as if she'd never seen the place before, and enthusiastically flinging open the door of a cabinet. We silently regarded its contents for a moment—a box of sugar and a 1961



"You're a very sick sick comedian."

Social Register—and then I left. The price of this kitchen was $3,000.

The owners of the next kitchen I visited were more familiar, though no less pleased, with their kitchen. It was in what had been a maid's bedroom and bathroom, and the original kitchen was now a dining room. (The owners had no maid and no liking for eating in the living room.) The kitchen was small, and looked at once efficient and cozy. A double-oven range, a stainless-steel sink, a refrigerator, a dishwasher, and wooden base and wall cabinets had been fitted into a quite short and extremely narrow rectangle and most cleverly disposed. "We don't work under optimum conditions," Mr. Drucker had told me, with the complacent rue of a poet talking about his latest villanelle. In the present case, an extruding structural support occupied most of the room's short wall and was as irremovable as the fourteenth line of the sonnet. The U-shaped arrangement of fixtures that would have been ideal for a kitchen of this size and shape had to be scratched, because putting anything in front of the structural support would have impinged on too much floor space. Drucker's bold solution to the problem was to talk the owners out of an extra sink they thought they needed (and he thought they didn't)—a move that enabled him to ignore the short wall and fit everything against the two long walls. He covered the structural support itself with pegboard, and the lady of the house hangs pots and pans and whisks and spoons and so on on it. This cheerful hodgepodge of working equipment gives the kitchen a pleasant air of usage that under optimum conditions it might not have had, for there is a tendency in modern kitchen design to keep the implements of cooking as carefully concealed as if they were counterfeiters' tools. The owners were full of praise for Mr. Drucker. They were very glad he had saved them from the folly of the second sink, they found working in the kitchen pleasant, and they said that the kitchen had been installed on schedule, to their astonishment. One doesn't expect much these days. The one thing that hadn't come out right—a cabinet door that hit the lady in the face whenever she opened it—had been promptly changed to open the other way. Price: $3,500.

John Werner, of Werner Associates, 136 East 74th Street, is another kitchen specialist who inspires the kind of veneration in his clients that doctors used to before all those books

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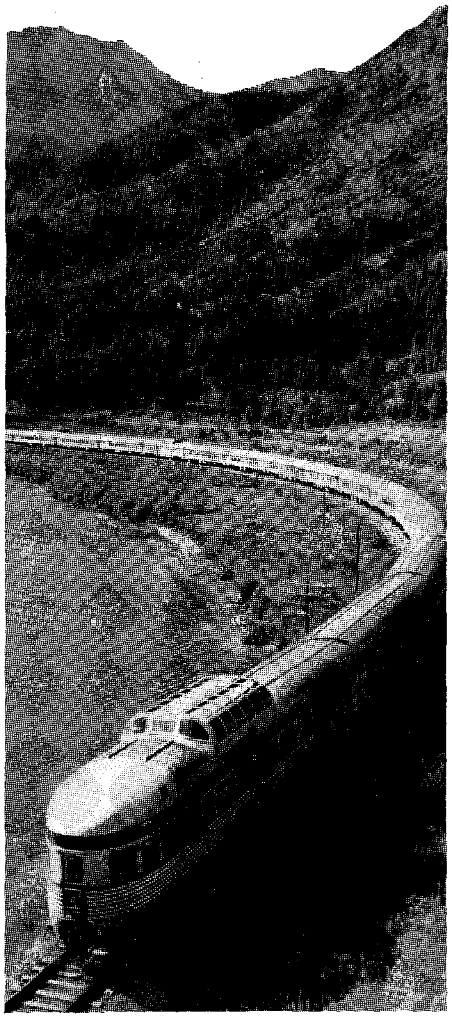

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came out. I found two of the Werner kitchens I went to see particularly interesting, not only because they cost $13,000 apiece but because they were the same kitchen a few stories apart in an apartment house and offered a striking illustration of the way the kitchen specialist meets the other curb on the free exercise of his genius; namely, the client himself. *His* tastes and living requirements must be thoroughly understood and thoroughly satisfied, and, at the same time, put in the service of ideas that the client wouldn't have thought of independently. These two kitchens were as different as day and night, or Mondrian and Bruegel, but each was of a piece and both looked as if they had been designed by the same man. Mr. Werner showed me some photographs he had taken of one of the kitchens before he obliterated all trace of it and replaced it with the thirteen-thousand-dollar alternative. The pictures showed white tile walls and floor, an antiquated sink and stove, warped old-fashioned cupboards, and an air of unspeakable gloom and bleakness. It looked like the kind of kitchen that one's imagination supplies a reform school with. The new kitchen looked like a lucent Abstract painting. Everything was built in and smoothly contiguous, to form a spare, clean pattern of brown wood-patterned Formica cabinets and brown enamel facings on the refrigerator and the dishwasher, yellow Formica counter tops and back splashes, and white vinyl floor, and the lighting was clear and cold. In the middle of the room stood a small, round pedestal table of butcher block and two bright-blue Eames chairs. This table was for the cook to eat her meals on, and her presence in the kitchen struck the one incongruous note. With her flowered housedress, hair-netted perm, felt slippers, and very suspicious way of looking at one, I couldn't imagine her sitting in the Eames chair. The second kitchen had a similar and similarly judicious arrangement of appliances and work areas, but it looked warm and cluttered and had some sort of a Spanish Provincial idea behind it. There were elegant dark-cherry cabinets, an umber slate floor, and mustard counter tops and window shutters; there was a large oval butcher-block table in the middle of the floor; and the walls were faced with red brick. Some of this kitchen's appointments were the work of the decorator who had furbished the rest of the apartment, and none of Mr. Werner's doing. He had nothing to do with, for instance, the zebra skin hanging on one of the brick walls. The kitchen was in-

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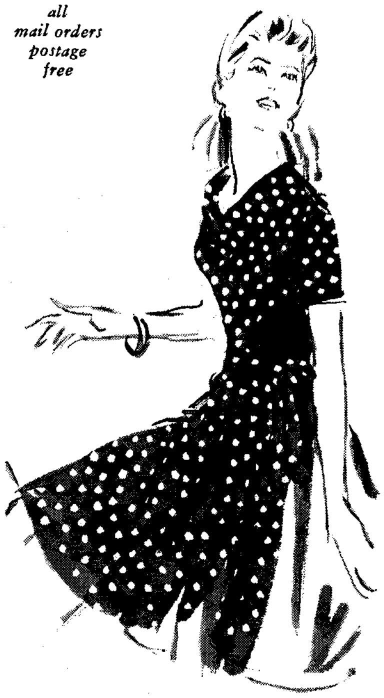

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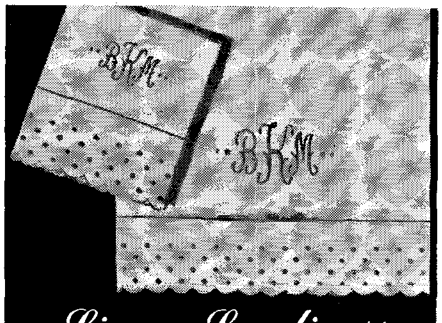

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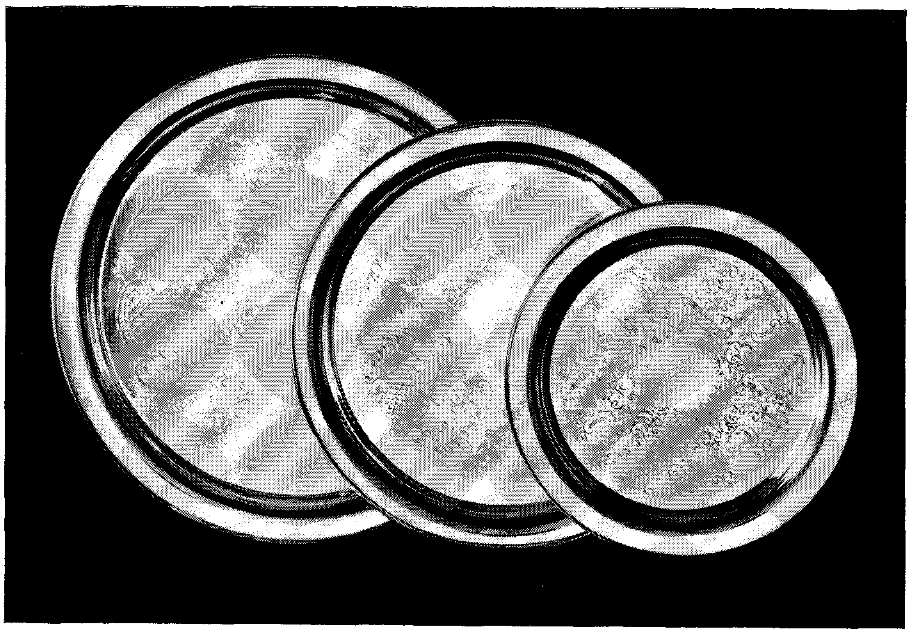
viting and charming and just a bit ridiculous.

The prices of the Werner and the Drucker kitchens include all the appliances but not the floor or wall coverings. Both firms make a point of sticking to the estimate they give the client before the work commences—except sometimes to charge *less* in the end, if anything that the original plan called for is eliminated in the course of installation. Moreover, Mr. Drucker and Mr. Werner take upon themselves the wretched job of dealing with the service people when something goes wrong, as it is almost sure to, with an appliance during the time the manufacturer's guarantee applies. The client has only to call his kitchen specialist and *he* will do the necessary cajoling, threatening, pleading, and swearing, and see to it that the repairman actually arrives.

IF you feel, as I do, that a few hand-painted ceramic tiles are worth any number of zebra skins on a kitchen wall, then go down to the Vanderlaan Tile Company, 103 Park Avenue (41st), and inspect its collection of tiles from England, Holland, and France, displayed on the walls of a tiny office on the fourth floor. Many of the tiles are copies or adaptations of antique patterns, and only their good condition and lack of craze betray the fact that they are made today. Some blue-and-white Dutch tiles depicting familiar concise, windmill-dominated landscapes set within a circle are very engaging, and would probably make the best covering for a large area. My favorites, however, were multicolored wildflower tiles (also from Holland), whose collective effectiveness is possibly less but whose extraordinary delicacy and freshness and accuracy are something you would not expect to see on a tile but, rather, in a precious book of eighteenth-century watercolors of flowers. There are sixteen patterns in this series, each depicting a sprig of four or five small, lovely flowers. (Primrose, gentian, pansy, carnation, cornflower, but-



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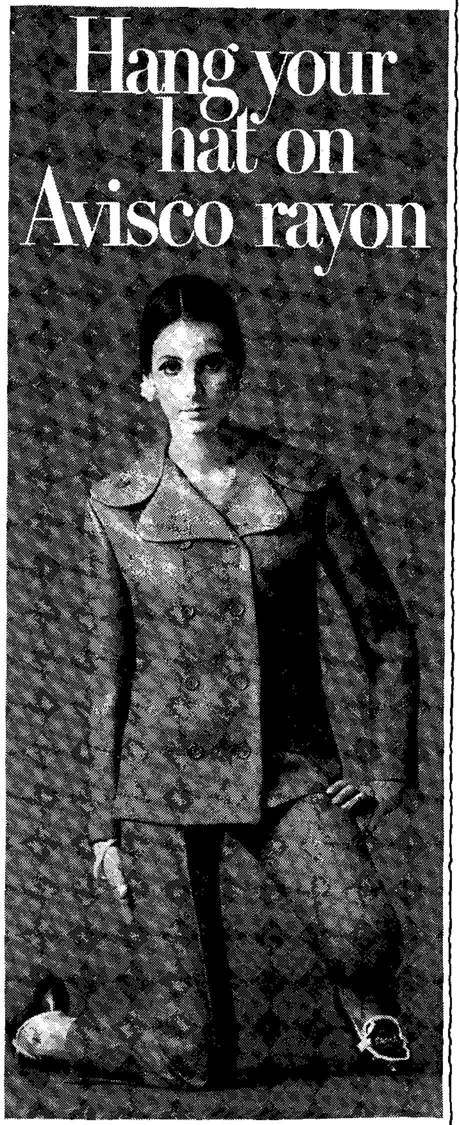
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tercup, forget-me-not, and anemone were some of the ones I was able to identify.) They can be had set within a circle or shown alone, and in either case there is a modest brown stylized decoration in each corner that brings the tiles together when they are set next to one another. I think these tiles could also be treated as pictures and hung singly or in groups on a kitchen wall. They cost $2.80 each, and the blue-and-white tiles cost from $2.40 to $4, depending on the amount of decoration. I liked a multicolored French Revolution series, too, done in an appealing primitive style and cheerfully illustrating, in one of fifteen cases, Louis XVI about to be guillotined. This series, a balloon series, and a bird series are French and cost $3.30 per tile. With a few exceptions, the tiles are six inches square, and there is a packing charge of $1 on purchases of less than twenty tiles; on purchases of more than twenty tiles the packing charge is three cents per tile, up to a maximum of $3.

J. & D. BRAUNER, INC., 298 Bowery (corner of Houston), is a restaurant-equipment firm that has recently gone into the butcher-block business in such a wholehearted way that one wonders where it will all end. Mr. Brauner started out selling plain butcher-block slabs as cutting boards, and now he is making butcher-block coffee tables, benches, tea carts, dining tables, and even bookshelves. I'm not entirely persuaded that butcher block is the right wood for bookshelves, rough-hewn as our literature may be getting, but it is incontrovertibly wonderful in the kitchen—for counter tops, as worktables, as cutting boards. Butcher block, as you may know, is formed of strips of edge-grained maple laminated in such a way as to form an extremely solid and durable and unwarpable piece. The Brauner butcher block is sanded to a smooth finish, rubbed with oil, and sold in a wide range of standard sizes—an inch and three-quarters thick for cutting boards, say, and two inches thick for tabletops. To give you an idea of prices, a tabletop sixty inches long and thirty inches wide costs $52.50, a round tabletop twenty-four inches in diameter costs $29.90, and a cutting board thirty-six inches long and eighteen inches wide costs $20.90. One can have boards and tabletops cut to order, and these cost a little more. The Brauner company also sells complete tables. One, which they call "the country-kitchen worktable"—a two-inch-thick slab of butcher block on suitably thickset, square-cut legs—has an air of

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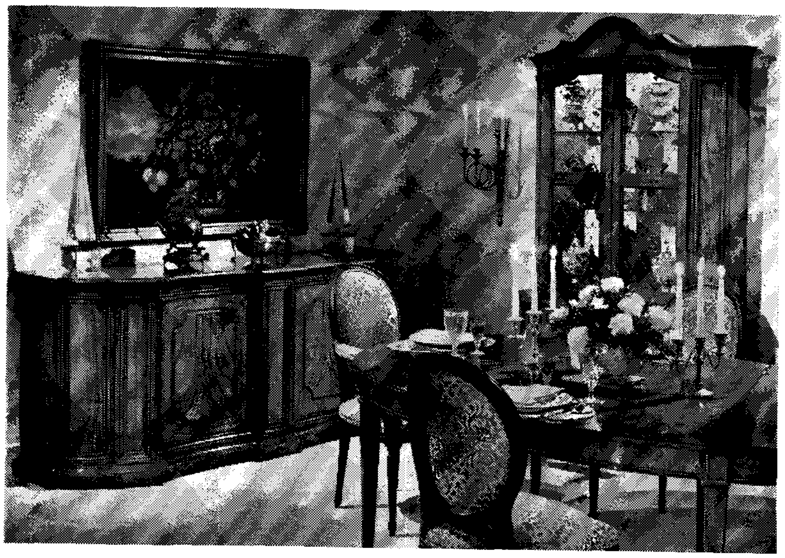
good design that tables sold for a lot more money and touted as the last cry in modern functionalism all too often fail to achieve. It comes in six standard sizes, costing from $79.50, when it has a twenty-four-by-forty-eight-inch top, to $129.50, when it has a thirty-six-by-seventy-two-inch top. The table stands thirty-four inches high, but is also available in a thirty-inch dining height, at the same price. In addition, Mr. Brauner has on hand the massive professional butcher blocks that one sees at the butcher's (two feet square and sixteen inches thick is one size), but he doesn't see why a family would want to have one at home unless they buy their meat by the carcass and like to hack away at it themselves. A two-inch-thick board is sufficient for all ordinary kitchen purposes, and you can't move the butcher's butcher block to sweep the floor, it's that heavy. Something Mr. Brauner does recommend is his butcher-block drop-leaf serving cart, on sleek chrome legs terminating in ball casters. With the leaves up, it is forty-eight inches long, and with the leaves down it is twenty-six inches; the width is eighteen inches, the height is thirty and a half inches, and the price is $150. This would be a good piece of equipment for an apartment without a dining room; it is presentable enough to roll into the living room but not too elegant to reside in the kitchen. As I was admiring the floor model of this cart at the store, another lady was, too, and she turned to me and said, shaking her head, "They make today things not to believe."

I FELT something of the same strain on my credulity a few days later when I was being escorted around the General Electric showroom at 205 East 42nd Street and was asked to believe that a self-cleaning oven really does just that, all by itself. My guide swore it was true. You latch the door, set one dial to "Clean" and another for how long to clean, and a few hours later "those stubborn spatters, crusted-on juices, spillings, and drippings" have entirely vanished and the oven is as clean as on the day it was made. Apparently, the self-cleaning oven has been around for a number of years, but it is only this year that a final, culminating refinement has been achieved—a picture window in the door. Hitherto, no glass was strong enough to withstand the terrific heat by which the cleaning is done, but now the breakthrough has been made, and one can fill one's idle hours happily peering at the work in progress. Such an oven is part



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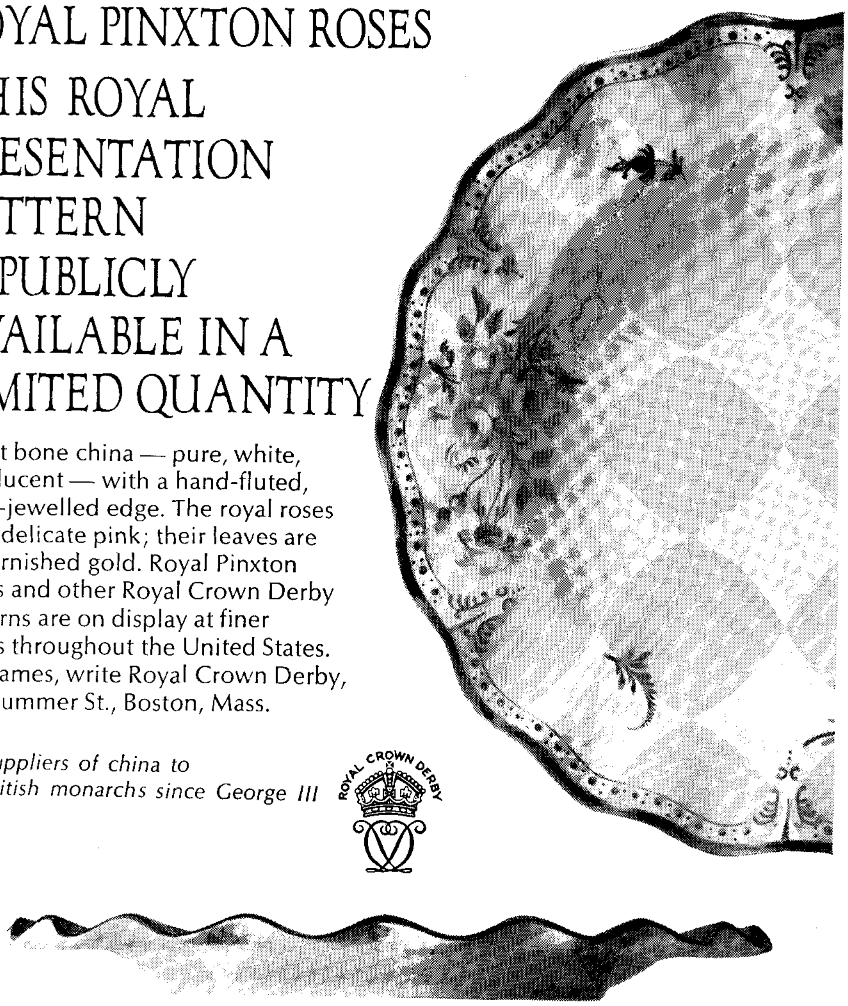

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of the four-burner J-797 range, which costs $585 and also offers a meat thermometer that buzzes when the meat is done, a grill, a rotisserie, and an automatic oven timer. Another fine sight is a tall, svelte refrigerator that is less than thirty-six inches wide but opens to reveal a vast expanse of storage space, because it is about twenty-nine inches deep and its two doors are fitted with storage compartments. In addition, it has a spacious freezing compartment, a butter conditioner (with "Soft," "Medium," and "Hard" settings), and the ability to make its own ice cubes. When the ice tray is empty, the icebox knows it, and hastens to drip water into the tray and freeze it. This refrigerator is called model TFF-21C and costs $559.95. We moved on to dishwashers, and as I regarded model SF-700C—"with Soft Food Waste Disposer and Silver Shower . . . gives you spotlessly clean dishes and sparkling silverware without hand rinsing or scraping!"—I was reminded of a passage in an essay by D. H. Lawrence entitled "Men Must Work and Women As Well." I cannot resist quoting it:

> And it is here [Lawrence wrote in 1929] that science has not kept pace with human demand. . . . Even washing dishes. Science hasn't even learned how to wash dishes for us yet. The mistress who feels so intensely bitter about her maid who will not wash the dishes properly does so because she herself so loathes washing them. Science has rather left us in the lurch in these humble but basic matters. Before babies are conveniently bred in bottles, let the scientist find a *hey presto!* trick for turning dirty teacups into clean ones.

AT Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, there is a lacquered pine box on casters, forty-two inches long, twenty-five and a half inches wide, and thirty-six and a half inches high, that is called a rolling kitchen and has secreted within and about its person two electric burners, a refrigerator, three storage cupboards, a vegetable bin, a chopping board, a Formica work surface, a knife box, a bottle rack, and a wall can opener. An imported piece, it is the work of an Italian designer named Joe Colombo, and it entirely escapes the bizarre and grotesque appearance characteristic of most multipurpose furnishings. The kitchen looks surprisingly normal—rather like a piece of clean-cut Scandinavian furniture—and this is because the designer has been so ingenious about fitting things into a small space, keeping them out of sight when they are not in use, and having the wit to leave it at that. There is nothing fanciful or extraneous here,

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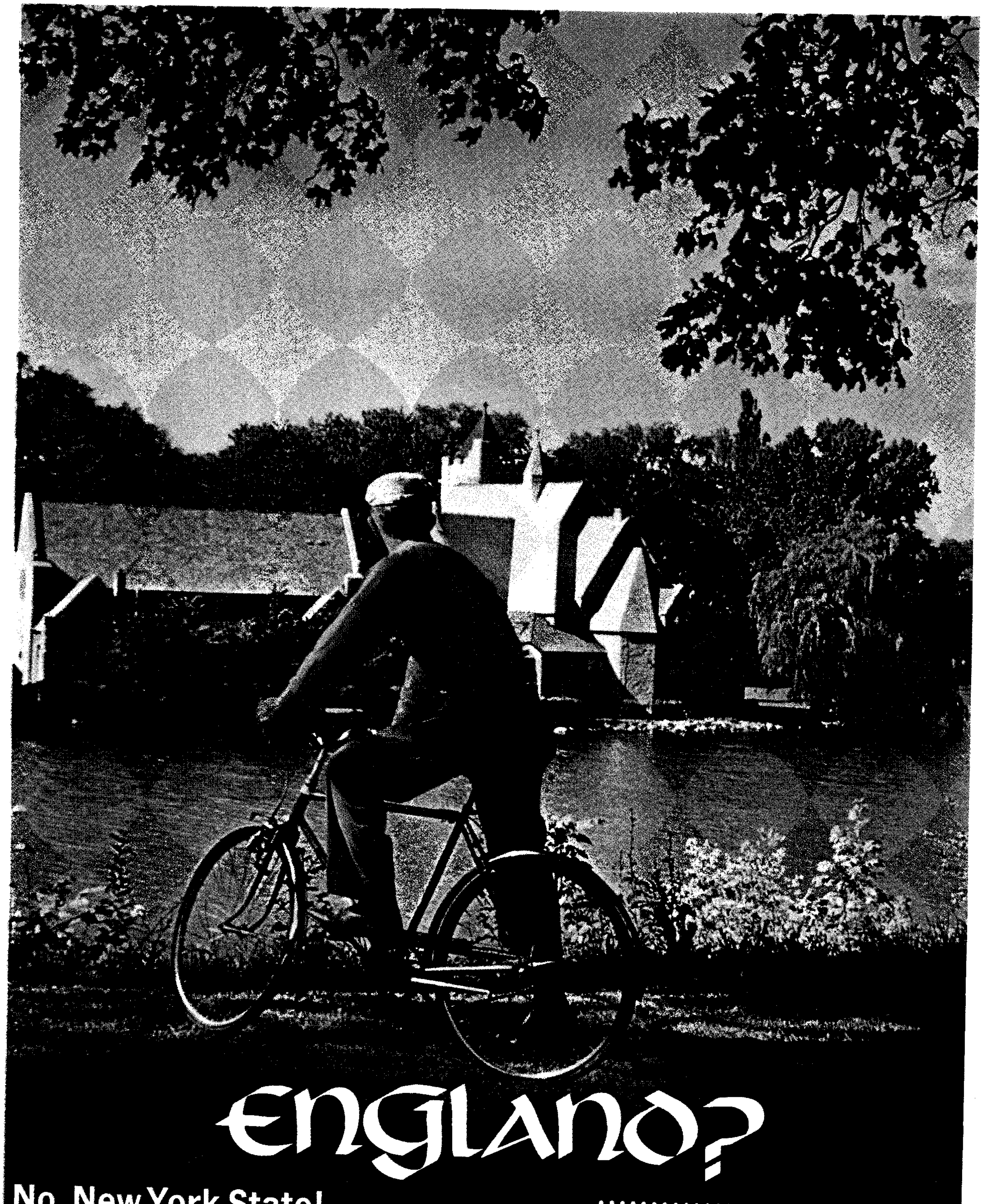

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and the ingenuity is all for a purpose other than the one of drawing attention to itself. Next to the two burners is a teak chopping block, which sits on top of a Formica work surface that slides out when work is being done and disappears from sight when the work is finished. There is a wooden tray that serves as a cover for the burners when they are dormant, and, when they are active, hangs neatly at the side of the box on a pair of small brackets. The kitchen rolls smoothly and easily, and the casters lock. I'm not quite sure who it is that the kitchen is intended for—readers of *Playboy*, maybe, whose parents won't let them have their own apartments but who want to try out all those recipes for flaming swords. Design Research suggests owners of beach houses and ski chalets as other possible purchasers, and the Museum of Modern Art has bought one of the rolling kitchens for its collection of outstanding industrial design of the twentieth century. The kitchen must be specially ordered, and it takes two or three months to arrive. The price is $1,250. —J. M.

•

WEYMOUTH, England (UPI—Alan Bates, 29-year-old British actor, says he would like a wife, but:

"I'm not sure I agree with the complete concept of marriage. I've been close to getting married several times but I can't seem to find the sort of girl I'd like to have for a wife."

What kind of girl, then?

"I like girls who have a certain independent attitude toward life, who can live by themselves if necessary, who have a sense of humor and who have achieved some kind of maturity," he said.

The actor gave his views on marriage between takes of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "Far From the Madding Crowd" in which he appears opposite Julie Christie. Terence Stamp and Peter Finch also appear in the Thomas Hardy classic.

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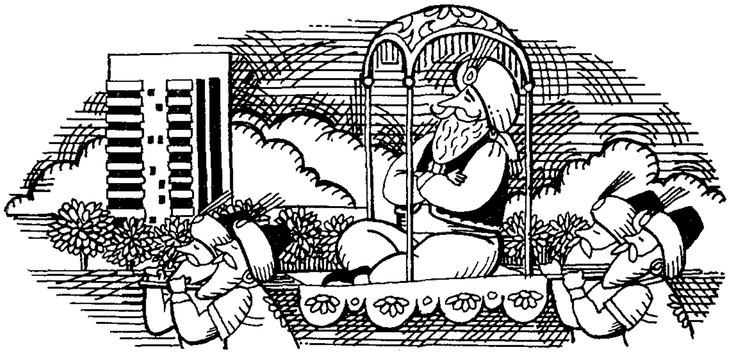

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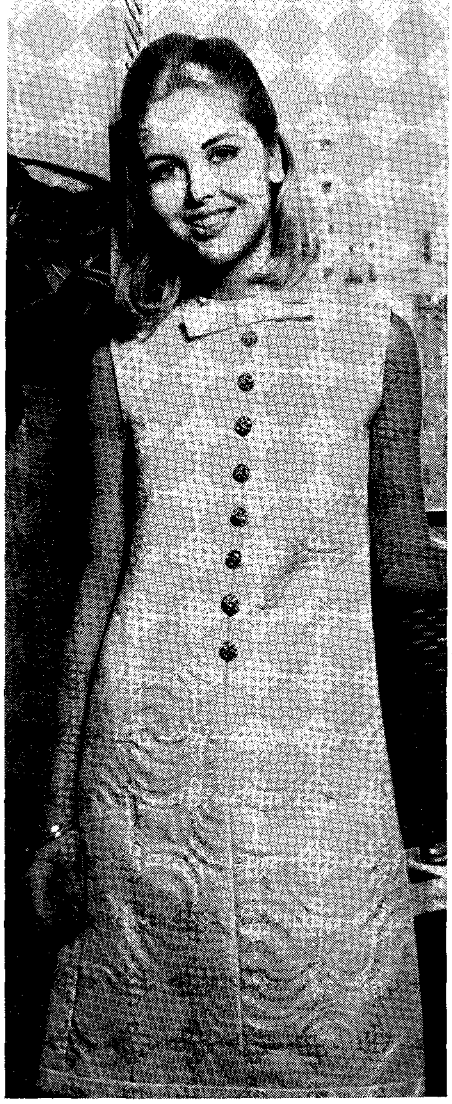

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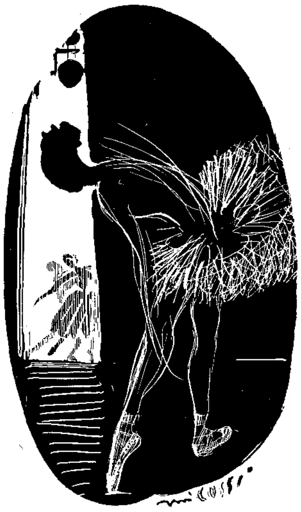
MUSICAL EVENTS

Visiting Fireballs

THE National Ballet of Washington, D.C., arrived on Monday evening of last week at the City Center, and astonished a good many people, including me, by the brilliance of its performances. It is, by any standards, a first-rate troupe, and I gather that it got better and better as the week progressed. I was able to see only its first program, which opened with something called "Homage"—to whom was not stated, but it might well have been George Balanchine, since the choreography very much resembled his. It was a pleasant starter, involving most of the company, with Marilyn Burr, Jane Miller, James Capp, Ivan Nagy, Anita Dyche, and Frederic Strobel in the principal roles. None of these dancers were familiar to me, and all of them were very good indeed. Like most ballet companies outside Denmark and the Soviet Union, the National Ballet is obviously stronger on the female than on the male side, but this may be a temporary condition. I was somewhat disappointed in the second work, "Night," choreographed by Anna Sokolow. Miss Sokolow has been remarkable for her understanding and depiction of the uncertainties of today's youth, but this particular number—done on a dark stage, with dark-clad, staring adolescents, among whom walked a small group of brightly clad people representing dreams—seemed a bit literal in its symbolism. A rhythmless electronic score, by Luciano Berio, didn't help. Then came the New York première of George Skibine's version of "La Péri," with music, of course, by Dukas. Its choreography is of a formal type that Balanchine has made seem old-fashioned, and yet the ballet was a charming affair, with scenery resembling geometric drawings, the hero descending in a sort of silver bathyscaphe from the skies, and the peri discovered lying on a shelf surrounded by a rather erotic-looking butterfly-shaped construction made of transparent stuff. I thought Andrea Vodehnal, as the peri, was wonderful; I was somewhat less struck by her partner, Stevan Grebel. Last came Balanchine's "Four Temperaments," faithfully done, with Miss Vodehnal again standing out, in the movement called "Sanguinic."



ON the following evening, the New York City Ballet opened its season at the New York State Theatre. The first ballet offered that night was a rather regimental one called "Ballet Imperial," which, frankly, I found a bit dull except for some pleasant solos by Suzanne Farrell, Jacques d'Amboise, and Patricia Neary. Then came "Episodes," that unforgettable Balanchine essay in choreographic non-communication, which says practically all there is to say about its score, by Anton Webern, and then winds up with a dignified sequence to Webern's arrangement of a Bach *ricercare*. After that, Miss Farrell and Arthur Mitchell collaborated in "Ragtime," in which Balanchine has set intricate, playful movements against Stravinsky's all too calculated score, and, finally, the "Raymonda Variations," with its beautiful Glazounov music, gave a number of dancers—including Melissa Hayden, Mr. d'Amboise, Karin von Aroldingen, Kay Mazzo, Marnee Morris, Suki Schorer, and Bettijane Sills—a turn each at virtuoso display. Altogether, it was a good typical Balanchine evening, with something for everybody.

THE baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has become something of a glamour boy as well as a singer. I attended his Beethoven recital in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, and found an enormous crowd besieging the box office and another inside, overflowing onto the stage. The bearded generation was well represented, along with the shaven ones, though the audience was predominantly female, and the applause was thunderous even before Mr. Fischer-Dieskau opened his mouth. I mean no disparagement in these observations. It is certainly not news that Mr. Fischer-Dieskau stands alone today as an interpreter of lieder, or that he has notable good looks, enormous charm as a stage personality, exemplary taste as a projector of mood, and a voice of remarkable subtlety in the matter of color. He was accompanied (For the last time? Anyhow, for the last season) by the veteran pianist Gerald Moore, who is by way of being a glamour middle-aged man himself, since he is rounding out a career of remarkable distinction; he has announced that he will retire from the concert stage shortly. Beethoven is not the ideal lieder composer—he often wrote poorly for the voice. But Mr. Fischer-Dieskau had assembled a program that showed him at his best, and sang it with incomparable style. The program opened with the Italianate "In Questa Tomba Oscura" and continued with "An die Hoffnung," Opus 94. Then came the songs (Opus 48) to poems by Christian Gellert, and the series (Opus 98) "An die Ferne Geliebte." I enjoyed the second half of the program, where the knotty, proclamatory Beethoven gave way to the truly lyric Beethoven, better than I did the first. This second half contained "Der Wachtelschlag," "Adelaide," and Five Songs with Poems by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, including, as a snapper, the "Song of the Flea."

ON Thursday night, the New York Philharmonic, under William Steinberg, gave a rare performance, in Philharmonic Hall, of Mendelssohn's Overture and Incidental Music for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—one in which a great deal more than the usual Overture, Nocturne, Scherzo, and Wedding March was represented. Three actors—Nancy Marchand, Paul Sparer, and Julian Miller—took the roles of Titania, Oberon, and Puck, respectively, with Mr. Sparer doubling as Theseus, and a considerable bit of dialogue was included, to which Mendelssohn had written an orchestral underpinning. There were also two vocal soloists—Nadja Witkowska and Joanna Simon—and a small chorus drawn from the Camerata Singers. It was interesting to hear those seldom performed episodes, in which the composer had written what used to be called "melodrama"—that is, music accompanying the spoken voice—and it was a pleasure to hear the more familiar parts done, on the whole, very well. The violins in the Scherzo were not as precise as they once were under Toscanini—but why make comparisons with a past era? The Nocturne was taken at an unusually fast clip, and I think I know why. Mr. Steinberg is a very intelligent conductor, aware of every problem of the men under him. The first-horn part in the Nocturne is terribly wearing on the lips

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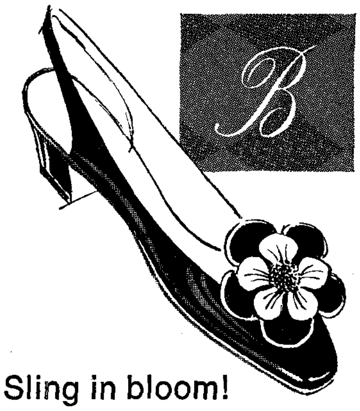
of the player, because of its high *tessitura*. It goes on and on, and in two out of every three performances the player begins to crack toward the end of it. By taking it just a bit fast, Mr. Steinberg guarded against lip fatigue, and he was rewarded with a perfect performance—graceful, accurate, and seemingly effortless. Miss Witkowska sang her soprano solos delightfully; Miss Simon, unfortunately, was left without much to do in the way of solo singing. The chorus was superb.

This program opened with the overture to Weber's "Der Freischütz," and the second number was the Elgar Cello Concerto—a work that has been gaining in popularity lately, and that certainly deserves even more popularity than it has. The cellist was Lorne Munroe, who ordinarily serves as solo cellist in the orchestra. Mr. Munroe gave his part of the work a sterling reading—powerful in tone, appropriately masculine in concept, and, with *the exception of a few imprecisely* intoned notes at the difficult end of the fingerboard, technically brilliant. Or let me just say technically brilliant; the number of cellists who can play those high notes with absolute accuracy has always been limited to a very few, and even *they* do not make it on off nights.

ON Friday night, I went to Philharmonic Hall to hear a new Mass, written by Richard Yardumian, under a commission from Fordham University, in commemoration of its hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary. The work was performed by the Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, the Chamber Symphony Chorale, the Fordham University Glee Club, and the Thomas More College Women's Chorale, all conducted by Anshel Brusilow, with Lili Chookasian, contralto, as soloist. The style used by Mr. Yardumian in this religious composition is sober, contemplative, and dignified—an eclectic combination of Gregorian melody, modal writing (mostly Dorian), and rich polyphony, with archaic devices such as cadences on the perfect fifth and fourth. There is a distinct element of originality in its fabric, however. It speaks the language of an individual, and its counterpoint is technically accomplished. (For some reason, the composition of distinguished counterpoint today seems to be limited to composers of Armenian extraction. Another expert contrapuntalist is the equally Armenian-extracted Alan Hovhaness.) Altogether, I found it an imposing and worthy work. Mr. Yardumian was amusingly de-



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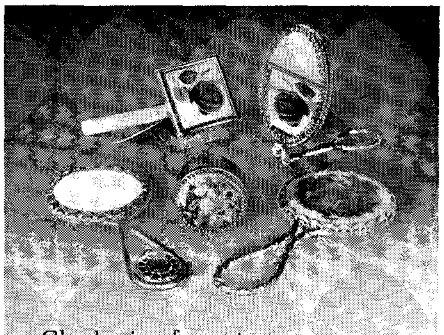

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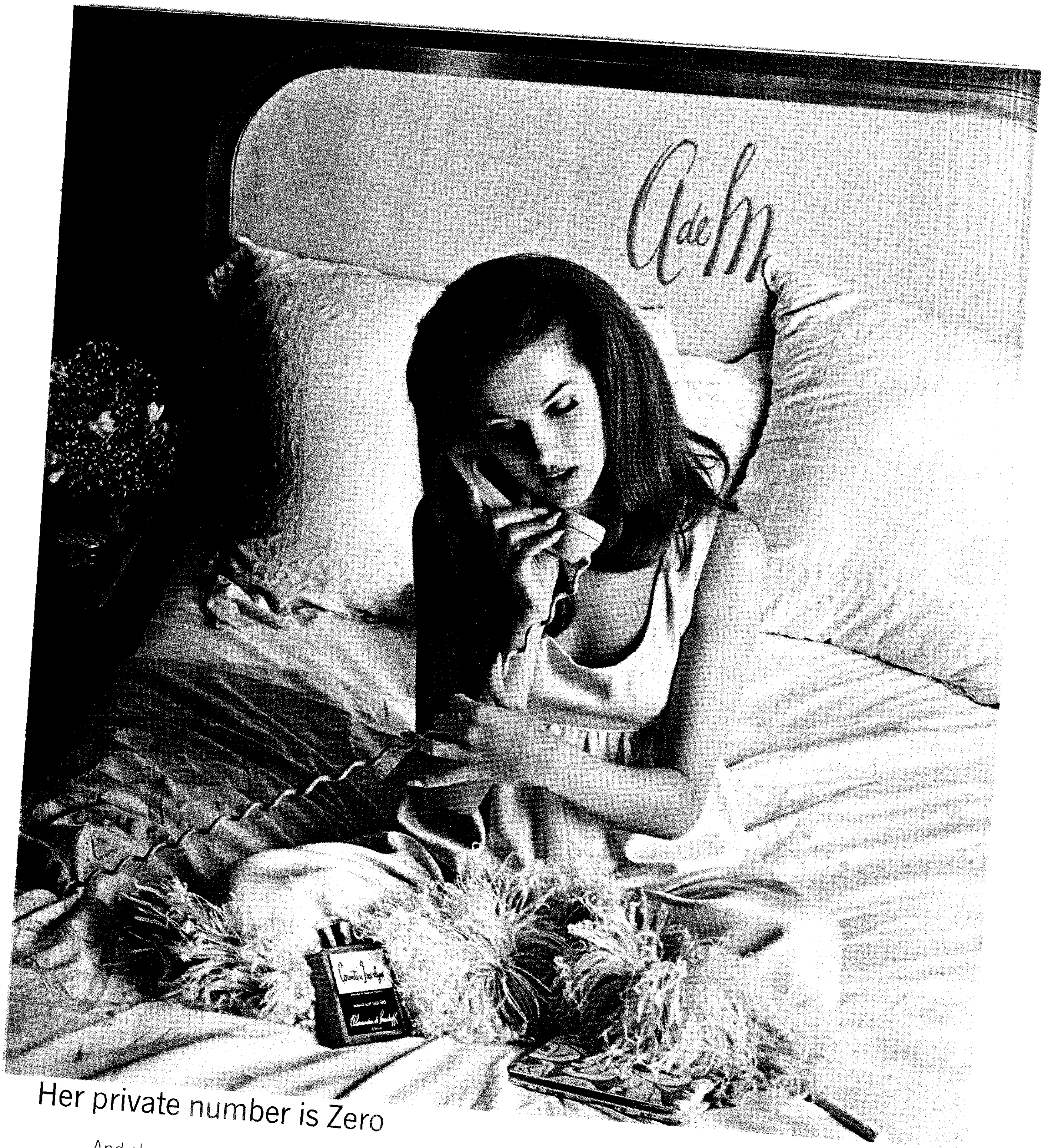
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scribed in the program notes as choirmaster of a Sweden-borgian church. (Question: What kind of a borgian is a Sweden-borgian?) Before the Mass was presented, Mr. Brusilow led his well-trained chamber orchestra in an orchestral version (eminently satisfactory) of the lovely adagio from Anton Bruckner's String Quintet and in Luigi Cherubini's hopelessly pedantic Symphony in D Major. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Heaven and Earth

DURING the fifties, Norman Granz operated the first—and possibly the last—jazz empire. It consisted of a yearly worldwide tour by a small Granz-picked group called Jazz at the Philharmonic and a multi-label recording firm that probably issued more jazz records in any given year than all other labels combined. The JATP concerts, which included the likes of Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Oscar Peterson, and Ella Fitzgerald, were generally drum-and-bugle fests in which drummers outcannoned one another and trumpeters outscreeched one another. Granz's recordings, often made by the same personnel as the JATP groups, tended to be equally boisterous and slapdash. In the early sixties, he sold his record company and confined his JATP tours to Europe, where there are still large audiences for the sort of middle-of-the-road music he favors. But on Easter Sunday, at Carnegie Hall, Granz opened a new three-month nationwide Jazz at the Philharmonic tour. There was a matinée and an evening performance, and the evening affair, stripped of the old histrionics, was orderly, polished, and predictable. In view of the revolution that is shaking jazz, the music was as safe and mild as fudge.

The Oscar Peterson trio (Sam Jones on bass and Louis Hayes on drums) began the proceedings with three numbers that were at once bravura and enervating. Peterson abhors silence, and his solos brim with everything from Art Tatum arpeggios to Erroll Garner chords, but each of them generally has a flash of originality that may be visible for eight bars or so. These flashes appeared in brief, brilliant single-note lines in "Satin Doll" and "Let's Do It." The trio then stepped back to become the rhythm section for Clark Terry and a motley of saxophonists that included Paul Gonsalves, Zoot Sims, Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges, and Coleman Hawkins. Sims gave an

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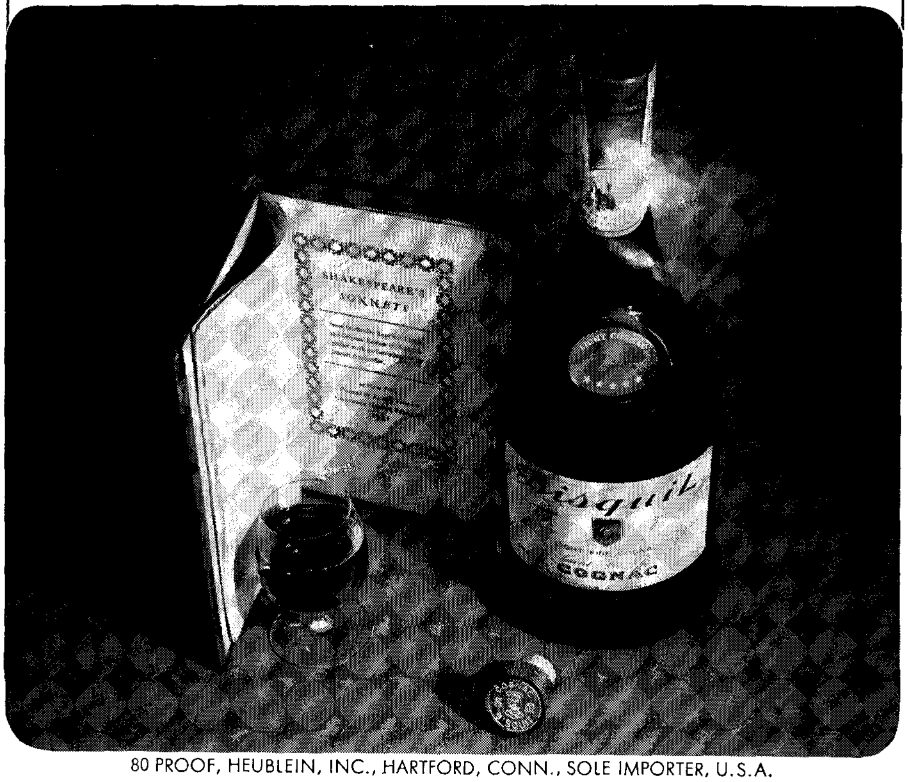

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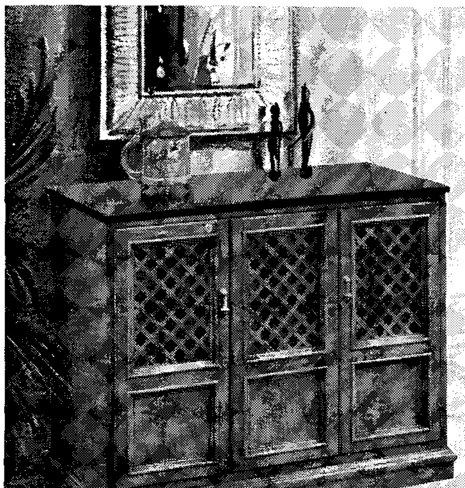

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affecting reading of "Memories of You," and Carter turned "I Can't Get Started" into an aloof geometric exercise. Hodges nosed a slow ballad along before him, and Terry, whose playing invariably suggests pavilions and scarlet banners, offered "Misty." Hawkins' "September Song" was remarkable. It began with a wild, jagged a-cappella passage and ended with a twenty-one-gun coda. But Gonsalves, in "Perdido" and "Gone with the Wind," was the winner. He is a baroque saxophonist who has made a new whole out of Charlie Parker and Don Byas and Ben Webster, and he was in exceptional form. He skims and riffles through his notes, and the other night he gave the impression that he had just minted each one.

Granz has persuaded Duke Ellington to bring his band along on the current tour, and the result is as if General Motors had called in Chagall to mix its colors. The band, equipped with several new numbers, sounded fresh and ebullient. The most notable number was a slow blues called "Swamp Goo." A clarinet trio, backed by occasional offbeat trombone moans, played two eerie choruses and gave way to Ellington, who fashioned a classic Gothic utterance. The rest of the number was taken up by Russell Procope on clarinet and by marvellous background harmonies, which in one chorus suggested far-out Sousa. The band also backed Zoot Sims and Benny Carter (Hodges and Carter, sounding like Jack Sprat and his wife, shared a ballad), and closed the evening in company with Ella Fitzgerald, who sang a dozen numbers. Miss Fitzgerald is an articulate and inventive singer. She has a rich voice, and she can do anything she pleases with it. She has infallible pitch and boundless energy. She is remarkably steady. But her most appealing talent is as an excellent and funny scat-parodist. The other night, she traded breaks with Sam Woodyard and it was uncanny how close she came to matching his rhythms and sounds. She had sticks and snares and cymbals in her voice. She repeated the procedure with Paul Gonsalves in "Cotton Tail," and she had reeds and wind and brass in her voice. If her straight singing were as resourceful and untrammelled, perhaps she would advance past the point she stopped at well over a decade ago—the point, that is, where Billie Holiday began.

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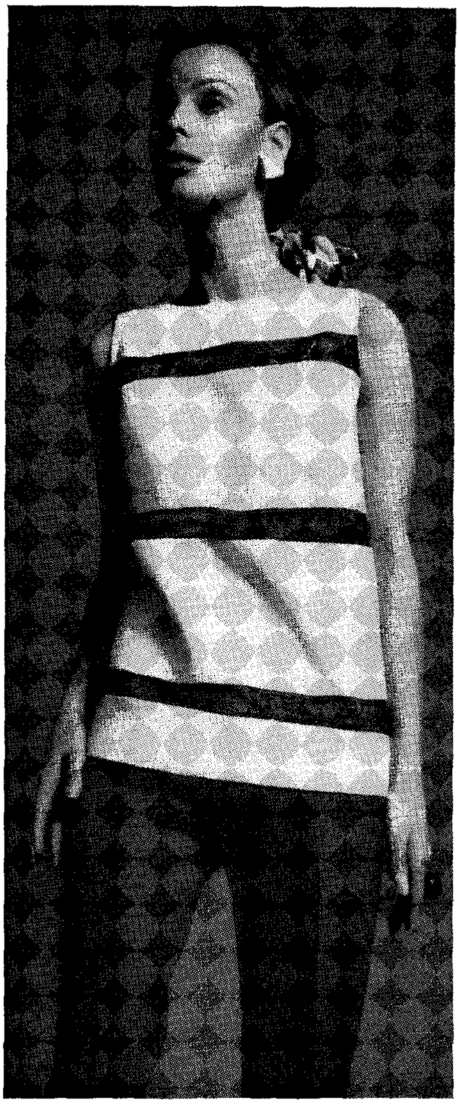

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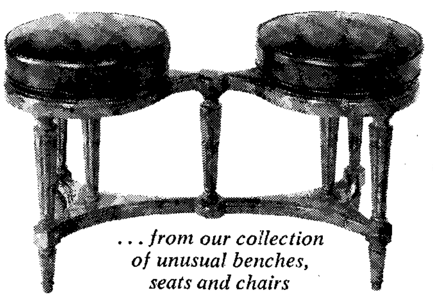

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Carnegie Hall was filled Easter night, and Philharmonic Hall was only half filled in the afternoon. The ways of the Lord are indeed mysterious.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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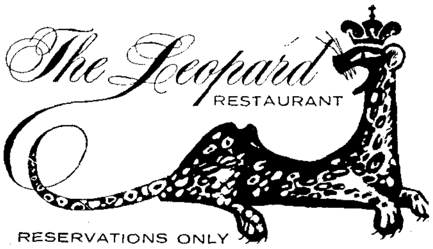

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DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION AND CORRECTION

LOS ANGELES
MARCH 20, 1967

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I WAS dismayed to read in a recent issue of your magazine the letter from Kornei Chukovsky relating to my translation and editing of his book "From Two to Five." I was totally unprepared for such a letter, in view of my epistolary and personal experience with Mr. Chukovsky, and in view of the more than approving comments by reviewers both on the quality of the translation and on the abridgment of the text.

In a letter to me from Peredelkino (U.S.S.R.), dated January 15, 1964, Mr. Chukovsky wrote (in English):

> I have just read your translation of my book "From Two to Five." It certainly is a difficult text, and in coping with some of its difficulties you come out with flying colours....

He went on to suggest two minor corrections and to complain that the children's sayings

> even when I cannot put my finger on actual mistranslations—come strangely flat. It may be due to natural evaporation, almost inevitable during the process of shifting from the idiom of one language to that of another.

And Mr. Chukovsky closed this letter with the following paragraph:

> Please do not take my critical remarks to mean lack of appreciation of your painstaking work, or understanding of the tremendous difficulties it was fraught with. I only wanted to make a few suggestions which you might find helpful in case there [is] a second edition.

This letter was accompanied with a generous gift of three books, one of which carried the inscription (in Russian):

> With happy thoughts of our meeting in Peredelkino and of your excellent [*otlichnyi*] translation of my prose and streamlined translation of "Tarakanishche."

Such delight and praise from the author himself, particularly from an author familiar with the English language and aware—as a translator himself—of a translator's problems, compensated me richly for the hardships of transposing a text as exacting as "From Two to Five." Mr. Chukovsky's approval added greatly to my gratification in having "discovered" the book and having successfully brought it to the attention of readers in English-

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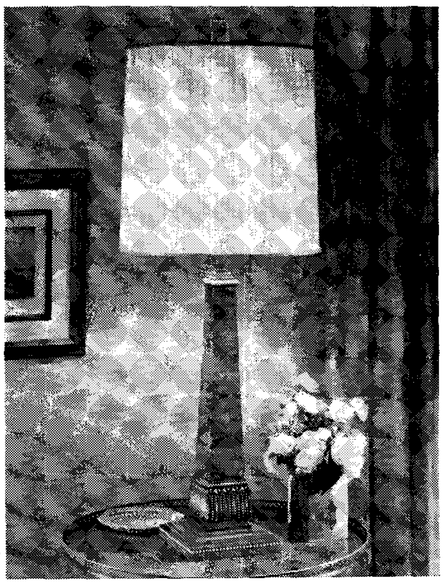

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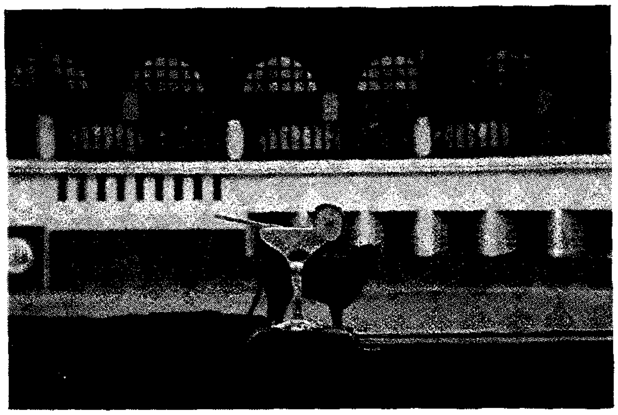

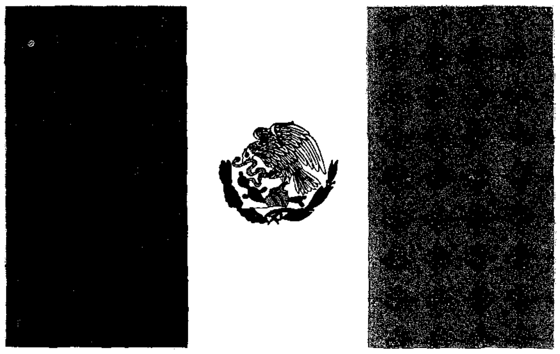

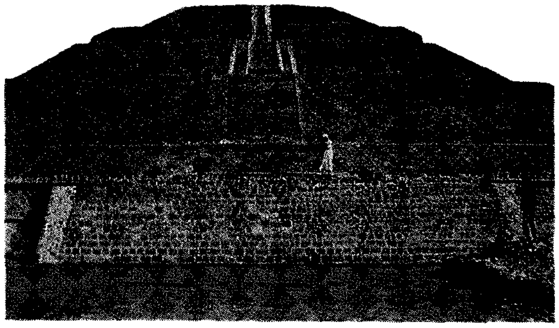

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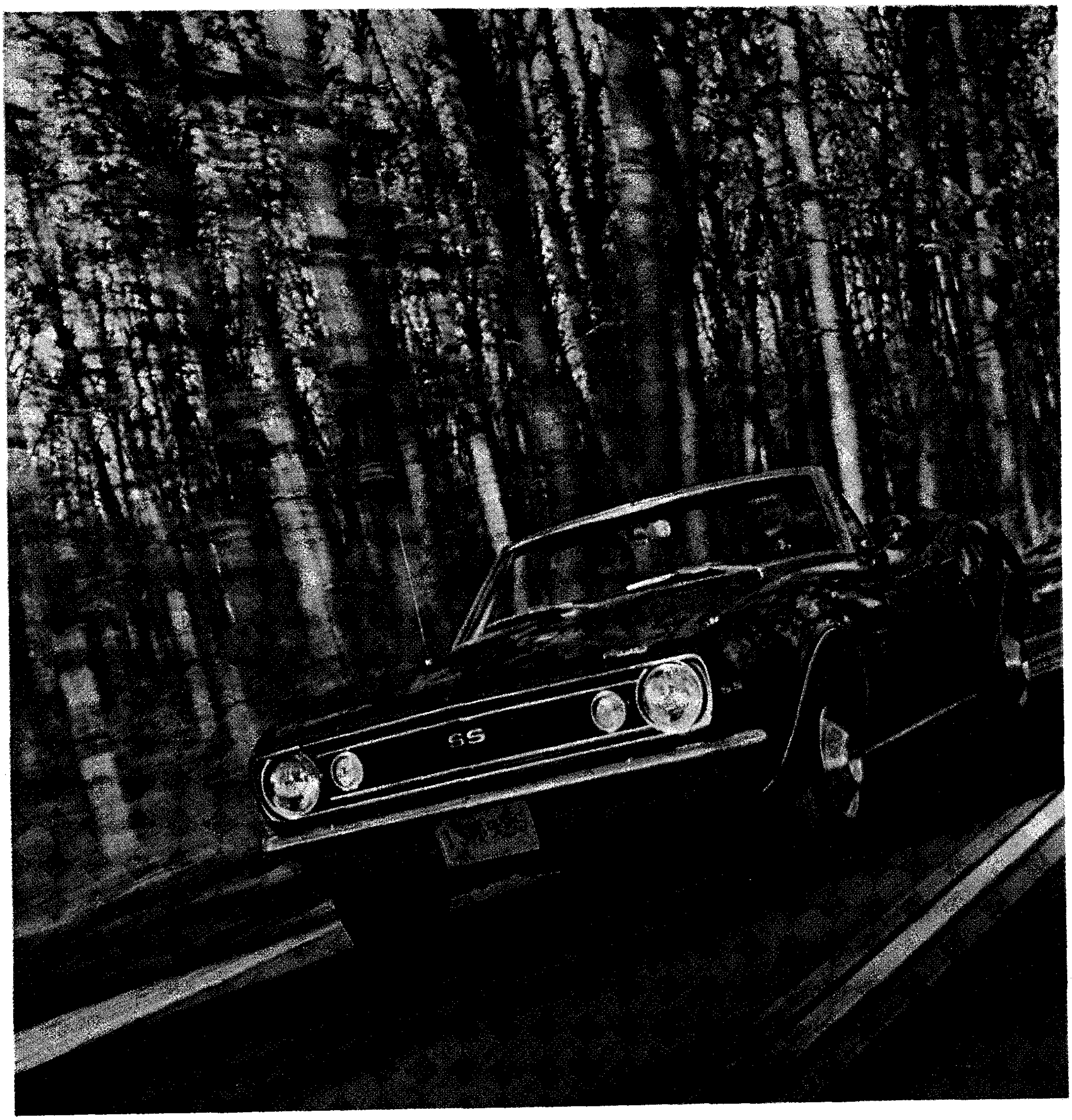

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speaking countries. (The book is about to go into its fourth American printing; it was chosen as one of the books of the year by the Child Study Association of America in 1964.)

In defense against Mr. Chukovsky's remarks in your magazine, I shall quote from the reviews of several authoritative publications, including the London *Times Literary Supplement* (March 5, 1964), from which Mr. Chukovsky, in his letter to you, gave only an unfavorable fragment. The *Supplement* reviewer said:

> Mrs. Morton is a brave woman to have undertaken the seemingly impossible task of translating a book bubbling with children's colloquialisms, two-to-five distortions of Russian words, Russian puns and nonsense verse. Quite rightly, the translator decided to omit some of the more impossible passages and to concentrate on those pages and chapters which made, more or less, sense in English. Thus she gives a very satisfactory rendering of Mr. Chukovsky's snappy polemics with the Soviet 'puritans.'

Mrs. Ruth Hill Viguers, the editor of the *Horn Book*, in her review for that periodical (February, 1964), said:

> Miriam Morton, in making available this first—and remarkable—translation into English of 'the only book on the lore of the very young child written by a leading children's poet,' has performed a real service to American children.

Miss Katharine Taylor's comment in the *Saturday Review* (December 21, 1963) was:

> The translator, Miriam Morton, has done a superb job with a very difficult text. She wisely decided that the important thing was to convey accurately the thought of the author for the English reader. . . . Having concluded that she must proceed with this leeway, she has given us a book which is a delight to read.

Ellen Rudin, of the *Library Journal* (February 15, 1964), found that:

> Kornei Chukovsky . . . comes through in translation as a wise and witty man. . . . Portions of the original Russian text have been deleted, but at no apparent loss of charm or theme. The book is an entertainment, more fun than a puppet show and fresher than rain.

P. M. Pickard, writing in the *Newsletter* of the World Organization for Early Childhood Education (English Edition), said:

> The present masterly translation brings to Western readers more than forty years of observation of young children by a poet. . . . Throughout the reading one marvels at the ingenuity of Miriam Morton, the translator. The children and the poet shine through the translation.

Mildred C. Templin said in a three-

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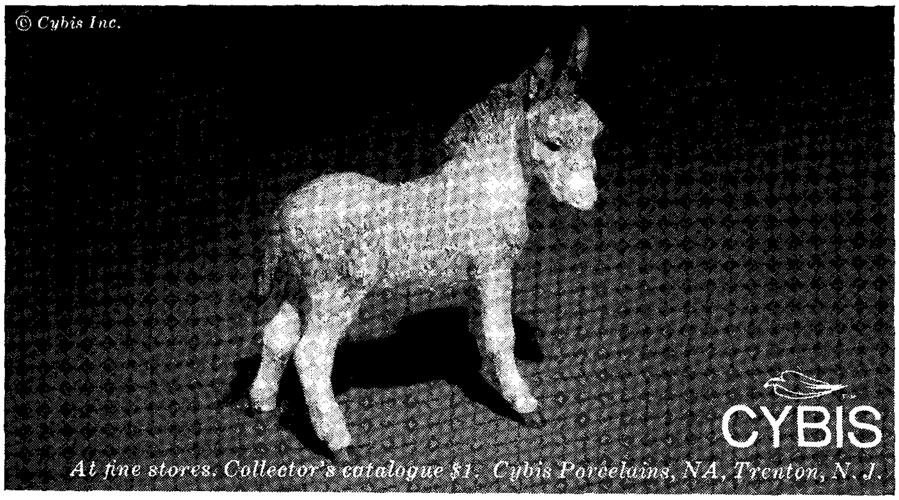
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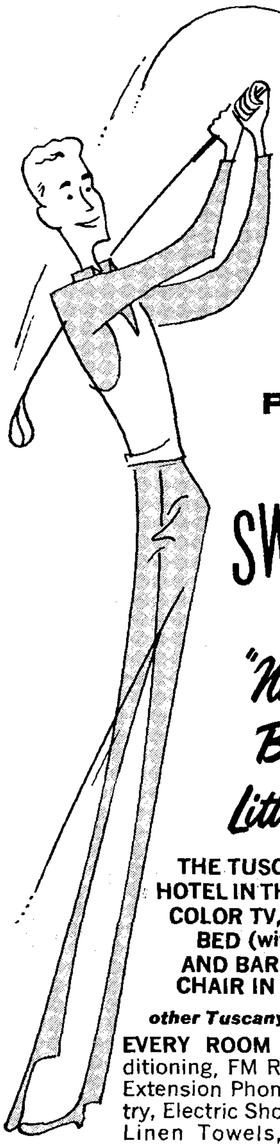

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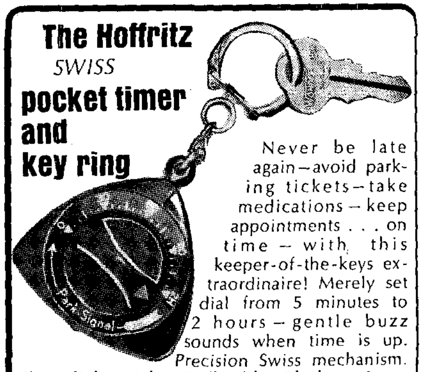

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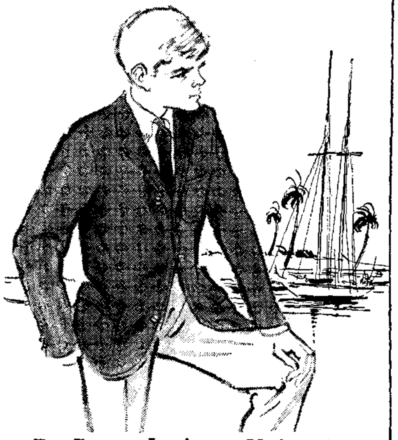
page discussion of the book in the *Harvard Educational Review* (Spring, 1964):

> In an interesting preface, Miriam Morton, editor and translator of this book, discusses the peculiar problems associated with its translation. . . . The resulting translation is enjoyable to read.

Two scholarly linguistic journals, the *Slavic Review* and *Linguistics*, also reviewed the book with understanding and approval of the approach of its translator and editor.

In the course of a three-hour meeting I had with Kornei Chukovsky in October, 1965, in the infirmary in Barvikha, near Moscow, where the then eighty-three-year-old writer was staying, we had a fine and friendly talk about many things, including the translation of "From Two to Five." The lively discussion culminated in his "confessing" that he did not much care for his own translation of Walt Whitman into Russian, since he obviously lacked sufficient knowledge of the American idiom; in my agreeing to retranslate his animal verse tale "Tarakanishche;" and in his agreeing to send me a list of his proposed corrections for "From Two to Five," which I would pass on to my publisher.

I returned to America and waited for that list of corrections. It did not come. I began to wonder. Then I was incorrectly informed by a friend in Paris that Kornei Chukovsky had died—in November, 1965. After several months had passed, I found out that it was Kornei Chukovsky's elder son, Nikolai, who had died. Knowing how beloved a son he had been, and thinking of the father's unbearable grief, I refrained from writing about so minor a matter as a few mistakes in translation. In the meantime, the paperback edition of "From Two to Five" was issued. I have still not received that list of corrections from Mr. Chukovsky. His letter to *The New Yorker* was the next reaction from him to come to my attention. The errors that the author lists are, in my judgment, minor, and some of them are not really errors. One of them resulted from a misprint in the Russian text; another was a misprint in the American version; a third involves a homonym. As for the children's sayings, I think that I can trust my knowledge of the way an American child would express himself in a corresponding distortion of language better than even the very brilliant Mr. Chukovsky, because, after all, I have lived in this country since the age of twelve, have



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taught in nursery school, and have raised two American children of my own; on the other hand, Mr. Chukovsky has, regrettably, never graced this land with his presence.

As Miss Rudin indicated, Mr. Chukovsky is a wise and witty man, and I have a deep admiration for his literary accomplishments. It was therefore particularly distressing to me to read his letter in *The New Yorker*. I cannot understand why he made his corrections publicly rather than in a letter to me, and I would like to believe that he did first write to me and that his letter, or letters, simply dropped out of sight somewhere between Peredelkino and Los Angeles. At any rate, the facts—and the translation—will have to speak for themselves.

Most sincerely yours,
MIRIAM MORTON

•

THE CRINOID

This lily wind and waves have grown
Lies here embedded, white in gray,
A crinoid, set in patient stone
Three-hundred-million years away
From where it rooted in the sea
Close to a stone with coral ring,
So dark an architect was he
Who cannot know, as I know, spring.

Out of what silence it has sprung:
Half it reveals and half it hides.
Let the stone echoing hold its tongue,
Having outgrown so many tides.
How late it nestles in the hand,
Cold as a fruit, compact, serene,
Turned on the lathe of sea and sand
By breakers where they lose their green.

Smoother it is than corm or root
Knotting the brilliant weeds in brine,
While from an earthpot leaps a shoot
Keeping the bud's ancestral line,
Out of the matrix of that ghost
Seizing the lustre locked in gray,
Revealing what the mind had lost,
The fragile colors of the spray.

—VERNON WATKINS

•

A full size mockup of the Lockheed SST, a supersonic transport designed to soar through the skies at speeds of 1,800 miles an hour, will be shipped to Oklahoma soon, by air. The plywood and steel mockup which cost taxpayers more than $1,000,000, was the loser in the government competition to design a supersonic passenger plane. To make sure the taxpayers got something for their investment, the Federal Aviation Agency decided to have the mockup sawed in half.
—*Oklahoma Journal.*

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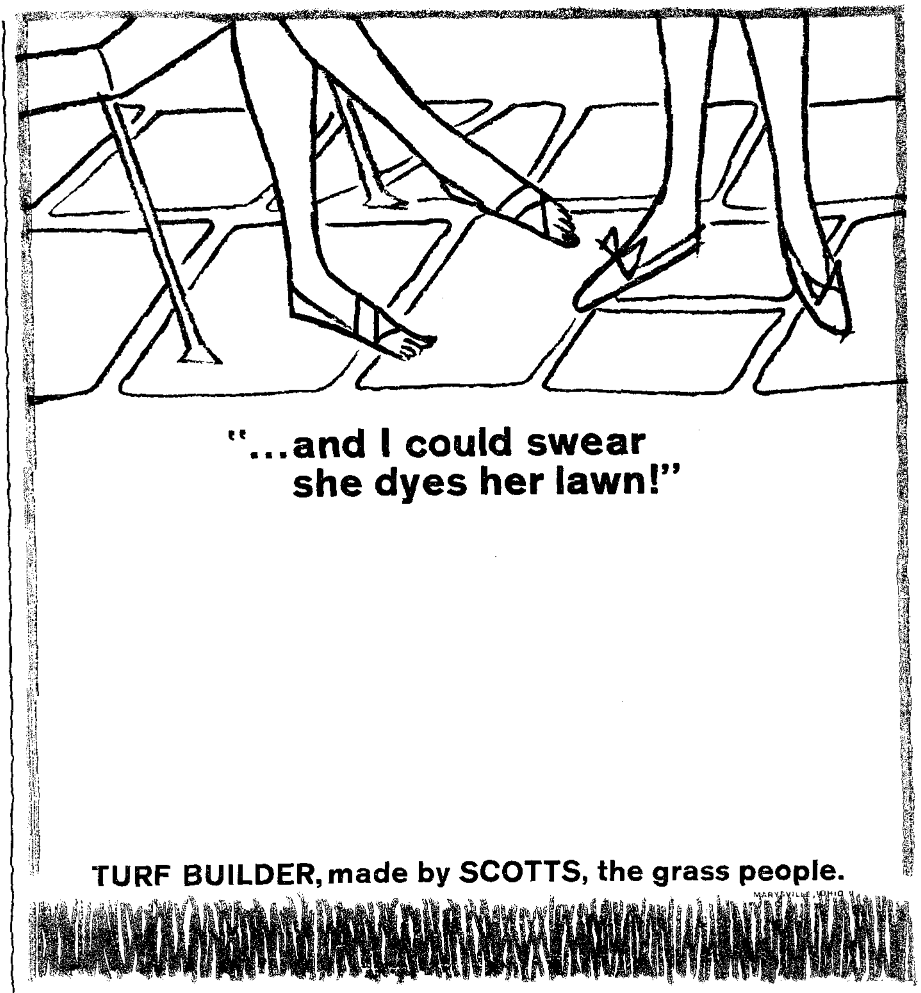
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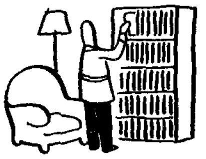
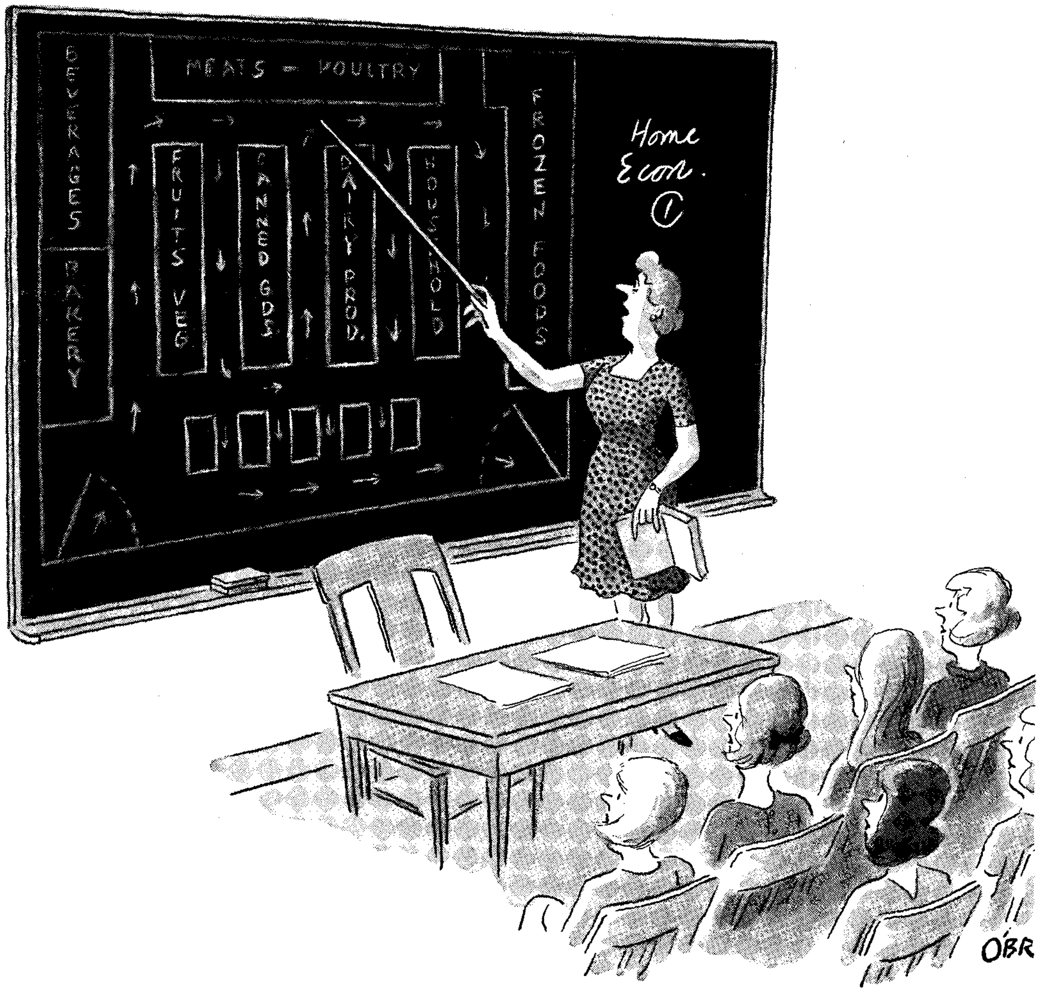


Two paragraphs from the end of "The Death of a President" (Harper & Row), William Manchester tells of Jacqueline Kennedy's decision in the summer of 1964 to leave Washington for New York and spend much time in travel. "Henceforth," he writes, "the public would read of her at the Cape, on the Adriatic, in Rome, or—her preference—not at all." Though hardly sound as prophecy, thanks largely to the public brawls that preceded the appearance of the book itself, this might have been as good a place as any for Manchester to stop writing. On the title page, we are given to understand that we shall be reading of the events of "November 20—November 25, 1963," and that mark has already been overshot by almost a full year. But Manchester does not want to release us—not quite yet. He still has some unused notes, some further revelations. In a kind of *envoi* he writes, "Unknown to her, the clothes Mrs. Kennedy wore into the bright midday glare of Dallas lie in an attic not far from 3017 N Street [her last home in Washington] . . . in one of two long brown paper cartons thrust between roof rafters." They are there, he says, because some of "those closest to her had vowed that from the moment she shed them, she should never see them again." At this point, the reader who has reached page 646 of this interminable, infuriating, and sometimes majestic chronicle of suffering knows what to expect. There is only a half page left, but that is more than Manchester needs for one last karate blow. Told of the existence of that carton, Manchester, who at the outset had boasted that his diligence as a researcher was such that "I even had the damaged Dallas-to-Bethesda coffin uncrated for inspection," surely talked someone into leading him to the carton and letting him open it up. And that is the way the book ends. He has been to that attic, opened the carton, and examined its contents—no doubt jotting down notes while some friend or member of the Kennedy family held a flashlight—and he is thus able to tell us that the once brilliantly encarnadined pink suit now has "ugly splotches along the front and hem of the skirt," that the leather handbag and shoes still have "caked dark red" blood on them, and that "rusty clots have flaked off" the stockings and now "lie in tiny brittle grains on the nap" of a towel in which they were wrapped. With such "research," Manchester, who likes to describe himself as a "zealous defender of the public's right to know," may be serving his public and his peculiar muses well—though there is at least one member of the public who is unaware of any "right to know" the approximate whereabouts and present condition of the clothes Mrs. Kennedy wore the day she became a widow and is not at all appreciative of having the knowledge now. However that may be, Manchester has committed an outrage, an indecency. With the aid of an unidentified accomplice, and for the sake of getting into print a few utterly gratuitous bits and pieces of information, he has wrecked a well-meant plan to save a human being a certain amount of needless agony. As things have turned out, it would have been better if Mrs. Kennedy's protective friends had done nothing at all, for the truth, one can be sure, is that Manchester's description of the clothes is more harrowing by far than the mere sight of them could ever be. It is an act hardly more defensible than selling them for display in Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not Museum on Times Square.

"At times, you may find my presence exasperating," Manchester writes in a foreword. It is not his presence but his elusiveness that is—the word is too mild—exasperating. Actually, he intrudes himself rather seldom into the



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main text, and when he does, it is usually in a quite legitimate and helpful way, as when he renders his informed judgment on the Warren Report and its critics, or draws on his experiences in the United States Marine Corps in discussing certain aspects of the life of another ex-Marine, Lee Harvey Oswald. But one has him constantly in mind, because what he has written raises so many questions about his taste, his judgment, his character. And, outside the main text, he keeps raising—and begging—such questions himself. In the foreword and in other self-serving depositions—most notably a recent article in *Look*—he says so many contradictory things that one despairs of ever finding out what he really means and thinks. "Throughout this work I was obliged to weigh questions of taste," he says in the foreword. He does not tell us what sort of scales he used; he says only that his own judgment seemed "an inadequate safeguard against possible lapses" and that he sought advice and opinion from several other people. In the *Look* article, he says that he "decided to destroy two hundred pages of text that, on reflection, I felt were either too personal or needlessly critical of men still in public life." In the book, he says that he excluded certain things but he says nothing about any decision to "destroy" parts of his manuscript. On the contrary, he writes, "This is not to suggest that I am suppressing anything. I am merely retaining, for the time being, material of a personal nature which serves no legitimate purpose." In view of what he has included, it is difficult to imagine what he might have excluded—apart, that is, from those passages which last year were being ostentatiously deleted from the book and simultaneously made part of the public record in newspapers and magazines. After we have read of those clothes in the attic, after we have seen the Secretary of Defense being playfully fitted with Ethel Kennedy's wig at a White House dinner the day before John F. Kennedy's state funeral, what can there possibly be of a "personal" nature whose publication would "serve no legitimate purpose"? Maybe some eminent mourner was caught lifting White House silver or snatching ladies' purses, and Manchester thinks no legitimate purpose would be served in tipping off the cops now. One begins to suspect that his standards may be just about that crude. It is hard to know what to make of a man who can proclaim, as Manchester does in the *Look* article, that "no one has the right to distort the

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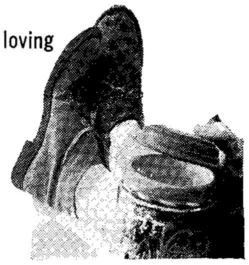

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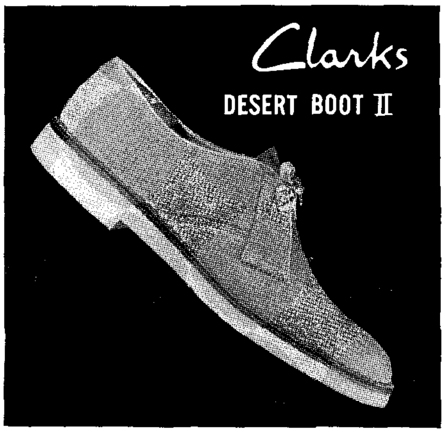

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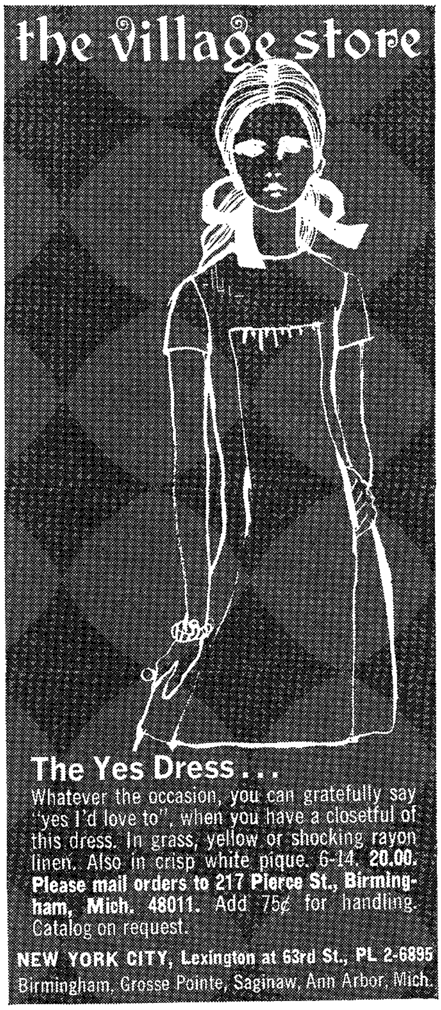
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past; no fact, however disagreeable, may be expunged from the record" and then, a few pages further on, quote approvingly from a letter he wrote—to Mrs. Kennedy—in which he declared, "Unquestionably, some things should be left unsaid; I, for one, am becoming an expert with the eraser."

In literature, good taste is not a major, or even a minor, virtue; many great works lack it altogether. Also, what may give offense to some members of this generation of readers will seem wholly inoffensive to members of later generations. Bearing this in mind, one is tempted to put aside questions of taste, and even of complete truthfulness, and say that, whatever its faults, this is a great book. Reading it now, one can easily understand how it was that, in those embarrassing days of controversy over it last year, many otherwise sensible and dignified people seemed to be saying uncharacteristically irrational and cruel things about it and its author and one another. It is a book that provokes extreme responses. Its power is such that the events it describes are more anguishing now, in Manchester's reconstruction of them in words, than when they were actually happening and most of us were watching certain of them on television. Living through this book is even more painful than living through that awful weekend. To a degree, of course, this kind of affecting power is easy to explain. What we saw on television or read about in newspaper accounts were mostly the events and non-events and pseudo-events that public officials and network managers contrived to have us see—except for Jack Ruby's murder of Oswald, and we cannot yet be sure that there wasn't some element of contrivance about that. As viewers, we were kept at a proper—and welcome—distance from Trauma Room No. 1 in Parkland Memorial Hospital, and there were no television cameras aboard Air Force One when it flew two Presidential parties from Dallas to Washington. But as readers we go everywhere. Manchester takes us into the hospital and aboard the plane and keeps us in both places until we want to get out as badly as any of the 1963 participants did. He moves us along to Bethesda Naval Hospital, to the residential quarters in the White House, to a dozen other houses in Washington, and even to the bedside of the mute, invalided Joseph P. Kennedy in Hyannis Port. He transfers us from Air Force One to a plane carrying members of the Cabinet and White House staff to Japan; aboard that plane, we peer over the shoulders of

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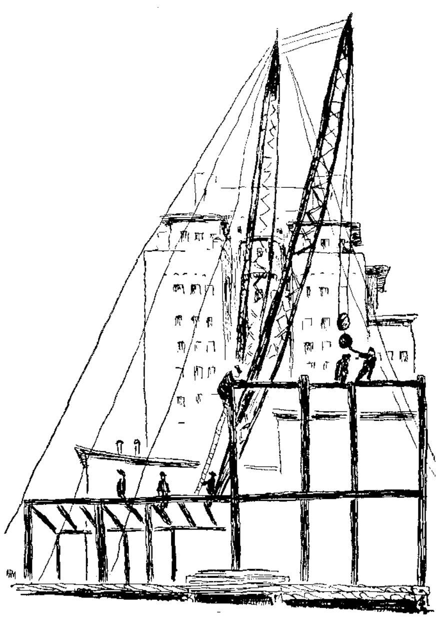
the players in a wild poker game, set up after the news from Dallas had been received and a new, eastbound flight path charted, and we do not leave until after Pierre Salinger is eight hundred dollars in pocket. But Manchester's accomplishment is no mere triumph of access, doggedness, and callousness. It is the triumph of a writer who knows a great deal about the world and people and death and grief. The prose, though faulted in minor ways, is almost always eloquent, and often poetic. The total effect is shattering, and it seems not at all inconceivable that we have here an American contribution to the great literature of the death of kings.

But this is only 1967, and we cannot be indifferent to the book's treatment of people and events in 1963. Manchester does not offer "The Death of a President" as poetry or myth. He offers it as history, as scholarship, as verified and verifiable truth. He does not cite all his sources, but he says that "every statement, every fact, every quotation in my manuscript could be followed by a citation," and that he is "considering" making all his source material available to scholars. Again, he goes too far. He has not, for instance, hesitated to tell us what was going on inside the mind of Lee Harvey Oswald. Moreover, a hundred citations would not convince this reader that John F. Kennedy began sentences with exclamations like "Gosh!" and "Terrific!" Manchester's ear, usually a very delicate instrument, now and then turns pure tin. While these are marginal matters, there are some that are central. We read this book with the disturbing knowledge that it was compromised at the start, that it was tampered with many times, and that Manchester's insistence, in the *Look* article, that



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"the integrity of my work was not negotiable" must be disregarded, since he himself goes on to describe the negotiations that did take place and were followed by reluctant concessions on his part. Furthermore, it is known that before the present version of the book took shape there was another version in limited circulation, that some highly qualified people read it, and that they were appalled to find it largely an attack on Lyndon Johnson. "The main proposition of the book when I read it was that Lyndon Johnson had a heavy personal responsibility for the Dallas climate that, according to Manchester, made the assassination possible," one of them has recently said. If that is so, then the published version differs in fundamental ways from the earlier one. Lyndon Johnson is here treated with almost unfailing sympathy, and often with admiration, which is more than can be said for Manchester's treatment of many other people. It is one thing to touch up or tone down an anecdote; it is another to reverse an entire argument. If that is what has happened, the whole work becomes suspect. Controversies about this and other matters are now ominously in progress. Manchester's description of certain events aboard Air Force One has been seriously challenged by a respected reporter who was aboard the plane—Charles Roberts, of *Newsweek*—in "The Truth About the Assassination" (Grosset & Dunlap), a brief but cogent account of his own experiences that day and of his reactions to several of the books that have appeared on the subject. Meanwhile, Defense Department officials are insisting that Manchester is wholly in error in saying that Lyndon Johnson had never been briefed on some of the most dreadful of the responsibilities that became his on November 22, 1963. Much of the power of this book rests upon our acceptance of the author's accuracy on points such as these. If this is a book shot through with departures from the truth, then our emotions are being played upon in a shameless way.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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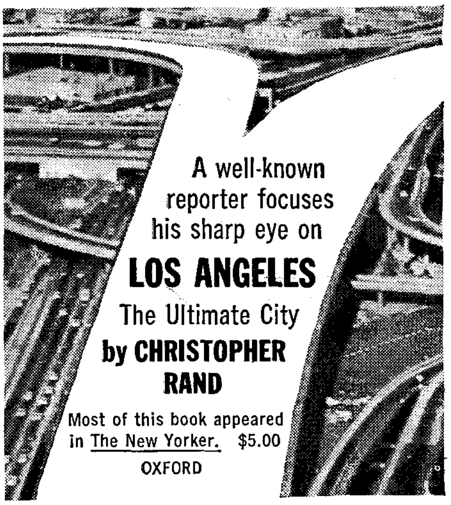

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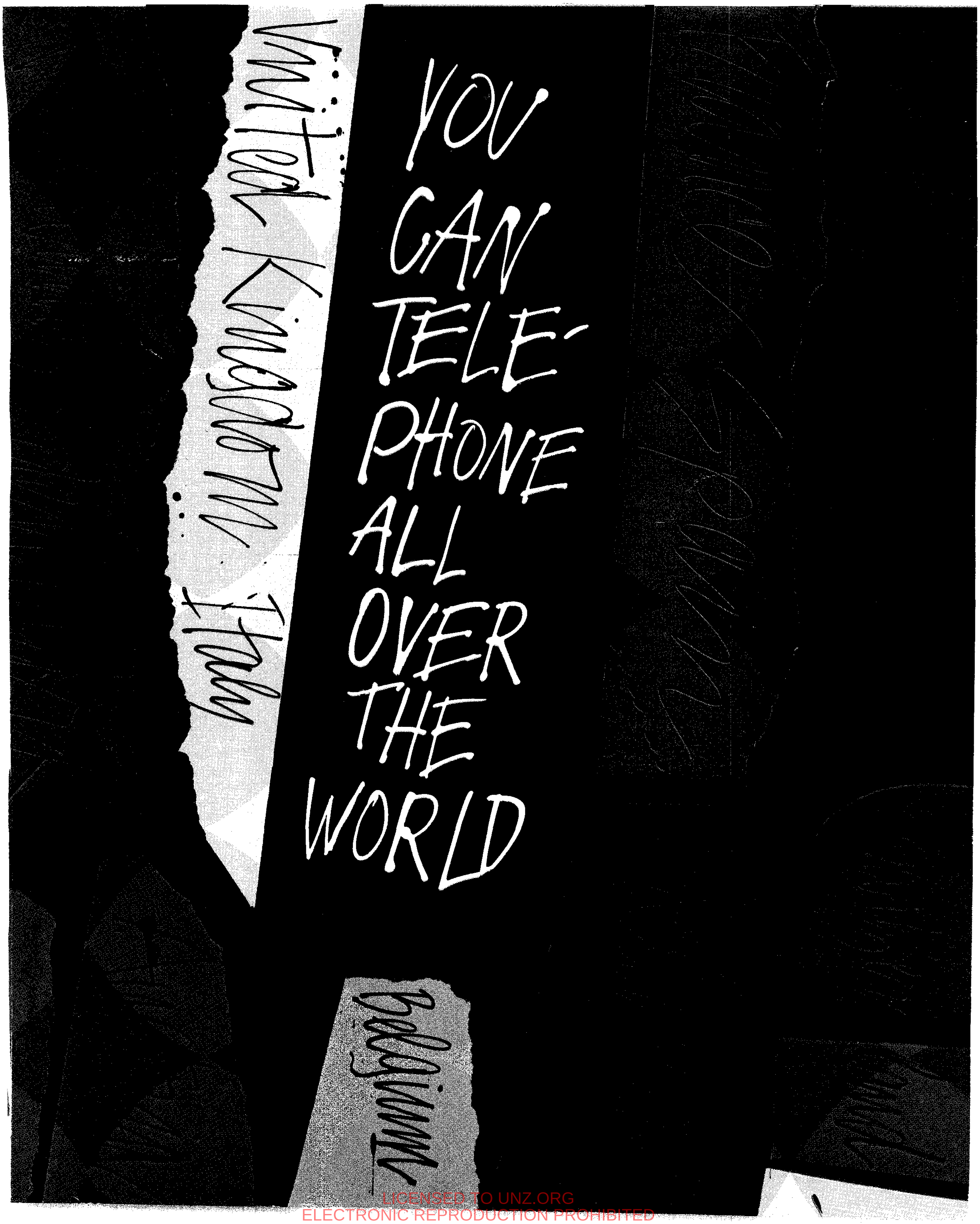
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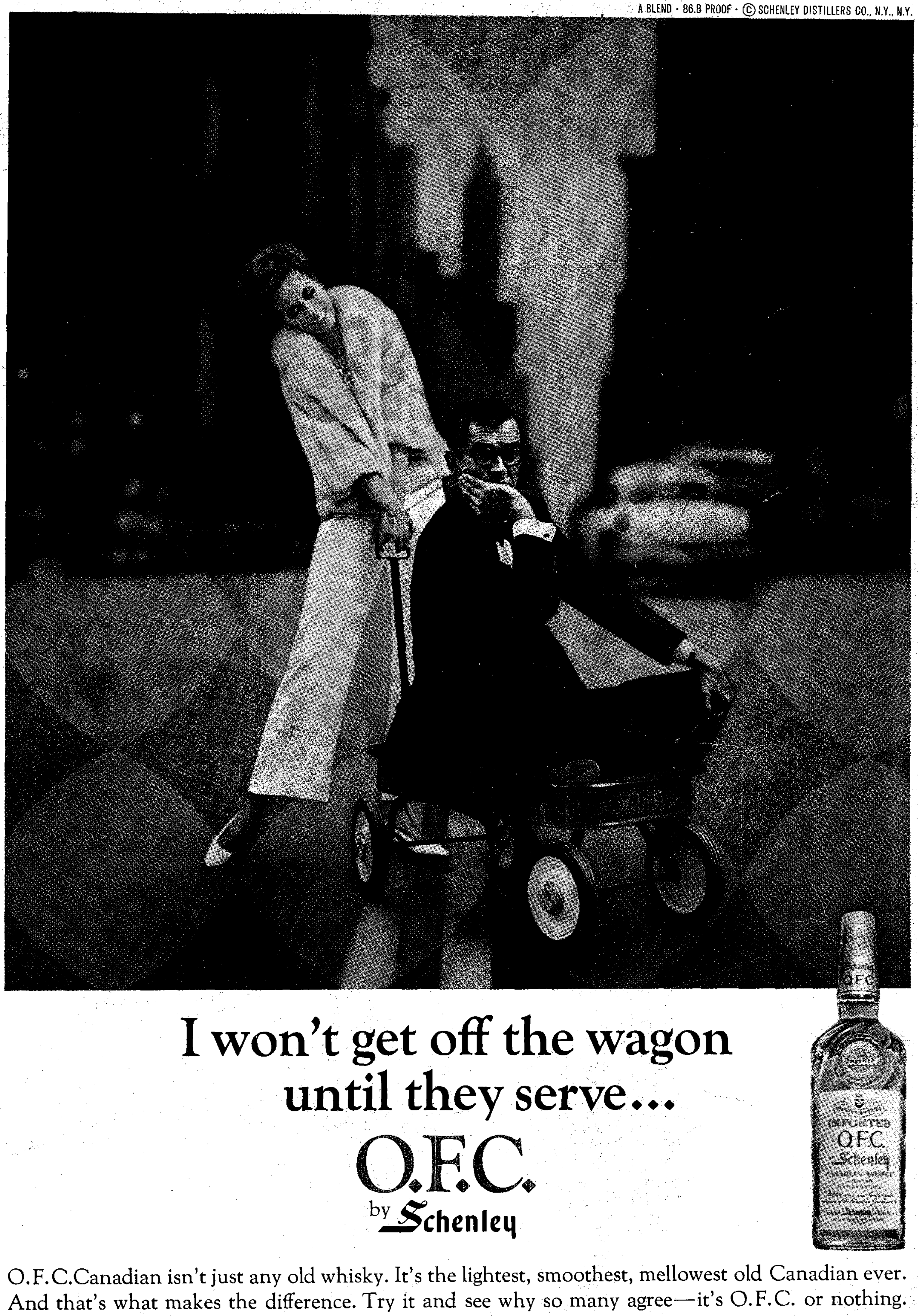
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